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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1776.
THE FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.
SEE STORY "BETTY CAREW" THE SPY OF '76.

GATCHEL & MANNING Phila

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A Few Words by the Editor

JULY and the Glorious Fourth are with us once more. In constructing Independence Day articles, editors are too apt to become slaves to tradition and indulge in national glorification; which, though pleasant in itself is liable to do us as a people more harm than good.

The writer instead of constructing an article along ordinary lines (which the majority of you would not read, as you are already surfeited and have been surfeited for years with an inordinate amount of national laudation of the spread-eagle type) would beg you on the anniversary of the great day that marked the birth of our national independence, to do your best both individually and collectively to work for a sane and sensible "Fourth," and thus save hundreds from death, and thousands from being maimed and converted into invalids for life.

We, as a people, are especially fond of flag waving, noise making, and thunderous demonstrations of patriotism. It is more than probable if liberty had vanished from the land, and we had nothing to rejoice about, we would still seize upon the "Fourth" as an excuse for an inordinate amount of gun-powder burning and nerve-racking din.

We have not among our national holidays one that is not spoiled, in the cities at least, by some insane and semi-barbarous custom that robs it of much of its pleasure, frequently making it a day of terror instead of enjoyment. Hordes of urchins, masked and dressed in fantastic garb, parade the streets, blowing ear-piercing horns, ringing doorbells and importuning householders for money. This custom in many of our cities, utterly mars that beautiful national holiday—Thanksgiving.

Christmas, that most holy and precious of all days, is made a day of horror in certain sections of our country by demoniacal outbursts of nerve-racking din, and a fiendish racket far more appropriate for the celebration of the birth of the rulers of the regions of darkness and despair, than that of the Christ Child—God's great gift to man. A lady accustomed to the holy calm and reverent observance of this beautiful day in other lands, in a letter from New Orleans to the writer, said: "The noise here is terrible, it nearly drives me insane. One could almost imagine it was the end of the earth and all men had gone mad. There is one continuous roar of guns and firecrackers, and this is the way Christian people celebrate the birth of the Son of God. Here at least it is hell on earth, not peace on earth." We cannot have too much music, flag waving, nor hearty cheers that are inspired by feelings of genuine patriotism. Such things are good for us as individuals and as a nation, and take no toll of life, but the firecracker, pistol shooting, and gun-powder burning generally should be entirely eliminated from celebrations of the "Fourth." Noise for noise sake is thoroughly objectionable from every point of view, and should be suppressed.

We congratulate Cleveland, Ohio, on being the first city in America to abolish the firecracker, and make gun-powder burning, and the selling and firing of explosives on the Fourth of July a criminal offence. We trust that other cities will follow Cleveland's example in this matter and have gun powder eliminated, and the sale of firecrackers and explosives forbidden on this particular day.

From two to three hundred lives are annually sacrificed upon Independence Day, and the loss to society and the terrible suffering caused by the maiming and wounding of several thousand more of our citizens makes this a day of calamity and mourning instead of rejoicing. Such a sacrifice of human life is a reproach to the nation. Let us all work for a sane and sensible Fourth, and this terrible saturnalia of death will be forever a thing of the past. How much more satisfactory it would be to make it a great national field day, and celebrate it with all manner of out-door sports, base ball, horse-racing, boat-racing and every other kind of athletic contest.

AS appropriate to this occasion, we present for your thoughtful consideration a matter that deeply concerns and should be of profound interest to all.

Eternal vigilance, as you well know, is the price of liberty, which will wilt and perish if not safeguarded by vigilant, resourceful minds, patriotic hearts and strong arms.

If we were as willing to fight as to make a noise, there would be no need for this editorial; but we must all think and think seriously, work hard and conscientiously, and be ever alert and vigilant, if the sacred trust handed to us by our fathers, this precious inheritance of freedom, is not to become a comic imitation of real democracy, and government of the people, for the people, by the people, become first a farce and then vanish from the face of the earth.

That most despotic country in the world, Russia, originally began as a republic. Bear that in mind, and do not forget it. The same elements of decay that have worked the destruction of nations in the past, inhere in our national life today, and are as potent for destruction and as ready to do their deadly work now, as they were in ages that are gone. A nation as a rule only gets such a government as it deserves. If a government is corrupt it is because the people are corrupt, stupid or cowardly for it stands to reason that no nation that is intelligent, honest, God fearing, vigilant and alert would for one moment permit the growing up in its midst of criminal and despotic monopolies, the cancerous roots of which spread into every avenue of our national fabric, diffusing their deadly virus through our legislative halls, courts of justice, seats of learning and temples of religion, and into the remotest corners of public and private life, threatening the very existence of this nation and its institutions.

That this shocking condition exists and is becoming worse with alarming rapidity is a well-known and generally recognized fact requiring no waste of words in argument as proof. We could fill every page of this paper for the next year with instances and details without making more than a beginning at cataloguing the crimes and betrayals of public trust by public officers throughout the land. Many of them are publicly exposed, and there is hardly an issue of the daily papers that does not contain the exposure of an official scandal, but there are many others that never reach the light of day. You read them, you are shocked and scandalized, but what do you do about it? Nothing. Therein lies the danger, that you and the great American people know all about it and do absolutely nothing to eradicate this worst of all evils and dangers, public corruption and dishonesty.

The important questions are, why does it exist, and how can it be remedied?

It exists because the people are careless in the choice of their representatives and public officers. The people are honest, want honest government and honest and faithful officials, and if the people had their way would have these things right. But the people have the votes, and why don't they have their way? Simply because the good people are not organized, don't act together, and so their votes don't count. Of course their votes are counted, but they are not effective for reform, as we shall point out. And so the corrupt politicians and the agents of the criminal trusts who are thoroughly organized and have unlimited money which they use freely for to purchase nominations, buy elections and bribe public officers, maintain a demoralizing influence on government, municipal, state and national.

How do they do it? They buy the votes of some of the people with money, others with promise of office, others by promise of a job, and so on. But the large majority of the people cannot be bought, and these that are honest are handled by the astute politicians by appealing to their prejudice or so-called party loyalty.

Now don't think that COMFORT is trying to influence your politics by this editorial. COMFORT is non political and non partisan. We recognize the necessity of political parties and party organization, but what we wish to call attention to and emphasize is the danger of letting these political organizations fall into the hands of unscrupulous politicians and the minions of the trusts.

Opinions of good, honest men will always differ on great questions of public policy, as for instance whether the tariff should be revised on the basis of protection or revenue only, and therefore two great political parties will always exist, and men will line themselves up accordingly, which is right so far as it means that in voting for the nominated candidates of a certain party you are voting for a great principle in which you believe.

This is party loyalty, and it is right to vote for the candidates of your party, provided they are honest men and can be trusted to carry out faithfully the principles your party advocates.

But the great danger is that they may not be. Far too often the practical difficulty is that in fact they are dishonest and unscrupulous, and when elected will only represent the corrupt interests which control them instead of the people who elected them and the policies of the party which they misrepresent.

Corrupt interests get control of the party organization of both parties and by that means nominate bad men for office, and then the party boss or local politician comes round and makes a false appeal to you on the ground of party loyalty and faithful adherence to principles for you to vote for and help elect to office a man or set of men who are unfit just because they have managed by hook or by crook to have captured a nomination and are labeled "Democrat" or "Republican," when really they represent no party, no principle, nothing at all but the entire lack of principle, and fraud and corruption.

What is the remedy? Manly independence on the part of the voters. Just so long as the corrupt politicians can surely count on your vote for any and every candidate which is nominated by your party regardless of whether he is a good or a bad man, just so long you remain the mere tool, the slave of corrupt interests and your vote becomes a negligible quantity; you sink your manhood and your influence and give your vote and your political conscience absolutely into the care and keeping of the political boss; you make him your absolute master and you become his slave. While he flatters you with talks about your being a lifelong and rockribbed republican or democrat, as the case may be, he has a secret contempt for you because he knows that he can lead you round by the nose in politics and that on election day he can count on you with certainty to vote for any man he puts up. It is the independent voter, the man, who, while he belongs to a political party and takes an active interest in politics and believes and supports the principle of his party, also has sense and character enough to understand and declare that honesty is the most important political issue that can by any possibility be placed before the American people, and who insists that the candidates of his own party must and shall be absolutely honest and trustworthy men or they cannot have his vote,—it is this man, the independent voter that the unscrupulous politician fears and respects, and he is a power that makes for good in his own party, for the nation, for civic righteousness.

Take an active interest in politics and an active part in your party caucuses. Struggle to nominate honest men in your own party, and if successful vote for them. But if you see that a dishonest or unfit man has secured the nomination, help to purify your own party by helping to defeat him at the polls. Therein lies the only prospect of reform, the only hope of the nation.

Washington foresaw, predicted and warned against this very danger of blind partisan following of the leadership of unscrupulous politicians.

We treat our vote too lightly. Let us bear in mind that the casting of a ballot is a freeman's privilege which carries with it a grave responsibility, and a patriotic duty. Every time we vote let us stop to consider how Washington with his uncompromising sense of honesty and duty would vote under like circumstances, and then prayerfully deposit our ballots in accordance with the dictates of our own consciences.

It is a hopeful sign of public awakening to the danger, in the recently manifested and steadily growing tendency to independent voting.

It is fitting, that on the glorious fourth of July, while we celebrate and rejoice in the liberty which our forefathers gained for us at such a sacrifice of seven years of war, we also bear in mind that we must like the minute men of 1776, be forever on the watch and prepared to guard this liberty from the greedy enemies within the republic. The struggle for liberty is eternal, and we must not falter in the great fight. If we do, we shall become contemptible slaves to the meanest kind of tyrants, and we should deserve our fate.

Comfort's Editor.

A SOBER LOVER

By Roland Standish

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"A man is not natural unless he is in full possession of all his faculties; when wine is in, reason is out."

"OH it's all like fairy land, it is, it is," and the speaker clapped her hands, and turned a flushed face and dancing blue eyes towards her companion, as the motor boat swung about and the occupants illuminated by thousands of electric lights.

"Like it?" Blossom Clavert heard Herbert Ralston whisper in her ear, and she flashes back her reply: "Like it! It's just wonderful, the loveliest thing I ever saw. Don't you think so?"

"Not by a good deal," came the low, quick reply. "I know of something infinitely more beautiful."

"What?" asked the girl.

"Well, a pair of soft blue eyes, set in a matchless face. Hair like rich, burnished copper, a figure like a swaying flower stem, in all a girl who—"

"Don't, please," the girl said a little frightened by the man's intensity, but he clasped her wrist as they sat a little away from the others, and poured out his heart.

"I never thought I could be influenced this way, Blossom, darling. You have captured me, all right. I'm your willing captive. Tell me, little love, can I hope to wear my spring flower in my heart? Can you learn to love me?" and his breath fanned hot upon her round cheek. He was terribly in earnest, she did not know what in his voice and manner. She knew he was sincere, that he did love her, but there was a false note somewhere, and she had been worried about this far longer than she realized, for Herbert Ralston was gaining an influence over her. He was rich, handsome, polished, and she was intensely flattered, for she knew that the other girls in the party were crazy to gain his attentions.

Somehow as they sat there, her face illuminated by the electric light, she could not help but remember a buggy ride she had taken with Jim Kaynor along Lover's Lane, back home two years ago, before she went off to boarding-school, and Jim to college.

They had been driving along just as they had many times before, for the two had grown up together, and Jim had been the nearest neighbor's boy. As they turned about to go home, he had said quite simply:

"Blossom, I wish we weren't going off."

"Why Jim?" she had asked, raising her eyes only to drop them before a new something in his own.

"I'm afraid we'll grow apart, and I do love you so," he had said in his honest, straightforward manner.

"And I love you, Jim," she had returned, but Jim would not let her bind herself, but had told her that while he would consider himself bound, she was to be free.

"I don't want to be free, Jim, honest," she had said girlishly, and he had finally compromised by making her promise that she would let him know just how she felt about it when they next met. Then she had gone to the fashionable boarding school her father had selected for his motherless girl, and Jim to the agricultural college where he was to learn scientific farming, and they had not met since, as she had spent her former vacation at school, and had come to this wonderful summer camp owned by Nellie Roberts' parents. Nellie knew something about Jim, for early in their acquaintance Blossom had confided in her, and so when she learned that Jim was going to pass through on his way to a less civilized part of the mountains, she had her mother send him an invitation to pay them a short visit. Blossom had felt annoyed at it, for Herbert Ralston's influence was making her chafe at her girlish love affair, although she knew she could free herself easily.

As she sat there with him that evening, in spite of that jarring note, she felt sure she would marry Herbert, for there was much that was attractive about him.

"Tell me, dearest love," the man whispered, bending a little nearer.

"I—I don't know?" she faltered, and the man was enchanted for there were not many country girls who would not have jumped at the chance to marry a man of his position and wealth.

"When will you know?" he continued, "tell me sweetheart as soon as you can, for I dare not wait too long."

"I half-way promised someone else," Blossom faltered.

"But you love me," the man cried exultantly, and just then the motor boat swung about and they were thrown into the shadow, and his lips almost touched hers, but she drew back.

"No, no, you must not, as long as I am bound in anyway."

"Then it will be yes as soon as you are free?" he asked triumphantly.

"I—I can't say for sure," she faltered, but there was yielding in every line of the drooped head, in the hot flush on the young cheek, and once more the man attempted to kiss her, but she held him off.

"Wait," she begged.

"You're asking a lot of me my lady love," Ralston cried softly, "but I'll try and be patient, though do not tax my endurance too far, for I want my kiss," and then he changed the subject, and they were all soon laughing together.

The days had gone very delightfully since she had arrived at this luxurious home of her friend. It was supplied with every convenience. There were automobiles, motor boats, costly yachts, and hot-house flowers. The ladies dressed in costly evening gowns and the men wore their dress suits at night. It was all delightfully strange to Blossom, and no wonder that her head

was a little turned, especially as she was the recognized belle. She was so beautiful, and so quaintly fresh, everything delighted her so immensely, that the men were charmed with her, and her sweet nature made it impossible for the girls to more than passively dislike her.

All that night, though, after Herbert's proposal, the little country girl tossed on her hair mattress, but when she finally arose, she felt that her mind was made up. She would tell Jim that while it was impossible for her to love him, that she would always like him, and be his friend, and she even made some plans about giving Jim the advantages of her social position so as to find him a suitable wife.

The young farmer did not arrive until just before dinner, and somehow there was something refreshing about his stalwart figure, comfortably clad in a light gray outing suit, with the collar of his soft white shirt turned back from his muscular neck. He had greatly improved and there was something delightfully homelike about his still boyish voice that contrasted with the languid or nervous talk of the other men.

Nellie Roberts seemed delighted with Jim, and she was. She did not want Blossom to marry Herbert, for she felt her little schoolmate was better fitted for a quiet home life than for one of social triumphs. Her welcome of Jim was hearty and cordial, and she insisted that he accompany them in the motor boat to visit another camp, as luxurious as her father's. Jim made no apology for not being in evening dress, and although Blossom wonders at it, she sees that he is much more appropriately clothed for so hot an evening than even the exquisite Herbert himself. The elegant dinner is served with nearly as much ceremony as though they were in the city. All the men drink of the different wines and liquors, with the exception of Jim. He turned his glass upside down at the beginning, and Blossom was amazed to see that no one appeared to notice it.

All the while Herbert lavishes tender expressions upon her, whenever he gets the chance, but her eyes linger on the good, clean, honest face of Jim.

"I wonder why he is so different," she asked

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

A Fateful Wedding Eve or The Pirate's Daughter

By Ida M. Black

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CHAPTER XV.

AUNT HOPE'S QUEST.

HERE was unusual excitement in the inn, where bustling Dame Trot held her kindly sway. Young Squire Hemperly, who had gone into politics so successfully that he had been elected sheriff, was down with a lot of strange, rough-looking men, and had ordered a substantial supper and an abundance of hot punch. Queer doings for the young squire, who was most as steady as the deacon himself; but, as Dame Trot sagely remarked, "when folks took to politics they had to leave their Bibles on the shelf!"

And so it happened that Abram Hemperly stood, with folded arms, watching apparently his host's scientific mixture of the steaming liquid, but there were marks of a deeper interest upon his brow than could be called forth by an initiation into the mysteries of punch-brewing. "Don't fire it up too strong, Sam," he said, good humoredly. "I only want enough to wet their whistles, and keep them good natured. When I get these fellows fairly at work over their pork and beans, I want you to send me up to the parlor a bottle of your best port for I expect Captain Devere to meet me there in a few moments."

Three years had changed Abram Hemperly wonderfully, had changed the crude ore into shining gold. Passion and sorrow work such marvels sometimes; and Abram's nature was not one of those to let its energies rust in despair. The jealous love that might only have warped a noble heart, grew into something higher when called upon to defend its object; and from the time the awkward youth, flinging aside his rustic bashfulness, and confronted Jack Devere, and demanded from him a stern account of his seeming treachery, young Hemperly had been growing into a power in the land. New thoughts awoke in his mind, new ambition fired his soul. Now, at five-and-twenty, he was already, openly, honestly, but surely, on the way to success.

After the completion of the punch, Abram went to the parlor where Captain Devere had not yet arrived, but he had scarcely made a dozen rounds in pacing the floor of the cozy room, until the door opened and he and Jack Devere, his former antagonist, were again face to face.

For a moment both paused, as if restrained by a natural embarrassment; then young Devere's superior culture showed itself. He advanced frankly and held out his hand.

"I am glad to meet you again, Mr. Hemperly," he said quietly. "I trust that this feeling is mutual, that there is nothing but the scar of an old bullet-wound between us now."

Abram colored a little. True gentleman that he was at heart, he lacked the delicate courtesy that must be inbred from the cradle. But he grasped the white hand that was extended to him, warmly and cordially.

"It was an honest fight," he said, bluntly, "and is honestly over. If it were not, I would not have been here tonight. I suppose you wonder what my message meant?"

"Well, it was a little dramatic," said Jack, whose natural ease had entirely returned to him. "As I understand it, you wish to give me the opportunity of clearing myself of an ugly shadow that has somehow gotten upon me—of squaring myself with the world again. May I ask then what it is you propose?"

"It's just this," said Abram, who had not yet lost the primitive way of going straight to the point. "There's a search going on for this King Carl. One of the band has turned state's evidence and promised to give him up. His tale is that he deserted from the pirate ship more than three years ago, when it was lying not many miles from this coast. He said that King Carl himself was concealed in these cliffs for weeks. How he lived or how he disguised himself he doesn't know, but he was here for a certainty."

Young Devere's face had grown pale, but in the uncertain light his changed countenance was not perceptible, though his husky tone betrayed an emotion it was impossible to disguise.

"Go on," he said, "there is more. My uncle—"

"Was doomed by this reckless band—was to perish by the hand of this reckless chief. With this purpose he haunted these cliffs, for this purpose the pirate ship waited within easy distance of the shore, and for this purpose Abram's voice sank to an impressive whisper—'this villain states that you were bribed to become the avenger's tool!'"

"He lies!" thundered Jack, springing to his feet. "Tis a foul, cowardly, treacherous lie!"

"I know it!" exclaimed Abram, triumphantly. "I will prove it to the world. The search has hitherto failed but we have learned that the band will assemble tonight in the cavern of the cliff. I am armed with the necessary legal papers to arrest the pirate chief, and if it can be done bloodlessly and peaceably, it shall be done so, if not, we can at least keep these lawless men under some legal control. I say we, for I count on your aid in this matter for your own sake. If by your help the chief is brought to justice—if by your act the testimony of your uncle's murderer or intentional murderer is secured—the whispers of malice will die out, and in the happy future that awaits you, you can start fair and square with the world."

The friendly purpose, the plain common sense of Abram's words was not to be doubted, but Jack Devere's voice trembled, as he replied:

"You have dealt honestly, frankly with me, Hemperly. I would reply as frankly, if my lips were not sealed. What I know of this pirate chief I am not at liberty to say. Honor, conscience, and gratitude, alike keep me silent. But this much I am not at liberty to say. There is no nobler creature treads the earth tonight than this lion-hearted chief about whom the tolls are gathering. If I go with you, it is not in the cause of justice, to clear up the mystery that hangs about my uncle's fate, but to protect King Carl's life at the peril of my own."

By this time the squire's men were through their supper, and they started for the cavern of the cliff.

It was midnight. The tall pines that shadowed the ruined church whispered ominously, the gravestones gleamed out from the darkness like sheeted ghosts, the night seemed peopled with strange, unseen beings, vocal with unheard laments.

A tall figure, shrouded in a dark-gray shawl, was stealing through the churchyard, groping her way through the thicket that sheltered Carolyn Durham's grave—a gaunt, grim woman, who seemed to heed neither the loneliness nor the terror of the spot. She advanced to the church-door and pushed it open, and cautiously peered into the darkened aisles.

"I thought as much," she said, with a short gasp of relief. "I thought as much. They haven't an idea of this passage yet. Abram Hemperly is monstrous sharp, but he hasn't lived among these cliffs for five-and-fifty years. He hasn't had his eyes sharpened, or his tongue tied, as mine has been."

She drew her shawl closer around her and strode up the aisle; then, as she reached the chancel, some sudden impulse seized her, and she dropped upon her knees.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Give me strength to save him! Deliver him from the toils of his enemies!"

Then rising, Aunt Hope—for this midnight intruder was no other—drew a dark lantern from beneath her shawl and struck a light. Cautiously feeling her way along the walls, she at last touched the protruding edge of a low doorway, so concealed by the panels that surrounded it that it could only be distinguished, on close observation, from the solid wall. Drawing out a rusty key, with trembling fingers she applied it to the lock.

"It was her death-bed gift," she whispered to herself. "She told me of this passage, that I might in case of need, meet her husband here. Ah! how little she guessed that I would use this knowledge for her son."

The door opened slowly, creaking and groaning on its rusty hinges, and Aunt Hope saw a dark, narrow passage before her, leading down, down—so it seemed—into the very bowels of the earth. "It's an awful place," she whispered to herself. "It's like a charnel house, but no matter, 'twould take more than a dark road to stop me now. It would take death's grip to hold me now. May the Lord have mercy on me if I am to meet it here!"

She went on bravely, stumbling now and then over pieces of crumbling rock, and heaps of fallen earth, the voice of the subterranean passage grew low and noisome, rising again as the rocky obstruction was raised and the roof lifted again to its usual arch. Strange creatures glared at her with hungry eyes, or scampered away, frightened by the gleam of her lantern. Still she went on—how far she never knew, until a strange sound reached her ear. A dull thunder made the passage reverberate with sullen echoes. Aunt Hope knew by the voice of the sea, she was nearing her destination. She pushed forward, though her limbs shook beneath her. "Oh, God," prayed this loveless woman, "give me time—time to save him! Time, only time!"

The voice of the waters grew louder; there were great fissures in the walls of rocks that hemmed her in; a gust of wind swept by and extinguished her lantern, but in the appalling darkness that enveloped her, Aunt Hope still struggled on. Far above the roar of the sea and the rush of the wind, another sound had reached her ear—a sound that made her nerves steel and her heart ice. She stumbled into a pool of water, and dragged herself up undaunted; she bruised herself against the edges of the rocks. She felt neither pain nor fear—she was not too late. Thank God for the guiding sound of human voices—she was not too late!

Suddenly a dark shadow seemed to bar her progress; a mighty rock lifted itself directly in her path, the granite walls seemed to close before her, like the door of a frightful sepulchre. She was baffled at the very moment of seeming success. She groped around in the hopeless darkness, she strove madly to push the obstacle from her path. In her blind despair she beat against the huge rock, as if it would yield to her feeble efforts. In vain—all in vain—though the voices so near, so cruelly near her, rose into a clamor, though one voice, clear as a clarion note, thrilled through every quivering fiber of her heart. Great God! She must pass, and flinging herself desperately forward, something in the darkness seemed to yield, and Aunt Hope grasped at the folds of a leathern curtain that veiled an opening in the rocks. A blaze of light for the moment dazzled her. The pirates' light was before her—it's heaps of treasures illumined by the torches that blazed with a fierce, lurid glare.

The burst-open coffers revealed gorgeous stuffs, embroidered with gems and gold; robes of lustrous silk and sheeny satin; velvets of every dye, plate that might grace a royal banquet was scattered ruthlessly upon the sanded floor. But Aunt Hope saw none of these. With one despairing glance at the further end of the spacious cave, she sank upon her knees, with the piteous cry:

"Too late!—Oh, too late!"

She saw a mass of human beings shrieking, struggling, cursing before her, maddened by fear, hate, greed, despair—by every wild passion fostered by a lawless life.

"Traitor! Traitor!"

The cry rang in her ears, pierced her heart. Vain, all in vain were the caution and courage of the brave young men allied in the cause of justice and humanity—in vain the clear voice of Abram Hemperly rang from without.

"Surrender peacefully. We swear that you will be unharmed!"

The pirates themselves had turned on their chief, to whom, in the blindness of their rage, they attributed their betrayal.

With a brow of scorn and an eye of fire, his misshapen form dilated until it seemed almost of gigantic proportions, King Carl stood like a lion at bay!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LION AT BAY.

"Traitor! Traitor! He has sold us like the brute in the shambles!"

The murderous cry rang out through the night, blent with the shrieks and curses of two-score desperate men.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Jack Devere, leaping to Abram Hemperly's side, "do you hear those sounds? There is treason within. We must force an entrance at any cost. There is no time for parley."

"On then," said Hemperly, cocking his revolver—"on, men! but remember, we are to uphold, not enrage, the cause of justice. On, men, force the entrance of the cave!"

With a loud cry, the little band sprang forward, Abram, cool, watchful, wary, restraining and guiding, even while he urged them on.

But Devere's blood was up. Reckless of all consequences, he flung himself in front of the men, and in a moment more, was fighting desperately amid the crowd of dark-browed ruffians, who cowered and shrank back, before his fierce assault.

Like one in some frightful dream, he saw the torch-lit cave, the heaped-up treasures; he heard the muttered curses and threats, he felt the blood trickling down from cuts in his neck and face. But he heeded nothing; he was conscious of no presence, save his whom he had come to save.

Bleeding from a half dozen death-wounds, King Carl still stood his ground, beating back, with superhuman strength, the murderous hands raised to strike the final blow.

"Fools!" he cried, in tones like the thunder that shakes the oak tree when the axe is at its roots, "it is meet perhaps that I should die at your traitorous hands. I ask not for my life but your own. Make your terms while there is yet time. Save yourselves! I—I—"

He could say no more. The choking life current leaped from him with one convulsive shudder. The mighty form reeled and fell, as Jack Devere reached his side and stood over him.

"Surrender!" Abram Hemperly's voice rang out like a clarion note above the din of strife—"surrender, and you shall be fairly dealt with! Escape is hopeless. Surrender, and save useless bloodshed."

There was a sullen mutter among the men, and then a hush. A row of shining muskets guarded the entrance of the cave; a dozen of their band were lying dead, or dying, they had fallen beneath their own parried blows; escape was hopeless, resistance madness.

"Surrender!" the husky tones of King Carl gave their last command. "Tis your only chance of safety. Fling down your arms."

The rude men, a moment before maddened by passion into raging brutes looked one upon another, and then, as if by common consent, the dying chief was obeyed.

Like wayward children, frightened at their own recklessness, they gathered around the spot where he lay, his head pillowed on Jack Devere's arm breathing slowly, painfully, the life-blood ebbing swiftly from throat and breast.

Abram bent over him to hear his last words. "I ask that the law may deal leniently with my men. They followed my lead blindly, and for their acts, I, and I alone, am to blame."

"We have sent for a physician," said Abram, respectfully, for the innate nobility of the dying chief touched every ear. "If we could make a couch here, and insure you a little quiet, it might—"

"Useless, sir," interrupted King Carl, smiling faintly. "I thank you for your consideration, but all human skill is useless now. I would die as I have lived—alone, unaided, unhelped. I do not fear for myself. I only ask leniency for those poor men who have made their chief's will their own law."

They gathered around him, sobbing and weeping like children. They kissed his hand and begged for forgiveness.

"Yes, I know," said the dying chief. "You were maddened, you knew not what you did. I forgive you! Leave me now, I would speak to these gentlemen."

As the grief-stricken men, subdued by grief and shame, were led off by their armed captors, a tall figure stole forward from the shadow that had concealed her.

Aunt Hope, pale, almost death-like, laid her hand on Abram Hemperly's arm.

"You here!" he exclaimed, in amazement, recoiling as if she were an apparition. "For heaven's sake, Miss Hastings, what brought you here, to such a place, at such a time?"

"What brought me here," she moaned. "I scarcely know. I was mad enough to think that I could save him—I—oh, God! let me see him, let me speak to him once again, for I loved him—I loved him! To see him perish thus before my eyes, and I—I only a weak woman, unable to help, to die for him—I, who loved him, who loved him!"

"Who is it?" exclaimed King Carl, lifting his head slightly, as a woman's wall reached his ear—"who moans for me here? I heard a woman's tone."

"Tis I, Carroll!" she whispered—"I, the cruel sister, whom you learned to hate and dread—I, who found my way here tonight, through the passage from the church, too late to warn you."

"Hope!" he held out his hand kindly, "my good Hope, I have been a sore trouble to you all these years. You must forgive me for the sake of that sweet sister we both loved so well. You must think, well, not too harshly of me when I am gone."

"Too harshly!" she bowed her head, and her woman's heart gave up the last sad hope to which

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT

For August will contain

NINE NEW STORIES

Exceptionally Edifying and Entertaining

EIGHT of them are complete, begun and finished, in our great, special twenty-eight page August number, and the other, a new, smart, startling three-part story begins in the same number. Read the following programme of what we shall give our readers in the way of up-to-date, interesting, thrilling stories in August (besides all the regular departments and editorial matter.)

August Stories

1. "SOUL MATES," or "A Glimpse of the Supernatural under the Mystic Spell of Hindu Magic."

The teaching of Hindu philosophy that, as the soul is immortal and survives to eternity, it must have existed from the beginning of time, and, therefore, that every human being has had a former existence on this earth or on some other planet, is exemplified in our story, in which the Hindu adept, exercising the occult powers peculiar to his cult, lifts the veil and shows to his subject the mysteries of his prior existence and gives him a shadowy introduction to his soul's eternal affinity. Intensely interesting and opens up a field of new thought on spiritual existence and love that survives the changes of birth and death.

2. "THE OPAL RING," or "The Sensation of Being Buried Alive," by Dr. Wm. S. Birge. A strange, strong story full of mystery, in which the terrible experiences of a woman who was buried alive are described with a degree of realistic truth possible only to a physician of wide experience. A vein of blighted hope and disappointed love is also woven through the narrative.

3. "THE PARSON'S PRAYER," or "The Young Minister's Strange Wooing." A cleverly told story of the troubled course of the bashful young minister's courtship; the awkward predicament nearly resulting in a church scandal innocently caused by the silly pranks of his lady love. Amusing, laughable, but almost tragic.

4. "DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES," or "Dangers of a Chance Acquaintance." An interesting and amusing episode in which a young woman's shrewdness gets the better of an older man's impetuous folly.

5. "A BLACKBERRY ROMANCE," or "The Fate of an Artless Rival." Tells how the girls set their caps for the only desirable young man in town. Full of interest and teaches a lesson every girl should profit by in courtship.

6. "THE PRAIRIE FIRE," a story of Pioneer Life; by Comfort Joy. Deals with hardships of pioneer life, devastating terrors of a prairie fire, courage and devotion of man and woman such as has inspired the souls and nerved the hands of our frontiersmen to the conquest of the wilderness; the simple life and the true love that goes with it.

7. "TRAPPED IN THE DARK," or "Branded by a Kiss." Tells the reckless escapade of an innocent boarding-school girl attended with grave danger to her reputation, and leaving a lasting impression on two lives. Intensely interesting, and in a nice, clean, elevating manner points out the dangers incurred by good girls through thoughtless conduct. A love story.

8. "HER SPIRIT GUARDIAN," or "The Angel Mother's Message," by Ida M. Black. A pretty love story and ghost story combined, in which an angel mother's love communicates a message of critical importance from beyond the grave.

9. "VIVIAN VOSE, the Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter," is a new, three-part serial, composite story written especially for COMFORT. We employed two authors working conjointly to compose it. This thrilling love story, with its strong characters and startling situations begins in August, is continued in September and concluded in October. See special announcement of it on page 2. Isn't this splendid lot of stories a

Rare Collection of Good Reading

the like of which you never saw put in any one magazine to entertain you and take your mind from care and make you forget the oppressive heat of sultry August afternoons? They are so absorbingly interesting that while you are reading them, you can't think of anything else, and after you have read them you can't help thinking of them.

There is a lot of reading in these stories, as you will see, because these eight complete stories with the last part of "Betty Carew" and the first part of "Vivian Vose" make thirty-three thousand words of stories in August Mid-Summer COMFORT, more than many of the long serials and novels printed in book form contain.

We have been months at work preparing this treat for our subscribers. We have carefully selected these stories from an almost endless list that has been submitted to us by numerous authors. Three of them we had written especially for August COMFORT. They are all new stories, never in print before and never will be again. We own them.

Don't Miss this Rich Symposium

by letting your subscription run out with this present July number, as a lot will if they do not renew at once.

You will have to look after this yourselves, as we are not sending out any renewal blanks or special expiration notices this month; but if you are in doubt about your subscription and you don't want to miss this rare intellectual summer entertainment, be on the safe side by sending us 25 cents at once for a renewal or extension of your subscription two full years NOW, before you forget it; before we withdraw the privilege of this old, special renewal rate.

"My Lady Beth"

the loveliest new serial love story, by Georgie Sheldon, will begin in September COMFORT, and other new serials in October and November.

Tell your friends about August COMFORT stories and they will give you their subscriptions at 10 cents for five months, or 25 cents for one year, and you will earn a nice premium. They will get the value of a year's subscription in August Mid-Summer COMFORT.

Look out for your own renewals first---Now



Points to Remember

- Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.
- Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.
- Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.
- Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.
- Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.
- As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.
- Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.
- Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.
- Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such notice. See offer.
- All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.
- Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
- Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. Martha McCoy, Willow Springs, R. D. 1, Mo., a soldier's widow, not blessed with an over abundance of this world's goods and sharing what she has with a homeless orphan, asks all to remember her, anything useful will be thankfully accepted, letters, and reading matter, especially appreciated, as her home is in rather a lonely out-of-the-way place.

A bereaved mother writes: "My beloved Clara belonged to Uncle Charlie's League, but she has gone from me to live in the everlasting League above. She was eighteen years old when she left me all alone and was about to graduate from the high school. On the anniversary of her death I feel that letters from any of this kind, sympathetic band would cheer a lonely soul."

Mrs. M. FRICKE, Mountfort, Wis.
Z. C. Wilson, 2701 So. Adams, Peoria, Ill., a Civil War veteran and member of Co. H, 9th Ill. Reg. would like to hear from any of his old comrades.

Will any of the sisters in Florida write and tell me about the places there. How much land costs an acre, etc. It is real cold up in this part of Michigan in the winter but fine in the summer; the summers are so short we want to move to a warmer climate.

Mrs. FAY L. KANE, Box 43, Charlevoix, R. D. 2, Mich.

Miss Alida M. Osterhout, Stone Ridge, N. Y., would like a design for a ship.

Mrs. Mina Redman, Reading, Mich., wants to find out who has the oldest COMFORT. She has them for 1893. Who has an earlier one?

Mrs. Minnie Logan, Box 171, Burlington, R. D. 1, Tex., would like to hear from anyone by the name of Tackett or Nicholson.

Mrs. Butler and Gertie Lambert. Try Juniper berries for bed wetting. Get the dried ones at any drug-store and have the patient eat a few before going to bed. My boy was cured entirely by these.

Mrs. Lydia Wright, Benedict, Kans., says: COMFORT is a great power for good. Let us all add our mite to make it a grand success. I agree with Mrs. Andrew Chapman of Texas, and think it rests with the parents of today whether it shall be weak or woe for the coming generation.

Let the cry ring out from ocean to ocean all over this broad land, of one set of morals for men and women, and boys and girls, and what a improvement there will be in all classes of society. God bless all the COMFORT sisters, and may we work with all our might to hasten the glad day when we shall all be one loving band of workers, to bring God's kingdom on earth. How many of us stop to think, when we pray, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven, am I doing all I can to make this true.

Will some sister send a sample and directions for crocheting the knot stitch to Mrs. W. H. JOHNSTON, Martinsville, Copiah Co., Miss.

Next comes a little school marm who hails from the Texas Panhandle.

I am teaching a rural school in the mountains of this state. How many of the younger sisters follow this calling? Teaching is one of the noblest and one of the most useful of professions. In it the opportunities for doing good are unlimited. While the ethical side of teaching offers many inducements, yet as a means of livelihood, the practical side has many superior advantages. This is certainly an age of advancement, and the young man or woman who does not equip himself or herself with a liberal education will soon find that the world has moved on and left him. To the "teachers" I will say that it makes things easier all round if the parents know the teacher and the teacher knows the parents. A better understanding of the children's needs is sure to come to the teacher who meets the parent; while on the other hand, parents should know with whom they are trusting their children, for it is no small thing to start and lead a child along the path of learning, and as children are both critical and imitative, parents should see to it that the teacher is a person worthy of imitation and not unjustly criticised.

Aunt Allie. Give us another one of those interesting letters. I too think we women should have the right to vote and I believe if we did we would have a better country.

I would like to hear from anyone.

MISS NELLIE LEE, Evelyn, W. Va.

An old subscriber, but a young mother, would like to correspond with a few sisters who have little ones.

Mrs. MATTIE FAGO, Danbury, R. D. 1, N. C.

Mrs. Chas. H. Carson, Parkersburg, Pa., an interested reader who has had to undergo three operations in the last year would like to hear from any of the sisters.

Will Mrs. G. E. Roff please accept my sympathy in losing her mother and also in her own affliction, and will she kindly write me a few lines personally. I used to know a Mrs. G. E. Roff. We may be old friends and possibly relatives.

Mrs. W. H. MALEY, Chance, Wallace Co., Kans.

From Mrs. Lillian Stokes, So. New Lynne, R. D. 1, Ohio, comes the following:

I want to write to you today on the question of suffrage, and give some reasons why I think woman should be given the right to vote. If we all could vote at the local option elections I think it would not take long to put the saloons out of business. It certainly is the women who have to suffer most from that evil, the saloon. Now, in Ohio, women can vote at the school elections, and what an improvement there has been in the schools since the women were given the right to vote. If women were given the right to vote at the state and national elections, and we could elect women to represent us in Congress there would be less corruption and graft, and trusts would find it hard to exist. They would pass laws that would make it criminal to employ children under sixteen years in sweat shops and factories, and would raise the pay of the working men so they could live with comfort and not be compelled to work ten or twelve hours a day on starvation wages in order to keep body and soul together.

In reply to Mrs. Fannie B. May's request, will give a bit of my experience in the hopes that it may help others also. Whenever there is excessive fat it is usually caused by disease and in such cases I would advise a thorough examination by a good doctor. I had to go to a hospital and there formed the habit of taking plenty of water. This carries off impurities and benefits the kidneys.

I also dieted after for a week took a dose of salts every morning, then every other day and less frequently as the bowels became regular.

If more particulars are desired I will gladly answer any questions I can if stamp is enclosed. Now just a hint or two before I leave.

Molasses will take out grass stains. Wet the goods in the molasses and rub the spot until all of the stain disappears.

If you have an old baking tin and you fear the cake will stick, grease the dish, sprinkle with flour and the cake will come out all right.

To darn a table-cloth place the worn spot over the embroidery hoop and see how much neater your work will look. And it is quicker and easier done.

I enjoy COMFORT very much, in fact it is a real comfort to me. I wrote a letter either thirteen or fourteen years ago and I gained a life-long friend, one who is like a sister to me.

I am very much interested in the fancy work department, and I enjoy every page of COMFORT. My household contains just "we two," husband and me, in a small town in the West. We came here from the East three years ago last April for my health.

Long live COMFORT and its friends is the sincere wish of a friend.

Mrs. SHERMAN CARR, Box 67, Bucoda, Wash.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Though I have been a reader of this grand COMFORT for a number of years, this is the first time I have ventured to appear publicly before the sisters. I live in Wisconsin, about two miles from Lake Winnebago. Along the shore of the lake are many lovely cottages and summer resorts. I am a lover of flowers and have a fine variety of them. I do enjoy COMFORT and look forward for the next number as soon as the one I have is thoroughly read. I began housekeeping at seventeen, and what I know I have learned in that best, but hardest of all schools, experience. I enjoy the letters very much and would like to hear from some of the young married people.

Mrs. GEO. FAIRBACH, Menasha, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

It has been a long time since I have written to the Corner. As there are so many letters I know mine has not been missed.

I think it very kind of Majorie Nee to offer to help the sisters who need help; that is what we all ought to do; if we have anything others can use pass it on, with information of a helpful kind.

I am a retired nurse and know all about babies and am perfectly willing to give any information concerning them. To young mothers I will say: Most young babies are constipated. If you will give them a teaspoonful of olive oil every morning their bowels will be in perfect condition and it is good for them and will make them as fat as butter. Another thing don't neglect to wash out their little mouths, take a thin cloth and wind it around your finger and dip it in clean cool water and wash their mouths every time you give them their bath. I have seen babies with frightfully sore mouths just from neglect.

Don't let a scurf grow on top of their little heads; take it when it first appears and it will be no trouble. Rub vaseline on at night and wash it off with warm water and soap the next morning. For cracked nipples treat the same as you would chapped hands. Wet a little lard and camphor rubbed on will cure them and for a swollen, painful breast mix lard and molasses and put on as hot as the patient can stand it and put a woolen cloth over it taking the cloth off and heating every few minutes until the patient is relieved and that will be in a very short time.

I will tell you how to transfer pictures out of papers to sofa pillows next time.

Your COMFORT sister,

Mrs. LYDIA L. ECKLE, Lincoln, Neb.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I want to tell all of my flower venture last summer and I may be able to give the "sisters" an idea of earning some pin money, thereby. I have a plot of ground in my back yard (for I live in town and could not say garden). The plot measures about nine by thirty feet, and I have planted that sweet little flower called lily-of-the-valley. They are hardy, requiring no great attention, and they multiply wonderfully. I supplied a wholesale florist in Cincinnati, O., and received a five piece for them, of course the time was limited but as they bloom in May and June, just the time for weddings, there is a very large demand for this special flower at that time.

Sisters don't you all think it would be interesting for us to tell of our little inexpensive entertainments and home amusements we have, such as parties, etc? Perhaps we could give little ideas and receive some as to decorations, games and refreshments. One can make such attractive things of crepe-paper, such as candle-shades, napkins, etc. Give recipes of cakes, candies, and salads that can be made at home. If one gives prizes for games, there is nothing nicer than articles made by the hostess; for instance, a pretty handkerchief apron, or a pretty picture made passe-partout, perhaps a noted or interesting picture clipped out of a magazine, and for consolation prizes any comical article you could fashion that would cause merriment, and not offend the contestant.

Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hyde, Miss M. Briddon, and others: Please accept my thanks for your letters, etc. It is impossible for me to reply to them, however.

"Wholesale House" drawer should be a good idea for sisters who live in the country or suburbs. What is it? Only this, a lower dresser drawer or better still a wardrobe drawer, and in it keep several new pairs of shoe-laces, assorted pins, safety, etc., a box of collar buttons, a card of black and white hooks and eyes, a few pairs of stay lacing, and few bolts of lingerie ribbon, which has many calls for, and a packet of machine needles, follow this same plan with your writing materials, have a reserve supply of stamps, pen points, extra writing paper and envelopes. Much time, worry and confusion is

saved by both "ideas" and the location known to the household anyone could help themselves without asking: "Where is this? Where is that?"

I shall send a few of my favorite recipes to our helpful paper and hope the sisters will like them. I am very fond of cooking and have tried some of the contributed recipes.

Mrs. Rosell Rawlerson, Fla. Why don't you come to our "Corner" again and don't forget to tell us your success with that "COMFORT Flower Garden," you were going to start and also more of your beautiful State.

With best wishes to our editor and for the future of COMFORT.

MISS JENNIE STEFFEN, W. Covington, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

May I claim the honor of being one of the loyal sisters of the corner? I think COMFORT the biggest-hearted, most generous corner of the press. I dearly love to divide what I have with some one who wants it and receive something from them. We have moved back to the country after living in town two years. We have a beautiful country home of ninety-two acres, plenty of good buildings and barns, a pretty wood lot in

DANGERS OF A CHANCE acquaintance narrated in "Deceived by Appearances" in Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT next month. Read notice on page 4.

front of the house with plenty of beech nuts, shell bark, hickory nuts, chestnuts, persimmons, a fine spring; we have a fine orchard. I have four children; they help me work and I help them play. We have more good times at home than they have when they go anywhere they say. I teach my children to enjoy work as well as play. We all love farm life, its work as well as its play. We have a large yard but not many flowers. I love good reading, pretty pictures, fancy work, flowers and good gardens and I love to work to have them. We have plenty of buttercups, yellow and blue lilies. I love old people and old-fashioned flowers and vegetables.

I used to have a good many old-fashioned flowers, but have lost seed of most of them. I would love to get some old-fashioned things such as pumpkins with brown mottled rinds, sweet potatoes, pumpkins and big field ones, mammoth sunflower seed, old-fashioned, many colored cornfield beans, October beans, dark blue spotted butter or lima beans, bunch butter beans, soup beans, some field corn they called calico or strawberry corn, and a big yellow corn that grows large on thin land and planted early. Artichoke, eyes, grass nuts or anything that children love to eat.

Curios or fancy work patterns for children, toy animals, dolls, etc. Do any of the sisters know anything of a corn called Brazilian flour corn? If so send me a few seeds and tell me about it.

Can any sister tell me anything of a late grape called suppermong I think it is. I read a description of it from a North Carolina subscriber to a fruit journal. Where and how could I get some, also a velvet bean and dwarf sugar peas that can be strung like beans? I got a few once but I lost the seed when I left the farm.

Do the sisters know that common water mussel shells boiled in lye bought or home-made are prettier for graves than the Florida shells as they stay white longer? Use one ten cent can of lye to a bucketful of water and boil till the black is so thick and will scrape off.

Do any of you ever try putting soured meat in sacks, squeeze and drip the grease out, return to the fire after you pick out the bones and let get a little hotter than you can bear your hand in, it will keep a year.

Rub soda and sifted meal through your strainer to clean it and put limes off on your cook stove instead of stove polish.

Do any of the sisters know of a paint that comes in sticks or any form when mixed with turpentine that can be painted on goods and will not wash off?

Has anyone the ballad of the songs, "Tell Mother I'll be there" and "Hello Central, Give me Heaven"?

I wish all the sisters who are kind enough to send me something will send a card with their address and name, three or four things you would like to have in return for your favor. Perhaps some other sister may send me something you would like to have and when I get a start I will send you some, as I hope to be able sometime to return each favor sent me; it may be next year but I shall not forget your kindness in two or three years and will not deem it too late to return a favor.

Mrs. NETTIE FEATHERSTON, Greenfield, Weakley Co., Tenn.

DEAR READERS:

Will you let me give a little piece of my mind once more in your "Corner"? I will try not to disturb your peace of mind. I received many letters from longed hearts in response to my other letter in March COMFORT. I have answered everyone that asked for an answer. I received about twelve or fifteen copies of an "Endless Chain Prayer." For the general information of my correspondents I will say I am thirty-two years of age. Have been married two years.

My wife and I are both Christians, but I am no minister. I'm not fit for that. I feel I am so imperfect I am almost ashamed to call myself a Christian. We have no home yet of our own. We have one baby girl who is very sweet and precious to us. We are sometimes happy and sometimes sad like other human beings. We have dark days in our lives, but they only drive us nearer to God and compel us to trust Him more.

Though sins and sorrows cast their shadows before us, we look above them and rejoice in having life. Life is wonderfully sweet, especially when we realize that it is a direct gift from God. One kind woman wrote from Forestville or Dardenne, Mo., and failed to give name. Please send your full address and I will write. I wish the young lady who signed "Empty Heart" would also send her name.

I think I had best not intrude myself on your "Corner" again as I am just a man.

May God bless all COMFORT's readers.

J. E. BEARD, Ellisville, R. D. 1, Miss.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years. I have thought so many times I would write, but this is my first letter. I am five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have brown eyes, brown hair, and am thirty-five years of age. Have been married thirteen years, have two boys, one twelve years old the other past six.

I was born in Kosciusko Co., Ind., from there I went with my parents to Wabash, Ind., and was married. My husband being a locomotive engineer we did quite a bit of traveling around from one place to another. We moved to Havre, Mont., a small town among the mountains. I won't say much about the place for I didn't like there at all. From there we moved to Seattle, Wash. Have visited the place where they now have the World's Fair, and it is lovely.

We were only at Seattle a short time till we went to Tacoma, Wash., where several years. I think Tacoma a lovely place; the only objections are the rainy winter months from about January till April, the rest of the year ideal.

You get up in the morning feeling so refreshed after your night's sleep, look around you and see the snow-capped mountains, Mt. Tacoma rising high above the other peaks with its snow white cap glistening in the sunshine.

We had rooms where we could sit and look out over the bay, see the large vessels come in and go out.

Go to the back porch and look at Mt. Tacoma. Of all places I have lived I think it the most beautiful; some of the parks are six and seven miles from town. You can take a lunch, get on the car and stay all day at the park, as the cars run every hour.

They put in the new line from Tacoma to Seattle while we were there, my husband ran the first passenger cars over the road. From Tacoma we came to Oregon, then to Illinois from there to Michigan. We have a small fruit-farm here. I don't like any of the places as I did Tacoma.

MYRTLE HOOVER, Bangor, Mich.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I cannot praise our paper enough. I am a young housekeeper. I find these columns helpful. I think COMFORT grows better and better every year, every letter is kind and helpful. We get good cheer from those who are strangers and may God in His goodness bless all those who are trying to help the dear shut-ins for they need our cheer and sympathy.

I am going to give the readers a description of my home and vicinity. We are living on a beautiful farm in the southern part of Minnesota. The farmers of this section raise mostly barley, oats and corn. Fruits don't seem to yield very well. Some raise quite a large number of cattle too and it pays as we have plenty of grass in summer. We have had it severe this winter, being one of the worst that my folks remember. The summers are quite hot and we have very much rain that generally drowns out the crops. So you see this isn't a very pleasant country to live in. Would be pleased to hear from any sisters, especially from California, as we are greatly interested in that country. I will try and answer all letters and postals that I receive.

MISS KATIE EWY, Ayoca, R. D. 1, Minn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please permit me to enter your circle, although I am not a sister but a badly crippled and lonely brother. I am a reader of the good old COMFORT, and can hardly wait from one month to the other till it comes.

I was born Sept. 11th, 1859. When I was seven years old I fell from a chestnut tree and sprained my left ankle, which resulted in white swelling and left me a cripple for life. I have to go about with a cane. I live in the country all by myself. I weigh about one hundred and sixty pounds. I have black hair and brown eyes.

I have to live a very lonely life. This is a fine country, located between two mountains, Jacks and Shade Mts. I live a mile from the railroad, twelve miles east of Lewistown, our county seat of Mifflin Co. I do all my own cooking, etc., would some of the good and kind sisters give me some points on the art of cooking? I was fourteen years old when I started to go to school, and had about a mile to go and as I was unable to walk I had a good-sized dog broken to the harness, and by him drawing me on the level I managed to get to school the first term, then my father got me a donkey, and I went for ten terms and accomplished a common school education, which no money could buy from me if I could dispose of it.

I have had a very hard road to travel all my life, as my parents were very poor. I do like to read Uncle Charlie's letters, and indeed how sad I feel for all the poor shut-ins and the afflicted, for I was a shut-in for several years. Reading is the greatest pastime I have. Now dear sisters, will you all please give me some sunshine by sending a post card or write me a big letter. I will answer all letters when requested to do so, I would like also to hear of all the school children for I am a great friend of children. Please all write to your lonely brother. I will close to make room for some qualified sister. Best wishes to all. Address

H. J. SNOOK, McClure, R. D. 1, Pa.

DEAR READERS OF COMFORT:

I have been a silent visitor among you for a long time, and I have enjoyed reading COMFORT and the sisters' letters none the less, and I think this a fine little magazine.

I would say to Mrs. Elsie Day, Yes, home

Don't kick us, kick yourself, if you miss Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT, because your subscription runs out with July number. We cannot supply back numbers. If in doubt, make sure by renewing or extending your subscription 2 full years for only 25 cents.

is happier with children than without them. It was God's plan that woman should bear and rear children, and her mission as a married woman is not completed without them. When the little ones come into our homes God gives us a great joy and a great responsibility and our control and management of them has a great deal to do with the comfort and pleasure they give us.

I have only two daughters, they are grown and married and I have five grandchildren. We took an orphan boy, but his disposition was not good and he gave us considerable trouble. He is now eighteen years old. A few weeks ago he confessed faith in Christ and to all appearances seems to be trying to live right. My two daughters confessed faith in Christ in early girlhood, and have been a great comfort to me in many ways. To have taken those children and my faith in Christ away from me, as it appears to me now, my life would have been a blank.

My husband and I live all alone in a pleasant home of our own, and as we have never yet grown tired of each other we take great comfort together. I have sympathy for all the afflicted and the shut-ins. I am a sufferer at times, and for weeks and even months I am confined to the house, but never to the bed. When I read of so many of our sisters that are confined to the bed or chair for months and years I am thankful that my afflictions are so light. Cheer up dear afflicted ones, "There is always sunshine behind the clouds."

In the month of August I will be fifty-six years old, it is also my thirty-first wedding anniversary. Now who will visit me by mail?

J. E. BEARD. I read your letter with much interest. It has the spirit of the tried and true in it.

Mrs. Maud Jance. I am grieved to think you and any good Christian church a hollow mockery. Like J. E. Beard take your Bible and go into the woods where you will be alone with nature and nature's God.

Some of the sisters have proposed that we sign our maiden name also. I think it is a good suggestion. I often wonder when I am reading the letters if it is possible that some one of them may be from friends that I have once known. I have a number of dear girlhood friends that I have lost all trace of and wouldn't it be pleasant to find one another through these pages!

MARGARET SYMONDS ASHLOCK, Box 92, Vandalia, R. D. 5, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

After reading so many letters from the Home Workers I concluded to join them. I enjoy COMFORT and wish it was a semi-monthly paper. I am glad to see so much interest taken in writing letters. I am living on a farm in Eastern Washington. This is a fine climate and lots of timber and fine scenery. This country is well watered with many little creeks coming from the mountains flowing into the Columbia river ten miles from our place. We live one mile from the Kettle river also one mile from the railroad. My husband and I live on a homestead, there are a few drawbacks in this place, but a home of one's own is much better than being on a rented farm.

When we see the many treasures in this lonely land of ours

Take a peep at old Pacific, then glance up and down its shores,

We're reminded as we view it of the ocean of God's love,

And our hearts beat fuller measure unto Him who reigns above,

As we look on earthly blessings and we count them o'er and o'er,

Still the Lord says, child come higher, I have better ones in store.

COMFORT'S August title page picture illustrating that great three-part romance of love, and rescue from the perils of the sea, is shown in our cut-up picture puzzle on page 20. Read that story and eight other short stories in Mid-Summer Short-Story August COMFORT. But see that you get it by renewing your subscription 2 years for only 25 cents.

Iron rust may be removed from white goods with sour milk, and warm borax water will remove dandruff.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

HOW do my Beloved Children? This is the month in which occurs the Glorious Fourth, and I trust you will celebrate it right. My dog, Toby, has as usual bought a dollar's worth of firecrackers, which he intended to tie to Billy the Goat's tail, and Billy the Goat had another dollar's worth of firecrackers, half of which I was to sit on, and the other half were to be dropped into my soup. On mature consideration, however, Toby and Billy the Goat decided to cut the firecrackers out this year, and leave all that sort of foolishness to two-legged humans who don't know any better. Now let me beg of you not to let mere animals show more intelligence than you who are human beings and immensely their superiors in education and intellect. COMFORT this year will reach most of you before the Fourth of July, and on that day about a dozen of our readers will be killed by the careless handling of fireworks, and at least a hundred more badly maimed and injured. Now cut it out this year, there is no excuse, no necessity for it. We threw off the yoke of the King of England and were a free people for a while. Now we're enslaved by the King of Gold, bound hand and foot, and there is no Washington in sight either, and if there were I don't think he could raise an army anyway. He would have to ask his soldiers to go without pay and fight for principles, and then King Gold, and King Oil, King Coal and King Steel would give those soldiers two to five dollars a day to quit and they'd quit all right, so don't waste any more time buying any firecrackers, waving flags and beating drums. Go rather into some quiet spot, **YOU WILL FALL IN LOVE with Vivian Vose.** Why? See page 2.

and take with you a little history of the days of '76 and think over what your forefathers did in those great and glorious times. Note the beautiful tree of liberty they planted in the shade of whose protecting branches you were to flourish and prosper a free, happy, contented and self-governed people. Now look at the tree of liberty as it is today. Its roots have been cut, its branches lopped off its growth stunted. It is in danger of total destruction. There's an iron fence around it with a sign "Keep out."

But it is all your own fault if that tree is no longer for you, if the fruit that grows upon it, the golden fruit of prosperity, plenty, peace and contentment is being gathered exclusively by Kings Monopoly, Special Privilege, Graft and Corruption. It serves you right and nobody will pity you if you see fit to submit to it, because your subservience is unnecessary and you have in your own hands the power and the simple means by which to dethrone these tyrants which are a hundred fold worse and more dangerous tyrants than crazy King George of England from whose oppression Washington delivered the American colonies. You are not required to make the sacrifices in the cause of liberty which your forefathers in 1776 underwent. Poorly fed, poorly clothed, poorly armed and most of the time without regular pay for seven long years they faced the cannon and bayonets of the King's superior armies. They contended against every kind of hardship, difficulty and discouragement, and through it all there was the King's standing offer of gold for desertion. It bought Arnold, but the rest were corruption-proof. Thus in a sense made rich by the blood of the patriots was the tree of liberty planted for the benefit of our future generations which should cultivate and protect it from its enemies.

The tree of liberty is now in danger and you should be its protectors; but you are not called upon to fertilize its roots with your blood. All that you have to do is fearlessly, honestly and intelligently to exercise your right of citizenship through the ballot, and the bloodless victory is won. If for money or for any other consideration you sell your vote to the kings of corruption you deserve to be slaves, you ought to be and will be.

Now just think this little matter over, throw the firecrackers away, and then say a little prayer. Ask God to breathe into your soul, and into the soul of every one of your fellow countrymen and countrywomen, nobler and loftier ideals of patriotism. Pray that the national regeneration may begin with you as an individual, and from you be communicated to all your fellowmen. Take a solemn oath that you will do your individual best, to fight special privileges, monopoly, corruption, graft, and every power of evil that is gnawing at the heart of this nation, and imperiling its existence. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. A firecracker fourth delights the enemies of the people, a silent, prayerful fourth would strike terror to their hearts. Put the firecrackers aside, save them until we can write our second declaration of independence, then perhaps you can have some excuse for making a little noise, you have none now so don't make it.

COMFORT's price is now twenty-five cents. Don't forget that. Also remember that no premiums are given for getting subscriptions to the League. The cost of running this department is exceeded.

A GLIMPSE of the Supernatural in "Soul Mates" in August Short-Story COMFORT. See description on page 4.

ingly heavy. The amount of mail to be read and handled is enormous and only one out of every twenty letters that come in, contains anything that can be turned into revenue for our good publisher. Our sunshine work involves an enormous amount of correspondence, and as you know, time is money. It costs thirty cents to join the League, twenty-five cents for your magazine for one year (that's only a paltry two cents a month), and five cents for your card of membership and your handsome League button, and the correspondence. Two cents of the five you send in, goes for postage, so you see your nickel brings us no profit. Don't send in a quarter now for your sub, and five cents two months later and say you forgot to join the C. L. O. C. when you were subscribing, and want to get in now for five cents. That's what most of you do, and it is another illustration of why the world progresses so slowly. You don't stop to think. Read our rules, and you will know exactly where you are at.

Invalids who need wheel chairs must send references from a physician and a postmaster, or their names will not go on our list. You will scarcely believe it, but there are hundreds of people who think if they subscribe to COMFORT, that their twenty-five cent subscription immediately entitles them to a twenty-five dollar wheel chair, freight paid. Wouldn't that bump you? That kind of business would break Rockefeller in twenty-four hours. It takes two hundred and fifty one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, to secure a wheel chair if sent in singly or in clubs of less than five. Read the foregoing sentence again carefully and

note that part printed in *italics*, because it is important. Since the thirtieth day of May all new one-year subscriptions for COMFORT invariably cost twenty-five cents each, with this one exception, that, in order to help the shut-ins our kind-hearted publisher has generously offered to accept subscriptions for the benefit of the Wheel-Chair Club at the old price of twenty cents each, provided they are sent in clubs of five or more. But please to bear in mind that this offer only holds good through the three summer months, and applies only to clubs of five or more mailed at one time for the Wheel-Chair Club.

One of our shut-ins got two hundred and fifty subs. herself. Interested her friends and got them at work and earned her own chair. We don't expect all shut-ins can do this, but all who want chairs could do something. Don't leave all the work to others. Explain matters to your friends and they will help you. You who beg for chairs for your invalid friends never make a single effort to aid them. That is not fair. Don't leave all the work to others. Do your share.

Uncle Charlie's Poems, a beautifully bound, one hundred and sixty-page book of screamingly funny verse, with just enough pathos to serve as a contrast, can be obtained for four yearly subs to COMFORT at twenty-five cents. The book is bound in silk cloth, a beautiful shade of lilac, or scarlet whichever you wish, large type and finest paper. Each volume is autographed by the author, and among other pictures contains one of Uncle Charlie dictating to Maria. Whenever there is a birthday in your, or your neighbor's family, get up a club for this book, as it is absolutely the best birthday present and the cheapest in existence.

Thank you from the bottom of a very grateful heart for the beautiful letters you have written me. I wish I could correspond with everyone of you, but I have to hustle for my bread the same as you do. I toil fourteen hours a day the year round. There is no eight-hour day for me. I want to live for your sakes, because your letters tell me I am influencing your lives for good. Thank God for that. Your love and your kind words of approval give me strength and help me to live but don't try and kill me off by involving me in correspondence that saps all my strength and vitality.

By the way I asked you if you would not first help the shut-ins in your own individual states, and make them your special care. All have heartily approved this plan, but it hasn't worked as well as I expected. A Virginia shut-in, Eugenia Moon, Stovall, Va., got one hundred and forty-seven letters, as a result of an appeal I made for her, and only two of those letters came from her own state. Will our Virginia readers kindly explain this apparent lack of interest in their own state?

Now for those lovely letters.

LEON, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have just been reading a sample copy of COMFORT, and decided to join the League of Cousins, which I think is a very beneficial part of this most popular magazine, for in reading these letters from the cousins, who usually write a description of their respective surroundings, gives one an imaginative glimpse of the different parts of the country that they have not the opportunity to visit.

I have light hair, blue eyes, am five feet and two inches in height, weigh ninety-two and one half pounds, **ALMOST A CHURCH SCANDAL told in "The Parson's Prayer" in August Mid-Summer COMFORT.** See announcement on page 4.

I am twenty-six years old. At present I am employed as a compositor in one of our county newspaper offices. I have just finished a course in book-keeping and may probably follow that as my occupation in the near future. I also play the piano. My home is two and one half miles in the country, but I stay in town on account of my employment, although I go to the country running through this town, and almost every week with my parents. I have one sister, and no brothers. I attend the Christian church here, and at present I am secretary of the C. E. society, which meets every Sunday evening. Last fall I took a short vacation, so as to attend the Iowa State Fair, which convenes in our capital city, Des Moines. How many of the cousins have had the privilege of attending their state fairs, and isn't it a great treat? Leon, the county seat of Decatur county, is a busy little city of over two thousand inhabitants. There are six churches, two schoolhouses, a Carnegie library, and a very fine new court house, besides the different business houses, too numerous to mention. There are two railroads running through this town, and eight passenger trains daily. There are two excellent newspaper offices here, and I have been employed in both at different times. Uncle it would be a great treat to visit the mechanical department of COMFORT.

This letter is already becoming too lengthy, so I will close. I would like to exchange post cards with some of the cousins, natural vases and all.

HELEN WHISLER.

Your friend, Helen, your letter is a very charming one, and as you are a typesetter, there is a certain amount of comradeship existing between us. I have tried to set type, and have also tried to set hens. I've not quite made up my mind which I like worst. You ask me if I ever ran a country newspaper. I did make one unsuccessful attempt at that line. I bought a nice printing press and an outfit of type, and had the first edition of the newspaper all ready to be printed and then went home to my boarding house to dream of what a sensation the paper would make on the morning when it was struck off. When I got down to the printing office the next morning, I found a cow and a couple of steers had walked from an adjoining field through the door which I had forgotten to lock and had eaten up all the type and converted the press into scrap iron. I felt very much disheartened over this and wept, but after all it was probably the very best thing that could have happened to me, as in the first edition I had libeled nearly every man in the county. I would have got pulverized to a pulp if ever that edition had gotten in print. A kindly Providence interceded in my behalf. I bought more type and at last got out my newspaper. There was only one exciting piece of news that had happened in the county the week that I got the paper out. Hezekiah Cornob's hog had died of appendicitis, complicated with softening of the brain, heart trouble and the grip. I had a scare head line running right across the paper: **"DEATH OF OUR MOST DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN, JOHNSON COUNTY LOSES ITS MOST INTELLIGENT AND ONLY INTELLECTU-**

AL RESIDENT." Then I gave a vivid and exciting account of the hog's death. Within an hour of the paper being off the press I was waited on by a crowd of indignant individuals who gave me an hour to get out of town, or become the chief actor in a necktie social. I did start a country newspaper in another town, but I had very poor success, for after I got the paper printed, I found there were only two people in the town who could read, and they had both gone blind a month before I came, so my experience as a country editor has not been what you'd call a howling success. Helen, I note that you say that you play the piano, and live two and a half miles in the country. That's a good, kind considerate girl. It is always advisable when you play the piano (that is if you have any consideration for the feelings of others), to live two and a half miles in the country. Whenever I play the piano, I always make it a point of getting at least ten miles away from any human habitation, as I don't believe in giving anyone unnecessary pain. Come again, Helen, your letter was a dream of neatness.

YONCALLA, ORE.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I admire you for your deep thought, love of right, which is plainly shown in your articles and letters, comedy, good common sense and power. Yes, Uncle Charlie you are a power among the readers of COMFORT. Your personality in the writings you put before them has a great influence upon their future, and

It in the shade and cool off while you read our special Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT in August. But you can't do it if your subscription has expired. Renew or extend your subscription 2 years for only 25 cents now, and make sure.

You know better than I, how many are followers of your thoughts.

In the February issue you make a very good and clear talk, upon facts relative to Washington and Lincoln, and the views you take on governmental play were followed closely by me, and were my sentiments exactly, until you came nearly to the close, and all the good points in your letter were busted by the dream you indulged in—"One hour of Lincoln or Washington, and we should have things that are needed." Do you know that there are men in this country who are working for all these things which would be good for the people and are trying to awaken the people to the necessity of their asking for a government for themselves and all the good things which they as workers have produced. Where would Lincoln or Washington be if they tried any of their work against the powers that be. They would be in jail, and there would be lots of editors, financiers, etc., hissing anarchists, rebels and undesirable citizens at them. If you place Theodore Roosevelt on the same plane as Washington or Lincoln, you certainly do not know the man. Can you show me a trust he has busted? That was all a bluster to get office, and nothing more. I would like to hear your sentiments on this issue.

R. E. DONNER.

Thanks, Brother Donner for your letter. Sorry you did not like all I wrote in February COMFORT but I do not expect everybody to agree with me on all points. It is a good thing to bring out and talk over these points of difference. It sets us all to thinking and studying. Several of our readers went after my scalp for saying in praise of Theodore Roosevelt. They say he talked a lot, but did not accomplish much. No doubt there is much truth in that, but whose fault is it? He talked for reform. He wrote no end of special messages to Congress urging reform legislation in the interest of the people. Whose fault was it that his recommendations were not enacted into law? Congress is the lawmaking power. It is true that some few of his requests were heeded by Congress when he finally put them in the form of demands and backed them up with threats of public exposure in case proper action was not taken. For instance, in the matter of the pure food law and the law requiring the Beef Trust to clean up its slaughter houses and prohibiting the canning of diseased poisonous or fraudulent meat products, the U. S. Senate under the influence of the packers refused to pass the law in such form as to be of any value or protection to the people until Roosevelt not only had threatened to expose the filthy and disgusting processes of the packers but actually did expose them by publishing the report of his commissioner. Roosevelt knew what he was up against when he tackled the Beef Trust in Congress and he had taken the precaution to have himself for the conflict by having a reliable man make a careful examination and report on the horrible facts. The truth was so disgusting that it sickened the civilized world, and such a howl went up from the people that Congress was frightened into passing these beneficial measures immediately. I only cite this as one instance of what he accomplished, how he did it, and against what powerful opposition. If I had space to devote to this subject I could mention many others. The fact is that he was in a continual conflict with Congress in his struggle to force through reform legislation. He fought single-handed, fearlessly and with indomitable energy against tremendous odds, and in many cases won out, but, of course, in more instances he failed. The only wonder is that he won out so many times and accomplished so much; that he was not and could not be intimidated or controlled by the corrupt money power or the criminal trusts, or that he did not get tired or discouraged. He made this great fight for the people, and most of the people appreciated his efforts and stood behind him. Such condemnation as you give him is poor encouragement to any succeeding President to incur the hostility of the politicians and corrupt money power by fighting for honest government in the interest of the people. Do you know that the very public

No back numbers of COMFORT. Last year those who missed the August Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT by letting their subscriptions run out in July, kicked all the fall because we could not supply that popular August edition as a back number when they got around to renew later on.

enemies which Roosevelt has fought so hard and who hate him so are the original authors of the very sentiments which you echo, and that they laugh in their sleeves every time they catch a sucker to swallow their bait? The thousands of men who say they are working for good government need able and true leaders, but who is going to accept their leadership if they denounce such a leader as Theodore Roosevelt? Roosevelt instituted many more criminal prosecutions against the trusts than any other President, and he took an active interest in pushing the cases with the utmost vigor. In many cases he succeeded, but in others the upper courts upset the verdicts of the juries or reversed the decision of the trial judges and took off the heavy fines, sometimes on trifling technicalities. Whose fault were these failures of success? Some, like Roosevelt, felt himself in the case of the big Standard Oil Trust fine, say it was the fault of the judges in letting a big, rich, powerful corporation out on a technicality so small that it would not have been considered seriously if the accused had been weak and poor, while those who defend the action of the courts say it is the fault of the law which they claim is defective. Roosevelt did his duty most vigorously. The trouble lies between the courts and Congress. If, as the courts claim, the law is defective, it is the duty of Congress to remedy the defect by strengthening the law. But Congress refuses to do so, although Roosevelt urged it. If Roosevelt was not right, why do all the public enemies and corrupt powers from Wall Street down hate and abuse him so? We should love, trust and honor Roosevelt for the enemies he has made and braved. For

heaven's sake don't be fooled by the rot that the public enemies pay large sums to the newspapers to print against Roosevelt. Did you know that the Standard Oil Trust and other trusts hired the most talented writers to compose ingenious articles in their defense and attacking Roosevelt's policies, and then paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to get them printed in the papers in their desperate effort to influence public opinion in their favor and against Roosevelt? They appeared as editorials or special news articles, but in fact were paid for at regular advertising rates. COMFORT never published any of them. COMFORT's editorial columns are not for sale to anybody. No price can buy space there. When you read any editorial or special article in COMFORT, it is there because our good publisher believes it and has paid for having it written; not because he is paid for printing it. You may not always agree with COMFORT in all things, and even if you think we are wrong, we print it because we believe we are right, and our duty requires us to do so. But, as I said; opinions will differ among honest men, and it is well to stir up discussion of these matters of public interest, so again I thank you for your free and candid criticism of my views.

DECATUR, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, have auburn hair and gray eyes and have large feet. Well Uncle, I did not go to school today. I had to help saw posts. We are going to have an exhibition the last night of school. I am going to be in three pieces. I am going to speak one piece and it is sure funny. I study four books, did study five but on examination the teacher said I could quit it. The book is on agriculture. Well, Uncle, this is my last term of going to school, but I wish I could go until I am nineteen, I might then get part of an education.

Decatur is the county seat of Wise Co., and is a nice little place. It is on a hill. It is a small town of about six hundred inhabitants. There are no manufacturing buildings except of meal and flour and ice.

Your nephew,

CHARLIE C. ANDERSON.

Charlie, I am very glad to hear from you, but I am horrified at what you tell me is going to happen to you at that exhibition on the last night at school. You say you are "going to be in three pieces". Oh, heavens, I hope not. I shall write to the authorities, the police and your parents to prevent this terrible outrage. Any one would think we were in Turkey, and that some Mohamedan was carving you up with a scimitar. If you appear on the stage in three pieces, I am confident there will be a panic in the audience, and that many people will be crushed to death trying to escape. It's very foolish to study four books. You don't study books you study subjects. You would need to stay at school until you were nineteen to get any sort of an education, but remember even if you can't go to school, if you'll get a dictionary, and a cheap encyclopedia and read understandingly, looking up every word you don't understand, and turning to the encyclopedia to find out about all the people and subjects mentioned in your book of which you know nothing, you'll soon acquire a vast amount of knowledge. I know men who have been reading for years, and who are supremely ignorant. It isn't what you read, it's what you absorb, and digest, that counts. Above all dear boy, don't cut yourself in three pieces. Stay in one piece as long as you can. You will look better and feel better if you do.

EAST POINT FARM, KIRK, NEB.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have taken COMFORT for several years and always read what you have to say about this and that, but as far as I can remember, you have never said anything about the evil habit so prevalent in our so much boasted civilized land among big and low, *scoring* and vulgar and profane language in every form. It is simply fearful that this vulgar and profane language should be in vogue everywhere. Not to mention about the sin of it, this dirty language is most revolting and obnoxious to refined and moral Christian people. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain."—Ex. 20:7. If this be true what will become of all these people who so lightly and profanely use these sacred names? Please call attention to this evil habit in some future issue of COMFORT, Mr. Douglas.

In conclusion I will say I appreciate what you say and do for the so-called "shut-ins." It is a pity that in this rich land of ours, where there are so many who have more money than they know what to do with, after they have secured for themselves every luxury they can think of, that there are so many in need of the most necessary things of life. I am a poor man myself and what little I can spare for to do so, I give to those who are needy in my immediate locality, and such as I know who are deserving. However, had I the means I would be glad to distribute money to needy both far and near. With but few exceptions, I think each separate locality in our land is able to take care of its own poor, and if it isn't they should be made to understand it's their duty to do so. Yes they will take care of them in wretched holes called Poorhouses, where they are treated like cattle.—Uncle C.)

Yours truly,

K. A. ASPLUND. Thank you, Brother Asplund, for calling my attention to the swearing habit. I think you will find I have expressed myself freely on this matter before and am only too glad to do it again. The extent that cursing is indulged in in this country makes it one of the greatest of our national sins. I have heard cursing in various countries but we can give them all cards and spades, and beat them to a pulp at profane swearing. When a man curses in the heat of passion, curses someone who has wronged him, it is bad enough, but in a sense that curse performs some useful purpose. It relieves a man's pent-up feelings, which if bottled up and not vented, might lead to the murder of the person who is cursed, just as the eruption of a volcano relieves the pressure within the earth and probably prevents our revolving globe from flying to pieces. That would seem almost like an apology for cursing, but it is not. The most eminent preacher in New York City, and also the great Spurgeon were almost willing to excuse men whose feelings had become terribly wrought up through some great wrong or injury, from giving vent to their feelings by an outpouring of terrible language. Spurgeon suggested that when a man had been exasperated beyond the limit of human endurance that he should select some long harmless words from the dictionary and repeat them until his anger had subsided. Of course you will say we have no right to get angry, no right to get exasperated. Neither would we have, if we were all saints, but we are not saints, we are just weak humans, and we must deal with humanity as it is, and not as it ought to be. I do not excuse cursing under any circumstances, but what I desire to do is to draw a line between the curse that is only emitted to relieve pent up

Ever smell the salt sea or feel the cool ocean breeze in August? That startling, thrilling, romantic love story, "Vivian Vose, the Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter," will carry you in thought and imagination to the cool summer resorts of the coast of Maine, in August COMFORT. See to your subscription.

anger, a sense of wrong, or exasperation, and the vile, wicked, atrocious and horribly disgusting habit, almost universally indulged in, of using a curse word in nearly every sentence spoken. There is a certain class of men who cannot open their mouths upon any subject however trivial, without using the name of the Deity. While I am writing, there is a child of about three and a half years of age under my window. His mother is calling to him to come into the house. He wants to stay out and play; she insists he come in; so he is stamping his feet with impotent rage on the sidewalk, and screaming, cursing with the rapidity of a machine gun, the mother laughs, and not in the least abashed says: "Where did you learn that beautiful language?" This child if ever reproved by neighbors, anyone on the street, replies with a curse. Children take to cursing, as naturally as a duck takes to water, it seems to be their pet delight. One foul-mouthed little rat will contain-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

You will never mind the sultry heat of an August dog-day's afternoon if your mind is cheered and your attention absorbed in reading Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT with its eight bright, thrilling, stirring, smart, snappy, surprising short stories, all complete, and the first part of our new three-part summer seashore romance, "The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter," written especially for August COMFORT. Take care not to miss it by letting your subscription run out. 24 months for 25 cents, if you renew or extend your subscription now.

A Fateful Wedding Eve or The Pirate's Daughter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

it had clung. He must die unconscious of the mighty love that had followed him for five and twenty years. He must die thinking her the stern sister, the cruel mentor, cold, loveless, unwomanly.

There was a moment's struggle—for a woman's heart can writhe and quiver beneath the frosts of fifty years, and then Aunt Hope raised her withered face, and was her own strong self again.

"If you'd let your head rest here on my shawl, it might be a trifle easier," she said, quietly assuming Jack Devere's place. "You can roll up some of that stuff into a sort of a couch, Abram Hemperly, until the doctor comes, and—"

"I have something to say," King Carl began, in a low but clear tone—"something to tell you while I have strength to speak. There are only those whom I can trust near me—trust with the last holy trust of a dying man. Jack Devere! the dark eyes flashed with a spark of their wonted fire, "you have risked your life for me tonight. Three years ago when you fell a prisoner into my hands, I risked more than life to save you—for to the seeds of hate and distrust sown then I owe my death-wounds now. I owed you and yours a deadly hate; but for the sake of your undaunted spirit, when you lay helpless and disarmed, at the mercy of the pirate chief for the sake of the manly courage that would have defied my wrath in the cause of an innocent, friendless girl—I spared you, even as later I would have spared your uncle, had not God and nature pronounced his doom. For days, for weeks, for months I haunted these cliffs, known to you as the half-crazed hermit, with vengeance in my heart and death in my hand; and at last—at last when mortal patience was maddened beyond endurance—Heaven itself struck the avenging blow. No man is guilty of Jonas Devere's death. He fell at my feet. Even as I lifted my hand to strike, with an outraged father's vengeance, he fell at my feet, blackened with the mark of a Heaven-sent doom. I would have murdered him," King Carl's voice grew louder and quicker, "but I thank God now that his blood is not upon my hands. I thank God for the mercy that led me to these cliffs in time to hear my daughter's shriek—in time to tear Jonas Devere's victim from the hands of Jonas Devere's tool! Jack Devere, was it thus that you claimed your bride—the bride that I rescued from a frightful death on her wedding-eve?"

"As God is my witness, I know not what you mean!" exclaimed the young man, solemnly. "I was drugged—I have learned it since—drugged with the very wine that I drank to my bride. Murdered—Carlyn murdered? Oh, God, this is too terrible!"

"I wronged you then," King Carl's face brightened, and he grasped the young man's hand. "I—I—Hope will tell you all—how Carlyn was mine and not mine. I—I saved her! I stole her from the arms of death! I gave her a new life—a new home! I have striven for three years to gladden her saddened life with a father's love. And now, this is Death's only sting. I must leave her again alone, alone, my beautiful darling, all alone!"

The low tone quivered with agony; for one moment the dying grief was unmanly.

It was Aunt Hope that first spoke. "Carlyn is mine," she said, in the brusque voice that concealed such depths of feeling. "You gave her to me twenty years ago. I will go to her if she is at the ends of the earth. She shall want for nothing that I can give her. She is mine."

"Where is she?"—Abram Hemperly asked, bending close to King Carl, to catch the short, labored breath. "Where shall we find your child?"

"The men. I dared not trust them with my precious secret." The strong man's strength was failing fast. "But there is one faithful fellow still on board the ship who knows all. He will guide you to Carlyn. My love, my dying blessing, my—Oh, God, have mercy; my darling, my darling!" the dim eyes brightened, as if King Carl's vision reached far beyond mortal ken. "My darling, kiss me! We meet never to part again!"

There was a gasp, a shudder, and then a woman's shriek rang out into the night, as Aunt Hope, with more than a widow's anguish, wailed over the sea-king's corpse!

CHAPTER XVII.

AT LAST.

It was evening. The ocean isle was ablaze with the golden splendor of a tropic sunset. The vesper songs of a thousand warblers echoed through the gathering shadows of the grove; the white-capped waves that danced upon the smiling sands quivered with every opal hue, the Day King sank in royal splendor, to repose.

Old Jack Dallas paced the beach, regardless of the glorious beauty of earth and sky. His weather-beaten face had grown strangely pale and haggard, his keen eye was restless and troubled, his lips had that stern, set look with which such rude, unyielding natures meet despair. Ever and anon he paused and scanned the horizon anxiously through his pocket glass.

"It's her!" he muttered to himself. "It's the Vengeance! I'd know her, by the cut of that jib, anywhere. It's all over—I have been a-seeing it all over in my dreams for the last two months—it's all over with Master Carroll, or that ship wouldn't be within sight of this coast. Let them come!" he continued, fiercely. "They'll find that the old sea-dog has not lost all his fangs yet! They will have to step over old Jack Dallas before they reach the eagle's nest that he guards."

He turned towards the house. It seemed silent and deserted. The waters of the fountain had ceased to play; the rustic bird cages were empty; the flowers drooped, for lack of the tender care that had formerly tempted them into glorious bloom.

Old Mona, Carlyn's waiting woman, sat alone in the shadow, crooning one of her strange, wild melodies.

"Hush!"—she made a warning gesture, as the old sailor approached. "She sleeps. 'Tis the only cure when the heart breaks. Old Mona sing her to sleep."

"Where is she?" asked Dallas, abruptly. "In her little room?"

"No, here."

Mona drew back the silken curtain that veiled the doorway. There was a light bamboo couch, covered with skins, that had been King Carl's favorite lounging place. His daughter lay upon it now, her head pillowed upon the rough cloak he had worn when first she met him. All the splendor of her own apartments was forsaken for the rude couch that had been his.

The old sailor looked at the sweet face, so wan and wasted from long suspense and quiet sorrow, and his voice shook, as he said:

"Thank God, she sleeps, 'tis the first sleep that she has had for weeks."

Mona nodded her head, sagely.

"Yes, yes, Mona gave her drink—sleeping drink. No harm, no harm. She give the same to her baby, when it cry long because the world is cold and dark. Carlyn is Mona's baby now, and she cure de heartache."

"If you harm her, you old black witch, I'll burn you alive!" said Dallas, fiercely, not a little alarmed at the thought of Mona's prescription.

"What have you given her?"

"Only this, Master Jack."

Mona uncovered a bowl before her, and displayed a dark, but fragrant decoction.

"What! you tink I harm my baby?" she continued. "No, no. She sleep, she dream, she awake, de sunshine de grief gone, she dance and sing and laugh again! Mona great witch, massa, great witch for good hope!"

"You'd better be!" growled the old sailor, with another anxious glance at the sleeper. "Though I don't know," he added to himself as he moved away, "what I would want her to wake up for! If I could get her away before those villains land! But the old canoe is as leaky as a grass hut, and I will hev to make a stand of it!"

"Aye, aye," he muttered. "There will be a bark and a bite too, before the old sea-dog rolls under. Old Jack has nothing to live for now. We'll see if old Jack hezn't a few drops of warm blood left yet to show for his master, and drawing his sleeve swiftly over his eyes, Dallas took up his weapons and grimly returned to the beach.

The little vessel was closer now; he could see it with his naked eye. It seemed poised on the rose-colored waves like some white-winged bird. But the colors that floated from the masthead struck a twin dart of hope and despair into the old sailor's heart.

Ah, all was over—the flag of the dreaded sea king was forever furled; but Jack Dallas flung aside his arms, and waited silently but fearlessly for the intruder's coming. Let his fate be what it might, his helpless charge would be safe beneath the folds of that glorious banner, whose stars and stripes floated proudly athwart the sunset sky.

All through the night, Carlyn's faithful guardian watched and waited. It was not until the first flush of rosy dawn brightened the eastern sky that a boat put off from the little vessel now lying at anchor within an easy distance of shore.

A tall gaunt woman sat in the stern—a woman, who, ere her foot touched the land, lifted her dim but eager eyes to the old sailor's face, as he advanced to meet his visitors, and told her purpose in a breath.

"Is my child safe? Speak quick, man. Is Carroll Durham's daughter here?"

"Who claims her?" asked Dallas, in a hoarse, low voice. "Who claims my master's last and only treasure? My life stands between her and his foes."

"Foes!" Abram Hemperly leaped from the boat

with a cheery shout. "You're on the wrong track altogether, my fine old fellow. We hail his friends, the stoutest kind of friends. Come, jump out, Miss Hope."

And then, old Jack heard all—heard it kindly and tenderly from Abram Hemperly's own lips, as they walked in the first downy flush of the morning toward the sea-king's home, heard it silently, for Jack's faithful heart was as deep and secret as his own beloved sea.

When he knew how his master had died, he turned to the woman walking beside him, and for the first time spoke.

"Shake hands, mum, I bear the rest of you no ill-will, it was yer duty perhaps; but you and me, we are old barnacles, but we'd a stuck to the keel. Shake hands, mum! The gal's there. She's yours and rightly yours. I don't know much about piloting; sech light craft but it will be a hard pull through these breakers for her, a hard pull through—"

And drawing his hat over his eyes, old Jack turned away abruptly, and let his visitors go on alone to the house.

Carlyn still slept. Old Mona, wonder-struck at the sight of strangers, drew back the curtain that sheltered the dead man's idol. With a sob that shook her iron frame, Aunt Hope clasped the sweet young sleeper to her breast. And Carlyn awoke with the old familiar face bending over her tearfully, with Abram—the rough, faithful Abram, so changed in all things but his love for her, kneeling at her feet.

It was a hard pull through, as old Jack had said. At one time, life, hope, and love, seemed alike wrecked in the breakers, and the faithful watchers around Carlyn's pillow could only wait and pray.

Old Jack hushed his rude voice to a whisper, as he it about his broken flower. Mona awakened Aunt Hope's admiration by her knowledge of such herbs and simples as the experienced spinster never dreamed of before. But Abram, strong, brave, yet tender Abram, was the spirit of all. He it was that climbed the highest trees, to gather the choicest grape clusters that had tangled themselves amid the boughs, who spent hours toiling on the sunlit waves, in his little boat, striving to lure some delicate fish to his patient hook, or watched through long nights the haunts of the water fowl, that fitting nourishment might tempt the sick girl to eat and live. He it was that stoutly clung to hope when hope itself seemed dead, and when at last, Carlyn looked up in his face with a wan, sad smile, and whispered his name in feeble accents, it was this same strong, tender Abram who had to turn aside from the little hand outstretched to him, because his eyes were dim with tears of unselfish joy.

And need we write the sequel?—the sequel that came not suddenly, but as, like all sweet influences, of nature, the bruised vine lifts its broken tendrils in the returning spring, and twines about the tall young sapling, whose

strength will lift it again to the bright sunshine. At twenty the elixir of life and hope can never be entirely drained; and the day came when Carlyn could speak of Jack and Hortense, and understand that the strange web that had so entangled her fate with theirs was woven, perhaps, after all, for the best.

It was months before Aunt Hope dared transplant her nursing—months before Abram dared think of anything but a brother's duty, a brother's love. And when at length the day of parting came, and they were all to bid adieu to the ocean isle forever, Carlyn began to realize that her broken heart had blossomed anew in this clime of light and love; for, walking together, over the silver sands, Abram whispered the same story that had burst so rudely from his lips amid the New England cliffs, three years ago.

Now the palms whispered a soft accompaniment; the birds warbled in the sunset grove; the waves rippled in tunes of fairy laughter at their feet.

And Carlyn listened, with dewy lashes resting upon her blushing cheeks—listened and wondered that the world was so full of melody—wondered that her own stricken heart could throb with so joyous a life—wondered that the same gracious Power who bids the sere branch blossom, the parched streamlet flow, is not disdainful of his nobler works, and has made love and hope immortal.

Devere Manor still stands smiling in the sunshine; but its doom of silence and desolation has passed away. Lawn and terrace ring with glad voices and merry laughter; and Jack Devere feels, as he looks into his wife's eyes, and hears her gentle, cheering tone, that he has found his guiding star.

Down in the valley, the "Hemperly place" has branched out into such proportions as the old deacon would have considered "carnal folly." Hothouses, with strange flowers and stranger fruit; a library, where the young squire gathers the stores of knowledge that made the once rude farmer-lad a "power in the land"; and last, but not least, a spacious nursery, where old Mona croons strange lullabies to a sturdy little urchin, with the stalwart form and flashing eye that beat the sea-king's grandson—"baby Carl."

Old Jack—who by Abram's connivance escaped the trial and imprisonment to which the rest of the pirate crew were condemned—is a fixture on the cliff shore forever. He wanders around at his will, regaling the villagers with yarns that have a spice of reckless mystery about them, that makes the narration of double interest.

But his favorite "port" is the cottage on the cliff, where Aunt Hope, gray, grim, and independent as ever, still holds out against time and tide.

The singular friendship between the old spinster and the old sailor is a subject of much diversion in the village, but all jokes and innuendoes rebound harmlessly from these weather-beaten hearts.

"Young folks 'll do very well for light coasting," growls old Jack, as he tips back his chair in the sunny corner of the "deck" porch, in land parlance) and looks outward to the sea; "but for meetin' a nor'east blow in deep waters, give me a stout old live-oak keel. You and me, marm, we ain't much on sails and riggin', or paint, but we're the sort to hold together to the last."

And then Aunt Hope will smile a strange, patient smile, and look over to the little churchyard on the cliffs, where, beside her sister's grave, is another grass-grown mound, marked by a simple granite shaft. There is no name—for he that sleeps beneath was in life both nameless and homeless—but under the ivy leaves, that twine in evergreen luxuriance about the dark gray stone, a small low has inscribed the sea-king's epitaph the one, simple, holy title God designs to share with man:

"Our Father!"

THE END.

Three More Wheel Chairs Given in June

Thirty-Seven in Thirteen Months is COMFORT'S Record

Augusta, Maine, June 15, 1909.

DEAR WHEEL-CHAIR HELPERS.

Last month with pride and happiness I announced that our united efforts had accomplished the satisfactory result of bestowing four wheel chairs for the relief of suffering fellow beings in May, and I thanked you for responding so loyally to my April appeal in behalf of the poor, destitute shut-ins. I had hoped this revival of interest in COMFORT'S great charity work would be manifested throughout the summer by increased efforts to the extent that we might send sunshine into the desolate lives of at least four unfortunate cripples each succeeding month.

But the results for June are disappointing; for while it is true, as stated in the above head-lines, that COMFORT puts out three more wheel chairs in June, the subscriptions credited to the Wheel-Chair Club barely earned two for that month, and consequently I am sending the third chair on faith that our good readers will rally to my support in my efforts in aid of the most pitifully afflicted poor.

Four wheel chairs in May, that was a fine beginning for summer, and I could not bear the thought of falling down to only two for June, with so many heartrending appeals from the large number of shut-ins on our wheel-chair waiting list. So I have discounted the future by sending one more chair than earned,—one chair before it is earned,—relying on you, my friends, to make good the difference in July.

Remember, you owe me now 250 subscriptions for this third wheel chair in June. Now surely we should be not only sorry but ashamed to give less than three in July; so I am calling on you to send at least one thousand subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club for July. This will make good for the third June chair and three more for July.

Just think how very easy it is; what a very small thing to be done by COMFORT'S monster army of readers. COMFORT enters a million and a quarter homes and has many millions of readers each month. One million is a thousand times a thousand; so if one in a thousand of COMFORT'S subscribers would send in one subscription in July we should be able to give more than four chairs that month.

I thank most heartily those devoted charity workers whose effective efforts have made COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair movement so successful. They have done nobly, and I know they will not tire in well-doing in the future, but the great trouble is that there is not enough of them. We want more of them. Instead of one thousand COMFORT ought to have ten thousand volunteers each month to aid this cause.

Come, my good Christian friends, and give us a lift in July.

I renew the offer which I made in June to encourage and facilitate this work. The subscription price of COMFORT is 25 cents a year to new subscribers, but through this summer I will accept five one-year subscriptions for a dollar, provided they are sent in clubs of five or more at a time for the Wheel-Chair Club. Five is the smallest club that I can accept at this rate, but you can make the clubs as much larger as you see fit at the same rate. For instance, six for \$1.20, seven for \$1.40, and so on to 250 for \$50.00. This special rate applies only to Wheel-Chair Club subscriptions, and I offer it in the hope that it will materially help the cause of suffering humanity.

The recipients of the June chairs are Mrs. Julia Griffiths, Cache, Fremont Co., Idaho; Lester M. Mircham, Des Moines, Wash.; Mrs. Mary M. Fronk, Mifflin, Juniata Co., Pa.

Again thanking those who have helped and imploring the assistance of those who heretofore have not manifested an active interest,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 250 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID'S WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy destitute crippled shut-in and I pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

You will be interested in the few letters which limited space permits me to print this month.

Oh, if we only had a thousand a month like this! And we ought to have even more from among COMFORT'S millions of readers

IDAHO SPRINGS, COLO. MAY 11, '09.

MR. W. H. GANNETT, PUB. COMFORT, AUGUSTA, ME.:

MY DEAR SIR.—It is a source of great pleasure to me to be able to send you a P. O. money order for two dollars and forty cents for twelve subs. for COMFORT. This is only a small beginning, I hope, for me getting subs. for our most excellent paper to go toward the Wheel-Chair Club. You and Uncle Charlie are certainly doing a grand work especially for the poor shut-ins and deserve a great deal of credit for same and according to Holy Writ you will not be unrewarded. I should very much like to join C. L. O. C. and also get Uncle Charlie's book of poems, but must wait until I get more subs. for I don't feel like taking one sub. off the W.-C. Club for other purposes.

With very best wishes for yourself, Uncle Charlie and all the shut-ins, I am, yours for getting many new subs. to COMFORT for this most noble work.

HANNA M. OLSON.

The doctor says her COMFORT Wheel Chair is fine, and that COMFORT is the only paper he knows of that is doing such good work.

CENTREVILLE, R. D. 2, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I received the beautiful wheel chair today, and I cannot find words enough to thank you for your kindness in sending it to me. My doctor has been to see it, and he says it is fine. He said it is very good of you to try and help suffering humanity, and that COMFORT was the only paper he knew of that was doing such good work. For over a year I have been trying to buy a chair by making pin cushions and selling them, but have never been able to make enough, and would have had to go without one if it had not been for COMFORT.

May God's richest blessing rest upon you, Mr. Gannett and all the readers of COMFORT, and may you live to see many more wheel chairs given away. My heart goes out to you all, and I could fill a newspaper thanking you for your kindness.

Gratefully yours, ABIGAIL GILL.

From a Shut-in that could only crawl about the floor until set at liberty by a COMFORT Wheel Chair

KLONDIKE, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I got my wheel chair all right, and I hope the dear Lord will bless you and Mr. W. H. Gannett, and all the readers of COMFORT for getting it for me. I got in my chair when it came, and I can get around so well in it; so much better than crawling about the floor as I've had to do.

When the ground is settled I can go out of doors. I want you to tell all the good cousins that I do thank them for their kindness to me and tell them I am thankful for any help I can get, for I have no one to do anything for me but my wife, and she has worked so hard for thirty-five years that she is not able to do much now.

I pray God to bless you all. Your grateful friend,

JAMES GILLIAM.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair is such a pleasure to one who has been 24 years a cripple

POTTS CAMP, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received one of COMFORT'S nice invalid chairs this evening. Many thanks, it is nice indeed and I appreciate it highly. I have tried it and like it splendidly, can roll around nicely in it. It will be such a pleasure to me as I have been crippled twenty-four years. Many thanks to you and publisher of COMFORT. Gratefully yours,

MRS. SALLIE FAIR.

Thanks COMFORT the best paper printed for the price, and contributes her widow's mite to help the Wheel-Chair Club.

SUMMIT, IBERN CO., UTAH.

PUBLISHER OF COMFORT: DEAR SIR.—I enclose my answers to the questions as to what I think of COMFORT. I think it is the best paper printed for the price that I ever saw, and that you are doing a grand and good work for the poor, lame and helpless. The Lord will bless and prosper you in doing so. I am sending forty cents in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club, and I wish I had more to give. I am poor and a widow. My husband has been dead twenty years. Yours very truly,

MRS. MARY ALLEN.

Told on the Stoop

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

yet its production has not been perfected. In time it will probably supercede iron. Nickel was worth \$3 a pound in 1863 and only 100 tons were produced. Now we dig up 20,000 tons a year and its use is general in coinage and as an alloy, nickel steel being one of the best known. Mercury is one of the metals which is losing ground, the product of 5,308 tons in 1877 dropping to 3,964 tons in 1906. This is due to the smelter taking its place in the reduction of copper ores. Tin is growing as the canning industry grows, and if we had no tin the whole scheme of civilization would have to stop and wait for a substitute. Lithium is the lightest of metals, being only one fifth as heavy as aluminum and it will float on water. That will be the metal of the future airship. There are others yet to be discovered and the chemists are ever on their trail."

What Insects Cost

"Did it ever occur to any of you chaps earning about two dollars a day how long it would take you to save eight hundred millions of dollars?" said the men who looked like a bug hunt. "Say, you saved half your wages. At that rate you would only need about two million years to get the money, and yet in one year the insects of this country destroy that much. Eight hundred millions that ought to belong to us people. There's the cotton bollworm, for instance, a new one come in from Mexico, which in one year destroyed cotton in Texas to the value of 25 million dollars. Experts say its annual damage will be 250 millions when it spreads over the entire cotton belt. The pine bark beetle and its kind destroy about 200 million dollars' worth of spruce, pine and other timber. The boll worm gets away with 20 million dollars' worth of corn and nine millions' worth of cotton. The chinch-bug is another one worthy of attention. It is good for a 100 millions annually in wheat, corn, rye, barley and timothy. The Hessian fly and 23 other varieties assist the chinch in its work of destruction. Our orchards produce annually 90 million dollars' worth of fruit, and it would be two or three times as great if it were not for the bugs. The codling moth for one, gets away 12 million dollars' worth of apples every year. Moths and such bugs destroy 100 millions' worth of stored products yearly and the cattle tick gets away with fifty millions. And they are as bad among the vegetables. Our sugar beet is worth 70 millions a year and 150 different kinds of bugs prey upon that crop. All other vegetables have their bug foes and yield millions to them every year. Even the nut crop suffers to the extent of a million or so, and nuts are so hard that you can't crack some of them with a hammer. All sorts of experts, government and private, are working overtime to discover some method of protection, and though they have done very great good, the bugs still continue their labors. It is their struggle for life, just as we are making ours and the strongest will win out in the end."

May Picture Puzzle Prizes Paid

We have paid to the following named persons the Cash Prizes which we offered in May COMFORT for the best answers to our DISSECTED PICTURE PUZZLE of June Title Page.

1st Prize, \$3.00 Mrs. Jacob Hara, (No) Kaukauna, Wis.
2nd, " \$2.00 Mrs. C. A. Truckenmiller, Springfield, Ill.
3rd, " \$1.50 Miss Esther T. Rose, Stoughton, Ill.
4th, " \$1.00 Titus Manning, Highville, Pa.
5th, " \$1.00 Mrs. W. E. Clark, Seattle, Wash.
6th, " \$1.00 Mrs. A. Wagner, (No.) Kaukauna, Wis.
7th, " \$1.00 Anna A. Wagoner, Wrightstown, Wis.

FIFTY CENTS EACH TO FOLLOWING TEN PERSONS.
Rosa Vice, Boswell, Indiana. Miss Alice, Zylstra, Charlevoix, Mich. Willie C. Eaton, Broadway, Va. Hilda N. Luc, Mount Vernon, Maine. Mrs. J. L. Watts, Lincoln, Ala. Erma Niles, Colony, Kan. Mrs. Margaret Carr, Russell, Iowa. Lydia Harriman, Braxton, Tenn. Mrs. Sarah Dwyer, Fosteria, Kan. Mrs. Rob't. Losey, Alma, Mich.

To each of the 33 next best we have sent a package of our best assorted Post Cards.

FREE! To every Lady Reader this
Beautiful and Durable
7-PIECE BED SET

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

A Leap from a Girl's Beauty Diary.

HUTTON'S FARM, July 1, 1909.

OLD friend, it was awfully hard getting up an hour earlier this morning. I was so sleepy, but I've made up my mind I want to be pretty and it takes time, so every morning, I get up earlier and take my breathing exercises, drink my hot water, give my face a good bath and go down to help get breakfast feeling just fine.

I always used to think my face washed when I dabbed it with a damp cloth, half dried it and flew off down stairs. But my skin was so dried and so rough I tried a new way. Do you want to know what it was? Well, I washed my face with lots of hot water and a Beauty Bag, first letting the bag stay in the water until a milky substance began to ooze out and then I used it as a wash-cloth, rubbing into every little crevice and line, until my whole face had been gone over. After this I washed off the milk fluid with lukewarm, then cold water and dried my face with a soft towel until there wasn't a bit of moisture left. Oh, my skin felt so soft that I knew it wouldn't take long to make it pretty and it hasn't.

I just hate taking exercises but I have a terribly thick waist and so every morning before I put on my clothes this is what I do to reduce my waist and hips and it's not hard to do at all.

I stand perfectly erect in my night-dress and stretch my hands straight out in front of me, take a deep breath and bend, holding the knees perfectly rigid, until the finger-tips touch the floor, then go back to original position and expel breath. The first time I did this I almost fell on my nose but now I can do it easily and my waist is getting quite slim. I practice this exercise for fifteen minutes every morning before I dress and go to the kitchen.

While I'm getting breakfast I drink two glasses of hot water. I do this half an hour before each meal and before going to bed and it is giving me the loveliest pink cheeks you ever saw. Really the hot water is making my few pimples go away, has whitened my skin and brought the prettiest color to my cheeks and lips! I'm so happy because I've always wanted a peach-and-cream complexion and now it is mine, as long as this is my diary and no one will ever read it but myself, I don't mind saying I'm getting to be a very pretty girl.

When breakfast is through and the dishes cleared away, I run for my tooth-brush and powder and give my teeth a good scrubbing. I brush inside the teeth, outside and on top and finally I brush the tongue, and the roof of the mouth. When I'm through I take a glass of warm water and rinse my mouth until it feels sweet and clean. My teeth are getting whiter every day and the dentist says if I keep up this brushing the teeth three times a day, I won't ever have a toothache and they will be like pearls. Once a week I put a little lemon juice on my tooth-brush and brush my teeth with that as this is a fine bleach and keeps the teeth white as cotton.

I enjoy the housework now that I don't slouch over the dish-pan and the sweeping. Instead I stand up straight, throw out my chest, draw in my abdomen and as a result, my figure is getting very much better. I used to be round-shouldered and narrow-chested, but my breathing exercises and my holding myself up while I work has accomplished wonders during the last six weeks. I wish other girls would try to do the same thing. I know they wouldn't feel so tired and would be rewarded by a pretty figure.

The days I am too busy to go out for a walk (and I don't have much time as there is plenty to do on a farm) I just throw open the windows so the rooms are filled with fresh air and breathe it in as I sew or work around the house. This helps beautify my skin as lots of fresh air makes sallow skins whiter.

I still have a few pimples on my face but not one half as many as when I began to take hot water. I tried rubbing them with the following ointment several days ago and it has been of benefit.

Lotion for Pimples

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose water, four ounces.

Apply to pimples several times a day.

My hair is falling out lately so I began to massage the scalp every night with the following tonic:

Forty grains of Resorcin, one ounce each of witchhazel and alcohol, one half ounce of water.

I massage this in until my fingers fairly ache and my scalp feels just like new. Fifteen minutes it takes every night and sometimes I feel as if I would like to shorten it to five minutes, but I know it won't do. I want a thick, heavy growth of hair and I'm going to get it if massaging will bring it and the big doctors say it will, as it stimulates and invigorates the torpid hair cells.

My hair gets so oily, I shampoo it every ten days or two weeks. I use a soap jelly made as follows:

Pare one half cake of Castile soap into three cups of water and boil on stove until soap is dissolved. Add one teaspoonful of powdered borax as this cuts the oil.

I dip my head in a basin of hot water, rub on the soap jelly and scrub until I know every individual hair is as clean as a pin. I then use six or seven rinsing waters, beginning with hot water, going on to lukewarm and finishing with cold. I always try to dry my hair in the sun whenever possible as nothing else gives the hair such a alive, glossy look. It's as good as a tonic.

It was awfully hard to give up waving my hair with curling irons, but I did it finally and now I curl my front hair with kid curlers and my back hair goes up on wire pins. It makes a beautiful loose wave and the hair isn't hurt a bit. The curling iron used to burn off half of my hair and the rest of it was all withered up with the heat. No more curling irons for me! I heard a woman say today, "What beautiful, glossy looking hair that girl has!" and just think, they were talking about me! I felt so happy.

I bought a comedone extractor yesterday in town and took out the three or four big blackheads in my nose. I had to press down awfully hard before the blackhead popped into the little hole in the steel rod but I got them all out and then I touched each open pore with alcohol. It made them contract just as quickly! Next week I intend to begin on a blackhead treatment but I haven't time now.

I have been bleaching and softening my red hands for the last ten days but now I've stopped as they are as white and soft as I could wish and I don't need to hide them behind my back any more, thank goodness. They were very easy to beautify. I rubbed a paste on my hands and arms every night and drew on a pair of old cotton gloves two or three sizes too large for me so the sheets wouldn't get soiled.

Bleaching Paste for Hands

One ounce of honey, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, whites of two eggs.

Enough fine cornmeal to make a smooth paste.

I think the treatment I've been giving my hands has increased its measurement one inch in the last three weeks, and that is more than I expected. I am taking the Vaucaire Bust Tonic, two spoonfuls in water before each meal.

Four hundred grams of simple syrup, ten grams of extract of galega, ten grams of lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grams of tincture of fennel.

I also massage my bust every night with warm cocoa butter, using upward circular movements. When the massage is finished, I dash cold water over chest and shoulders, which firms the breasts and stimulates the growth.

It must be late, and if I don't go to bed I'll lose my beauty sleep and that would never do after all the trouble I'm taking to be pretty. Good night, dear diary.

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Sweet Sixteen.—For oily hair wash the hair every ten days with the following shampoo: one hundred and twenty grains; potassium carbonate, one half ounce; tincture of cantharides, four drams; water, eight ounces; Bay rum, eight ounces.

Dissolve salts in water and add the remaining ingredients. Rub well into the scalp. I wish you luck. See reply to Mrs. J. B. A. H. C. B. C., Michigan, V. V. E. and others interested in the removal of freckles, tan and sunburn. Wash the face in buttermilk, letting it remain on for fifteen or twenty minutes. Article on this subject will appear in COMFORT shortly.

Florence B. & F. B. G.—Rub the wart with caustic stick, slightly moistened. Buy at drug-store.

Miss F. S., J. J. P., M. H. F.—Moles are dangerous things to tamper with. It is liable to cause a cancerous growth. Let well enough alone, my dears.

Miss Trouble, Friend Irena and others.—Use Gowland's Lotion for the removal of small scars.

A COMFORT Reader; Humble Servant.—Massage across wrinkles with following skin food:

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, five drops; orange flower water, one ounce.

Stella, Mattie and others interested in a good astringent.—Here it is:

Expressed juice of cucumbers, one half pint; deodorized alcohol, one and one half ounces; oil of Benne, three and one half ounces; shaving cream, one dram; blanched almonds, one and three fourths dram.

Astringent Lotion

Place in a half-pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice; half fill bottle with elderflower water and add two tablespoonfuls of eau-de-cologne. Shake well and add very slowly one half ounce simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elderflower water. You will need both of these lotions, as each one has its different properties.

A. V. Mac.—I do not advise you to use an astringent about your eyelids. There is danger of getting some in the eyes, thus inflaming them and making them look red and puffy. I judge from your letter that you suffer from eye-strain. Do not read so much fine print and try to keep from crying—that only spoils your eyes and does no good. I think you should be fitted with a pair of glasses. Better consult an optician.

Loraine.—For the severe itching and blotches, drink large quantities of water—at the very least eight glasses a day—and do not eat greasy foods. Manicute the food thoroughly, bathe often, and sleep in a room with the windows open wide. I do not advise using all kinds of patent medicines.

Margaret G., Wis.—Do not use anything else while you are using the Amole root. I think you will succeed with the superfluous hair, if you stick to it. I would not use the olive oil as a massage at the same time. You and your sister both have pretty hair. Here is the kind of red so much admired. I think you are a brave girl to be your father's housekeeper since you were twelve and take the care of your little brothers and sisters. I wish you great happiness and success in your beauty seeking.

C. B. S., L. B. K. and others interested in the Vaucaire Remedy and bust development.—The formula for the Vaucaire Remedy is as follows:

Pure imported galega (goat's rue), ten grams; lactophosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fennel, ten grams; simple syrup, four hundred grams.

Take two spoonfuls with water before each meal. Massage the breasts rapidly with warm cocoa butter, having first bathed them in hot water, after which massage for fifteen minutes, using upward circular movements. After this massage, dash on cold water. This makes the flesh firm and white.

G. Z. R., A California Inquirer.—As you are troubled with pimples, I would advise clearing your blood. Eat plenty of fresh vegetables, beefsteak, chicken and bacon. Do not eat sweets, rich puddings, or fried foods and drop coffee and tea. Take a salt bath every day. Drink two glasses of hot water before each meal, and before going to bed. Wash your face thoroughly every morning with the oatmeal Beauty Bags. Do not be discouraged, my dears, because if you persevere in this treatment the pimples will surely vanish and you will have a clear complexion.

Miss Goldie, W., Wash.—I think the blackhead extractor you mention is all right. To get rid of these pests, be careful to wash your face every night before going to bed. Use soap jelly on the face and let it remain on for fifteen minutes. Soap jelly: Pare a bar of pure imported Castile soap into a quart of boiling water in which put a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Cook until it forms a jelly and place in a glass jar. Use as needed. After the soap jelly has remained on the face the required time, wash off and rub in a good skin food. Every other day use this: Subcarbonate of soda thirty-six grains, distilled water eight ounces, essence of rose six drops. Try my Hot Water Cure.

W. W., Blue Eyes and Mary M.—This powder will prevent excessive perspiration.

Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram.

Dust this over affected parts. Wash under the arms with this: One ounce hydrate of chloral to one pint of water to banish the odor.

B. S. and others interested in reducing the bust, rub with aromatic vinegar, formula as follows:

Lavender water, one quart; rose water, five ounces; glacial acetic acid, two and one half ounces.



I TOUCHED THE OPEN PORE WITH ALCOHOL

Mrs. B. D.—To reduce—exercise daily. Jumping the rope in your room in a short skirt and without your corset, housework and a daily walk are good exercise. Eat dry food, do not eat juicy fruits; eat lean meats, poultry, fish, spinach, egg plant, beets, etc. Binding the portion of the body you wish to reduce securely with rubber sheeting at night will banish the superfluous flesh. The correct weights are as follows:

5 feet.....	115 pounds
5 " 2 inches.....	125 "
5 " 4 ".....	134 "
5 " 6 ".....	143 "
5 " 8 ".....	148 "
6 " 1 ".....	160 "
6 " 2 ".....	180 "
6 " 4 ".....	180 "

F. M.—This is a good cold cream. One fourth ounce of white wax, two and one half ounces of spermaceti, two and one half ounces of sweet almonds, one and one half ounces of rose water, one drop attar of rose.

Mrs. J. B. and others who have falling hair, use the following:

Formula for Hair Tonic to Increase Growth

Forty grains resorcin, one ounce each of witchhazel and alcohol, one half ounce of water.

Rub into scalp every night. Keep the scalp loose.

A Constant Reader and Yours for Beauty.—I know of no way for you to make your hair curly without the use of curlers, but if you will moisten the hair with the following it will keep it in curl longer:

Tragacanth, three fourths ounce, rosewater, one pint, oil of almonds, one half dram.

Ruby and Hopeful.—Use the following for dandruff: Forty-eight grains resorcin, one half ounce glycerine, alcohol sufficient to fill two ounce bottle.

Rub into scalp every night. See reply to Mrs. J. B. and A. H. in this column.

Thos. B.—The Milk Diet is just as efficient a diet for men as for women. I know of many cases where it has done wonders.

Subscriber L. A.—I think you are probably all right in the eyes of the young man you are to marry this summer. See reply to Mrs. B. D. and C. B. C., Michigan in this issue for reducing flesh and freckles.

Doloras.—Yes, stop using the curling iron, shampoo hair carefully and rub vasoline on the scalp, pressing fingers firmly on each side of the head, moving scalp rapidly up and down. Do this for five minutes night and morning, moving the fingers to touch every part of the scalp. You will create a growth of hair and so ten and strengthen the poor burnt hair. Use kid curlers and lose your curling iron.

Mrs. Ernest M.—I would not advise using anything on so young a baby's head. His hair will grow in time. A gentle massage would help, but don't put anything on it until he is older.

Eliza.—Do not use Peroxide to bleach the hair. It is liable to streak it. Rather have it the color it is than streaked. See answer to Mrs. J. B. & A. H. in this issue.

I. L., Mordridge.—For nits on hair, rub scalp sparingly with blue ointment.

Alma L. A.—Wait a little longer for the tooth to grow in. If it does not, consult a dentist and he will probably tell you what to do.

A. A. O. N. J.—Try my Hot Water Cure for indigestion.

Miss M. W. B., Miss H. V.—Fill small cheesecloth bags (three and one quarter by four) with rolled Quaker Oats. These bags are very soothing and cleansing to the skin. Do away with soap. It will ruin the complexion. Wash the face with the bag, dipping it in warm water until the milk oozes forth. Use just as you would a wash-cloth.

E. S.—Do not be self-conscious and you will not blush.

Girls! Girls!—If you do not find your letter answered personally in this column, read through it. You will be sure to find your answer. Remember I have hundreds and hundreds of letters to answer and only two columns to do it in.

Perplexed.—In the sulphur and molasses treatment use the New Orleans molasses. Ask your grocer for it.

E. P. Norman, Okla.—Five feet, five inches is not tall. I know of no way you can make yourself shorter. Use a mild soap on your hands. To reduce the redness try this exercise: Stand erect, hold hands over head. Do this for five minutes at a time. Wear a long hip corset with garters in front to keep stomach down.

Country Lass.—You ought to weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds for your height. I think your hair is a very pretty blonde. See reply to C. B. C., Michigan, V. V. E. and Mrs. J. B. in this issue. You might try hard dry massage to reduce hands and feet. If the bones are large, I see no way you can reduce them.

Mrs. H. A. P.—COMFORT in an issue about two months ago contained an ad. at the foot of the Beauty column, which gave the address of a druggist who sold Amole root.

T. A. B.—I know of no way you can get rid of the pests you mention unless they are fine combed out. Then follow advice given to I. L. Mordridge to get rid of the nits.

Golden Hair, Ohio.—Try hot water cure for sallow complexion. Eat plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

FRECKLES

It is Easy to Remove Them

For years I tried every known remedy without success. Skin specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I fooled them all.

I cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send you the prescription free if you will write for it. It took off my freckles and the freckles of thousands of others. It will remove yours. It will clear the worst complexion. Write today. Address Mrs. E. C. WHITE, P. O. Box 748, Dept. 222 E, Buffalo, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL Tennessee Marble Bread-Boards \$3.00. THOS. KEOHE, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

SONG WRITERS Send stamp for special plan. KEITH'S MUSIC HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, N. J.

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Future I predict love, business, success or trouble. birthdate and 20c Prof. T. A. Raphael, Birmingham, N. Y.

HOSIERY Darn proof, twelve pair \$1.00 to introduce, guaranteed, intense black or tan, assorted. Gents' or ladies'. Express paid. Globe Hosiery Mills, Worcester, N. C.

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AGENTS of either sex to handle Combination Foot-Rest and Rocker. Quick seller. Big profits. Territory rights to right party. Send \$1.00 for sample and proposition. BEST MANUFACTURING CO., 1818, Flor. Berger Building, Pittsburgh.

HOW TO GET RID OF WRINKLES.

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, That Produces Marvelous Results, Without Massage, Face Steaming or Masks of Any Kind.

CUT OUT FREE COUPON BELOW AND MAIL TO-DAY.

Those who have become prematurely wrinkled, whether from trouble, worry or ill health, know full well the priceless treasure they have lost. There is no need, however, of any one injuring their chances of social or financial success in life by carrying around these marks of time, as they can be easily removed by a simple home treatment that often produces surprising results in a single night.

In the fall of 1907 I first realized that time, trouble and care had all left their marks on my face; that my skin had become dry and leathery, and that the clear, fresh complexion, the smooth skin and the curves of cheek and chin that go with a well preserved woman were mine no longer.

Realizing my position keenly and knowing that the fine, clean, alert, well-cared-for looking woman has many advantages over her more unfortunate sister, I tried many advertised remedies, hoping that I would find something that would smooth out the lines that time and trouble had brought me and restore the color and bloom of my youth.

But, after trying Beauty Doctors, facial massage and almost every other known method, and after experiencing disappointment time and again, I took out my own wrinkles by a simple home treatment of my own discovery, which brought back my beauty and the freshness of youth. Doctors say it is the only treatment in the world that will actually remove wrinkles and make old faces look young and beautiful. Many of my friends look twenty years younger since trying my treatment, and the marvelous results it has produced in so many cases has prompted me to give it to the public.

THIN OR WRINKLED

This coupon entitles the holder to free information concerning the marvelous discovery for removing wrinkles and making thin faces plump.

GOOD FOR FIVE DAYS ONLY. DELLA ELLISON, 842 Burr Building, Scranton, Pa.

It is easy to apply and is an entirely new discovery of my own. It is absolutely harmless, and so simple that it can be used without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. It is also an excellent beautifier, and, aside from removing wrinkles and filling out the hollows in face or neck, it may be used to enlarge the breasts and greatly enhance their beauty. People often write: "It sounds too good to be true." Well, the test will tell. If interested in my discovery, please address DELLA ELLISON, 842 Burr Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

Just enclose the above Coupon and state that you wish full particulars of my new discovery, and they will be sent to you in sealed envelope, absolutely FREE of charge.

AGENTS: \$103.50 Per Month Sure THIS DOES IT ALL

The money made selling our Shares and other useful patented articles

SELF SHARPENING CUTS TO THE END

Thomas Mfg. Co., 154 Home Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS

PROF. LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB

Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF. LONG, 720 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS. Dyspepsia—Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure. What food to eat; what food to avoid. By John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass. Mailed free.

A Pretty Hat.



The transfer embroidery design illustrated here may be adapted to almost any style of hat, made of straw, duck, lawn, muslin or batiste. The blossoms have the outline padded and then worked in solid buttonhole stitch, the inside being done in eyelet design. The center of the crown shows one of these blossoms, the scroll being worked in solid outline stitch. In fact almost any kind of embroidery may be employed once the design has been transferred to the material. Some of the hats this summer have the embroidery done in the natural color of the blossoms and their foliage, though many women prefer the all-white embroidery. This pattern may be obtained by sending a club of two five months' 10c. subscriptions to COMFORT, only 20c. in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shirt-waist Pattern.



Adaptable to any style of shirt-waist is this transfer pattern of a charming conventional flower and leaf design. It may be worked in solid stitch, or by transferring the pattern to the wrong side of the material if it be lawn or organdie, or any transparent material the design may be developed in shadow embroidery. In fact it may be worked in any stitch that suits the wearer's fancy. If worked on washable material mercerized cotton in white or any preferred color may be used. If however the design is transferred to the silk, mercerized silk should be used for the working.

This pattern may be obtained by sending a club of two five months' 10c. subscriptions to COMFORT, only 20c. in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Timely Suggestions

DUCKS' feathers are almost as valuable as geese, so be careful of them. If you want to use them for your own home comfort, make bags of the thinnest cheesecloth, which will loosely hold two pounds. Make suds of good white soap. To one gallon, add one tablespoonful of salt, and four ounces of ammonia. When all is dissolved, drop in the bag of feathers, poke and push about five minutes; take out, hang on a line in the sun, and air; remove to the house when the sun goes down, and repeat the hanging-out process two or three days, when the feathers will be as sweet and clean as if they had come from a factory.

If you are keeping Homer pigeons for squabs, and are desirous to increase stock, have a house and yard in which to put the youngsters as they reach the age of eight weeks. They won't do well if allowed to remain with the old ones, besides annoying and interfering with the breeding. Be generous with bone meal, meat scraps, and green food, to all the young turkeys, chickens and ducks intended for stock—it will pay. Clean up all the small coops, and store away ready for next spring.

Except as pets for children, or by breeders of fancy poultry, the bantam is entirely neglected. They are thrifty, hard-working little people, who amply pay for their board and lodging. If you raise pheasants, guineas, or quail, in numbers, the bantam is indispensable. Her light weight and dainty way of stepping makes her an ideal mother for such delicate little chicks.

Aside from these qualities, the bantam deserves attention. She takes up very little room to house, eats very little, lays very well; and though of course the egg is small, two more than replace one ordinary egg for cooking. As fancy stock, they are always in demand. Nothing is prettier for a suburban home than a flock of buff and white Cochins bantams which weigh only thirty ounces each, when full grown.

If you want to keep them for foster-mothers exclusively, don't have any rooster. They are a nuisance and a danger, on a general poultry farm.

Correspondence is my authority for assuming that many amateur poultry raisers are not aware that there are several distinct varieties of vermin which seem especially created to torture fowls actually, their keepers vicariously. A man having examined his birds and found them free from vermin, thinks he has every right to congratulate himself. It is my duty to warn him not to be "too precious." He must know that after dark, an army of blood-sucking, fendish mites swarm from every crack and crevice of old, if neglected houses, to feed themselves at the expense of his fowls.

The bald asserts that there are eighteen varieties of mites. Dr. Woods, one of the best authorities, assures us that only five sorts are common—we must all be thankful it is no worse. After many years' experience, it would in no way distress me to dispense with, say, four of these varieties. Really, the poultry keepers' worst enemy is vermin.

The bird tick, *Dermanyssus Avianus*,—imposing name for something about the size of a grain of sand—is particularly partial to pigeon lofts, and no wild bird is without it. Martins and swallows, that build in the barn, often infect cattle and horses, causing considerable annoyance. When empty Mr. *Dermanyssus* is almost colorless, but after its meal of blood, it is blood-red for a while, then nearly brown. So close to this comes the gray or red mite, or poultry tick, that they are almost identical, the only difference being, that they are slightly larger and usually much more plentiful. Crops that have been used year after year for brooding, frequently harbor such quantities, that baby chicks are tortured to death with them. They are pale grayish, with darker patches showing through the skin. When filled they vary from dark-red almost to black.

The necessity for fighting these pests will be evident, when it is realized that Dr. Woods tried the experiment of keeping a dozen of the latter in a box and in two weeks they had increased to hundreds. Another general error which causes trouble is the idea that a house which has not been in use through the winter is free from vermin. It is an authentic fact that two years' starvation has as little effect on these horrid little wretches as torrid heat, or the severest frost. They just sleep through uncomfortable times, or when there is nothing doing, but when the chance comes, they wake up refreshed and entirely ready for business.

Other unsuspected menaces to poultry are Harvest mites or Chiggers. They normally feed on plants abounding in blackberry patches and tall weeds, but if swept off by birds, animals, or even humans in passing, some species immediately bury themselves in the skin of the unfortunate victim. This is fatal to the insect, but causes a large blister, which itches intolerably, often causing inflamed patches sometimes taken for chickenpox. I once had a small dog driven almost crazy by them. Vinegar or carbolic acid and water will stop the inflammation. Hens must avoid any infested place. If you live in any of the Southern states where they are most common, keep the birds yarded during July and August, when this pest is most prevalent.

All mites and ticks being so much alike, there is nothing to be gained by any further description. To guard against the bed-bug class of mites, the first two species, fumigate the houses with sulphur or tobacco once every two weeks, when possible, all through the winter, apply liquid lice-killer, kerosene oil and carbolic acid mixed. When the weather permits, in summer or fall whitewash thoroughly with the foregoing ingredients mixed thoroughly thus:

If for outside use, the following will last almost as well as paint: Slack in boiling water half a bushel of lime; strain to remove all paint, add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, one pound of common salt, half a pound of whitening, thoroughly dissolved; mix to a proper consistency with skimmed milk and apply hot. If white is not desired, add enough coloring matter to produce the desired shade. It must be two or three shades darker in the paint than you wish as it lightens in the drying. If you want a common whitewash for the inside of the hen-house, slack lime with boiling water, adding to each pailful half a pint of kerosene oil and one ounce of crude carbolic acid. Use thick and hot.

The hen chigo or American fleas are small, and not unlike other fleas, except that it does not hop, but crawls like a fly. Dark, damp corners serve as their breeding places for their eggs, so let in all the sunlight possible.

If there are any parts of the house inaccessible to sun, scatter air-slacked lime on them. That is a fair catalogue of the often unsuspected enemies which must be fought constantly. Do not wait to know that such creatures are lurking in the coops and houses; accept it as an established fact, for it is one of those cases where prevention is better than cure. The common house, inseparable from fowls, is less harmful than the night wanderer, for the simple reason that everybody who keeps fowls, wages ceaseless war on lice with insect powder. Dust is also death to lice, and no self-respecting Biddy, or chick, or rooster, fails to take two or three dust-baths at least, through the day, and often more.

Correspondence

D. M. F.—What is the matter with my chickens' feet and legs? They are rough and scaly. They pick at them with their beaks, and sometimes they bleed.

A.—Your hens are suffering from scaly legs, which is caused by a parasite insect. It is easily transmitted from one bird to another, or from the roosts on which birds have perched. So thoroughly clean your coops and disinfect them treat the afflicted birds as follows: Soak the feet and shanks in warm, soapy water for fifteen minutes, to soften the rough, dry scales. An empty lard pail makes a capital bath for the purpose. After soaking, scrape feet and shanks with a soft brush. Dry with a rag, and then rub in carbolic acid line or laudanum of sulphur mixed. Repeat the treatment at intervals of three days until cured. Usually, no more than three applications are required.

R. W. B.—My goslings lose the use of their legs when about a week old, and after a few days die.

A.—In all probability the geese who laid the eggs had not had enough lime during the winter. Clover bran, bone meal supply large quantities of lime, and should form a large part of food for laying geese, for if there is not a good percentage of lime in the egg, there is no material to form bone in the embryo chick. Help those that you now have; give lime water to drink, made by pouring one gallon of water on a quart of lime, stirring vigorously after it is slacked, and let it stand for twelve hours and settle, then drain off, and add one pint to every quart of drinking water. Feed bran and clover, turn out on clover grass, remembering always that geese and goslings are really grazing animals, and cannot stand a heavy grain diet.

W. D.—Why do chicks die in the shell, just before it is time to hatch in an incubator?

A.—There are several causes: Weakness in parent stock; too much or too little moisture, or too little heat during the last few hours. I can't really tell what the trouble is, because you have failed to give me any particulars. The thermometer should not fall below 103, and it will not rise if it runs 105 during the last thirty-six hours. Try and set a hen at the same time you start the incubator, next time, and every few days examine the eggs under the hen and in the incubator, and compare the growth of the air-space at the large end of the egg. This will teach you, better than any amount of reading, how to regulate the ventilation.

M. J. D.—Please tell me why chicks die after they are put into a brooder. They seem well and strong when taken out of the incubator, but within a week lose strength and die.

A.—I really must beg correspondents to give me more information when asking such questions, for I cannot give any helpful answers. A number of reasons may have caused their death. They should be kept warm—90 at least when they are put into the incubator, to be gradually lowered during the first seven days at 70, but at the same time they must have plenty of fresh air. Feed lightly and often. Encourage them to exercise by getting them out of the brooder from the hay-mow on the brooder floor.

G. I. H.—Is Australian salt-bush good for stock?

A.—Yes, you can get the seed at any large seed-store.

J. C. B.—See answer to G. I. H.

G. W. T.—You speak of salt in the morning mash. Do you mean table salt, and how much should be fed? What is blood-meal? Is one dollar and a quarter a reasonable price for a twenty-five pound bag? I am very much interested in poultry, and have Rhode Island Reds, and expecting to have Barred Plymouth Rocks, White Wyandottes, Brown Leghorns, and Pekin Ducks. Do you like my idea, and would you recommend some other breeds?

A.—Yes, table-salt, about the same quantity that you would add to potatoes for your own table. Blood-meal is dried blood. I think it is rather too strong for chickens, and advise you to use beef-scraps, which is sold in sacks at about the same price. I don't think it advisable to keep more than one breed of fowls, for every distinct breed has its own peculiarities, and old experienced poultrymen find it more profitable to study thoroughly one breed, and cater to its peculiarities. For instance, Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Cochins will get very fat and useless on a diet which would make Minorcas or Leghorns profitable.

W. F. S.—I only just got a country place, and want to hatch chicks all summer. Please tell me how to feed and care for them, from the shell to maturity. I want to know just everything.

A.—I am afraid I cannot spare space to tell you everything, but will give you what I can in a condensed form:

Of course, you know, nothing for twenty-four hours, then stale wheaten bread crumbled up fine and mixed with hard-boiled egg which has been chopped without removing the shell, about two heaping table-spoonfuls of the latter to a cup of crumbs, the combination just moistened with scalded milk and fed for breakfast and supper; for a few days a small pan filled with ripe seed, mixed, and corn (slightly crushed) and fine sand is placed within the youngsters' reach, but where the hens cannot get at it. Have this there all the time. When about a week old make a mash of hulled oats, ground coarse, corn meal and wheat, equal parts of each, steamed for three or four hours. To each cupful of this add just before feeding a teaspoonful of bone meal and beef meal and mix well. Feed three times a day all they will eat up clean in five minutes.

If you haven't a steamer, a very good substitute can be made by getting a two-quart tin pail with a tight-fitting lid, a lard pail will do nicely, put the meal in it, pour in sufficient boiling water just to moisten, close down the lid and stand in a quart of water with a tight-fitting lid; put in enough boiling water to reach halfway up the sides of the smaller one. This is a good way to cook rice or cereals of any sort for your own table, if the establishment doesn't boast a double boiler.

After the babies are two weeks old the hen may be allowed to wade with them after the dew is off the grass in the morning until about four in the afternoon. The pan of mixed seeds can be removed, the bone and beef meal omitted except at supper time, when it is best to continue the bone for another two or three weeks. Vary this at noon by feeding pot chowder and boiled liver chopped with green onions. If you can't get the bone or beef meal where you live, thoroughly wash some of the meat, and get the bone and liver from the butcher. This feed is to ensure bone and feathers. If you have very few chicks and it is a remarkably good place for grubs and insects, the youngsters can find enough to provide for themselves.

After four or five weeks, night feed can be cracked corn, barley or wheat alternately. Should the slightest symptoms of bowel trouble show itself with very baby chicks, stop the meal and bone and add maw seed to the dry grain, beat white of egg into a cup of milk and give it to them to drink instead of water.

At eight weeks old divide the birds to be marketed as broilers from the others and shut them up in a yard to fatten; the others must be gradually commenced by feeding the oats out of the mash; (two moderately three times a day; if you have it give them skim milk to drink. Not being on free range, green stuff of some kind must be given once a day chopped fine; if you have no vegetables, green grass will do. You may wonder, why chop grass. When birds are loose they eat it growing. True, but then the root holds the blade fast-rooted in the ground, and the bird chokes or hits off the bit it wants and pecks at. Long, loose blades can be swallowed, but not digested. The last two weeks before killing, all food should be soft, and composed principally of corn meal, barley meal and milk; during this time add a teaspoonful of powdered or finely crushed charcoal to each quart of mash. Never let a broiler peck at anything over twelve weeks; good feed and care will make them plump and appetizing at that age; after that the lanky, bony period commences, and their value depreciates in all markets. Pray do not forget that near, sloppy feed, damp, dirty coops, no grit, unwashed water dishes with poison slime all round the sides, are sure breeders of bowel complaints, no use with chicks than with babies—be cleanly and careful.

Brooder chicks must have meat, bone and vegetables in some form every day, for being confined to a small space with no mother to hunt for them, they need all the variety you can possibly give them after the first two weeks.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

I would be pleased to hear from some of the sisters. All letters will be answered.

MRS. J. M. HODGSON, Avoca, Wash.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long time and have thought a great many times of writing for the Sisters' Corner. We live near the Purington Brick yards where my husband is employed. It is supposed to be the largest brick manufacturing plant in the United States. We are expecting to move some time in the future to Southern Maryland where we have bought a farm near the Oak mountains "where good land is cheap," the climate somewhat milder and where all kinds of fruit are raised in abundance.

My husband has been down to the farm two different times, spring and fall, and thinks it is just the place for a poor man to get a start. There are plenty of cheap farms, some partly cleared, some all timber, mostly white, black and red oak. A person can, by making a small payment down from five to fifty dollars, pay on the installment plan which makes it easy to get a home there and a number of good farms near ours yet for sale, which is only two and one half miles from a small town of about eight hundred population, a branch of the Frisco, R. R. runs through this town, called the Currant River R. R., there is a good market for everything raised on the farm. I will answer any questions I can if any are interested and will write inclosing stamp for reply.

Will Mrs. E. E. Lister please give full directions for the White Oak Bark Cancer Cure and whether to use on open sore. I wrote to the address given in her letter some time ago in COMFORT and the letter came back unopened. I appreciate all the nice letters from the sisters and would like to get personal letters from one and all and will try to answer. I have been for some time afflicted with cancer of the breast, but am so thankful I am not a shut-in. I think those who have health cannot be too thankful and should do all in their power to help the needy.

I would like to ask a favor of the sisters. I am piecing a crazy quilt of silk and worsted pieces and would like some pieces from the sisters to help out, also calico and gingham and will help others or return the favor in any way I can. With best wishes and success to the COMFORT sisters.

MRS. M. C. BROWNE, Randall, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have long been a silent reader of COMFORT and have found a great many helps and encouragements in the Sisters' Corner. And Uncle Charlie's replies are good for the "blues". May God bless him every hour; we only knew that side of his lovable character which appeared in his monthly chats with us until Mr. Gannett told us (in the November issue) that he was a shut-in himself. What a great, kind heart he has, how patiently he bears his own suffering and the difficulties under which he labors for others. Many times when sad and troubled I read over his funny replies and they make me laugh till my troubles are forgotten. And I feel cheered. If we could only be more like him. May his good words continue. We all have our trials and tribulations and ups and downs in this world. And the way seems dark and dreary sometimes, when if we could only look more on the bright side of life and put all our trust in Our Heavenly Father he would brighten our way, but we are too apt to brood over our little troubles until they become magnified (in our mind's eye) when really they are mere trifles.

I feel sorry for the poor shut-ins. May God bless the COMFORT workers for brightening so many of their dear lives. Everyone lend a helping hand and push the good work on.

I live on a farm fifteen miles from Minneapolis, but it's only forty-five minutes' ride from here by electric railway. We are a half mile from a station on the line and the fare is twenty-five cents.

This part of Minnesota is very beautiful with its dark parks and lakes. We are three miles from beautiful Lake Minnetonka. But as I rarely get out I can't enjoy very much of the fine scenery.

I would be very glad and thankful if the sisters would remember me with a letter party on the 21st of July.

How many of the sisters try making their own soap? Here is a recipe which I have tried and find very good. All the bits of fat pieces of meat and waste grease can be saved for the purpose or use clear grease as one likes.

Hard Soap

Dissolve one can of lye in one gallon of rain water, put five pounds of clear grease (or five and one half pounds of scraps) and one gallon of rainwater in a kettle and bring to a boil, then stir the lye and water and pour into the grease and water, let boil one hour, add one fourth pound or more of borax, boil till borax is dissolved, pour in moulds a little deeper than the required thickness of the bars, as it shrinks in drying.

MRS. ELSIE A. COLLINS, Box 42, Hopkins, R. D. 2, Minn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I live in the Sunflower state, sunny Kansas. We smile a smile that's pleasant to meet for we are dealers in sunshine and joy, then I take COMFORT and enjoy that, especially the Sisters' Corner. So many dear good letters, a great help to all who read them, it is the inner life that makes our world; if our hearts are right, loving, gentle and patient, we will find sweetness, patience and gentleness, everywhere we go; more and more I pray for courage and cheerfulness and the grace that is given to all who accept joy and sorrow alike. It is a gift from the hand of the Heavenly Father, who taught us how to pray each day on bended knee, bringing the joy and promise of hope, of help, of love, for God is here. We are bearers of light. Do not be discouraged dear shut-ins, Jesus is your friend. With best wishes to COMFORT and all its readers.

MRS. SUSIE WALLACE, Columbus, Kans.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As it is said women can never get still I have decided to break my silence. I have been a reader of this interesting paper for nearly seven years, and cannot get along without it. I was born and reared "right here" and will always say, "sweet Nebraska land." I will not take

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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Home, Sweet Home.

H. R. BISHOP.

Moderato.

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home! A charm from the
2. An exile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my low-ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing

skies seems to hal - low us there, Which seek thro' the world is not met with else - where. Home,
gai - ly that came at my call, Give me them with that peace of mind dear - er than all. Home,

ad lib.
home, . . . sweet, sweet home, There's no . . . place like home, . . . There's no place like home.

ad lib.

Old Black Joe.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil-dren so dear, that I

Poco adagio.

cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

ALTO.
I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

BASS.
I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

The Strange Case of Anna Gile and Annie Breen

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By Mary R. P. Hatch

EVERYBODY has read of the inexplicable experiences of Mary Reynolds and Ansel Bourne, but the peculiar case I am about to relate is probably unknown to more than a dozen persons outside of the town of Chelseford, Vermont, where it occurred. It was in August, 1881, that the affair happened. People speak of it still with bated breath and dilated eyes, then if it is a woman she says, "poor girl!" and changes the subject. The facts are as follows: Annie Breen and Anna Gile were friends, pretty, rosy-cheeked girls of eighteen with some education obtained in the district school and the heritage of good manners and good principles. When a shirt factory was opened in the village, Annie and Anna hastened to the office of the owner, Mr. Gilbraith, to apply for employment. Annie was an expert buttonhole maker which is a gift, perhaps, more than any other kind of needlework and Anna was employed as a finisher, — that is to tell seams, sew on buttons, etc.

In the office was young Mr. Gilbraith who, it is declared, seemed from the first greatly struck by the appearance of Miss Breen. If not then, he was certainly soon afterwards. He paid her undivided attention. He walked beside her each night when her work was ended down the steps of the factory and along the board walk till her home street was reached. Whether he ever asked her to marry him is a mooted question. But it is well known that Annie considered herself engaged to him. She began towards fall to make her wedding clothes and the other girls, in particular Anna Gile, made her many presents of lingerie, tidies and odd bits of finery for herself and the home to be.

But Chelseford was electrified in March to learn that young Mr. Gilbraith was not coming back. A new man appeared in his place, he being transferred to the city office. From that day Annie never received a line or word from him, and in June, notice of his wedding to the daughter of Dayton Collier, floated into the village.

Annie seemed to wilt from that moment. Her bright cheeks paled and she wept unceasingly over her beautiful bridal garments which she would draw forth and pat lovingly whenever Anna Gile came to see her. They would cry together and then Miss Gile would offer whatever consolation occurred to her at the time and go away to cry by herself in her own room.

One day she said to her friend, "If I could only hear Annie's trouble for her, how glad I should be! I could bear it, but she can't. She is dying by inches under the weight."

"She ought to go away," was the answer.

Whether the remark was ever repeated to Miss Breen by her friend is not really known but soon afterwards Annie seemed to brighten up and announced that she was going to Alden to work in a shirt factory there.

"To make buttonholes?" asked the overseer, Mrs. Wolford.

"No, to be a finisher," was the unexpected reply.

Mrs. Wolford said afterwards that she had made the inquiry in quite a matter-of-fact way but she did not wonder so much at the reply that Miss Breen was to be a finisher as she did when Miss Gile came to the workroom as usual but instead of seating herself by the table of unfinished shirts, took her place by the window to make buttonholes.

"Why, you can't do that, dear," said Mrs. Wolford.

Miss Gile looked toward her in a slightly astonished manner, it was afterwards stated, but threaded her needle and went to making buttonholes. Although she had never made a buttonhole in her life prior to that day, she made them quite as neatly and more expeditiously than had her friend.

This was a pleasant surprise to Mrs. Wolford as she had been at a loss to know where to find a substitute for Miss Breen, although it was no difficult task to get a finisher. So she gave into Miss Gile's charge the piles of shirts to be buttonholed as she had formerly given them to her friend but all the time she wondered how and when the girl had managed to acquire her sudden facility.

But Miss Gile did not appear to be as well or as happy as formerly. She would sit staring out of the window absent minded and once she burst into a fit of sudden weeping exactly as Miss Breen had done. Stranger yet, on the third day she was discovered by Mrs. Breen in her daughter's room searching through the trunk where Annie kept her wedding trousseau and crying over it bitterly.

Mrs. Breen who was not a little anxious herself as she had not heard a word from her daughter since she left home was touched by the girl's distress and tried to comfort her, saying:

"Don't fret for Annie. She went away quite cheerful and I am expecting to get a letter from her today to tell me how she likes her new place."

But Anna did not pay much attention to her friend's mother, being engaged in smoothing out and patting with loving care the pretty garments intended for Annie's wedding. After a time she went away and the next day was in her place as usual at the shirt factory, sitting in Miss Breen's chair by the window and working buttonholes with all the neatness and precision of long habit. One day, about a week after her friend left for Alden, a member of the firm, Mr. Cyrus Athwood, entered the workroom, and seeing Miss Gile, he remembered her face and name and spoke to her, calling her Miss Gile.

With a swift look of surprise on her face, she replied to the question but told him her name was not Gile but Breen.

"Then I am greatly mistaken," he replied, readily, but on going out, he told Mrs. Wolford of the incident and asked her if the girl was given to making untruthful statements of that order.

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Wolford. "I have thought her particularly truthful. Wait here please and let me speak to her."

"Anna," she said, "why did you tell Mr. Athwood that your name is Breen?"

"Because it is Breen. I don't know why he should call me any other name unless he takes me for Anna Gile. Probably he doesn't know that she has gone away and so took me for her. But why he should when she was a finisher and sat over there (pointing to her own former place of working), I can't imagine."

"Do you mean to say that your name is Breen?" gasped Mrs. Wolford.

"Certainly, what else should I say?" and the girl went calmly on with her work apparently not much interested in the matter while Mr. Athwood and Mrs. Wolford talked over the conversation.

"But where is the real Miss Breen?"

"She went to Alden to work in the shirt factory there but her mother hasn't heard from her yet and is much alarmed. She was in here today to ask if any of the girls had had a letter."

"Had they?"

"No."

It was in this way that Mr. Athwood began to take interest in the strange case of Anna Gile. He satisfied himself by some inquiries that he was the first in all probability, who had addressed her as Miss Gile since the going away of her friend. As their given names were respectively Annie and Anna she had probably not noticed when she had been addressed as Anna because the names were so much alike that frequently each girl was called the other's name.

Mr. Athwood in a few days called on Mrs. Breen to learn if she had heard from her daughter. Finding that she had not received a letter since the girl left home, Mr. Athwood decided

to go to Alden and make inquiries and told Mrs. Breen, who was overjoyed. True it was but fifty miles to Alden but she had small means and less enterprise, so the trip had not occurred to her as feasible, particularly as she must go by stage coach.

Mr. Athwood visited Alden the following day. He went straight to the shirt factory where it was said that Miss Breen was employed and inquired for her. But no one knew of such a person; certainly no such person was employed in the factory, the forewoman informed him. Mr. Athwood went away mystified. He had hoped to see her and tell her of Miss Gile's use of her name and employment and so by natural and easy stages get to some understanding of her friend's mental condition, which he believed to be not only out of the normal but distinctly interesting when scientifically considered. For Mr. Athwood was one of those men in advance of the times who liked to dip into the unknown and mysterious depths of mental prepossessions. The Fox sisters, the Rochester rappings, witchcraft and the many phenomena appealed in his case to a mind versed in various abstruse mental studies, and had he lived in these days, would have been in the foremost rank of psychical research. As it was he quietly resigned himself in this instance to the reflection that it was in all probability another case of a poor girl's suicide from love disappointment, and, thinking thus, he wended his way back to the hotel and soon after retired.

Now the extreme interest which Mr. Athwood had in such matters may have had its origin in some "twist" of uncanny instinct or embryonic sixth sense but if so he had never mistrusted it. True, there were unusual natural gifts in the family and a relative, his mother's sister, had often laughingly been accused of "second sight." However this may have been, Mr. Athwood invariably attached importance to his early waking thoughts as those experiences had time and again proven to be wise and apt. The first thought that came to him on waking in the morning was clear and cogent, and for years he had never hesitated to apply the thought to the particular business it concerned. He explained by saying that his brain was clearer in the morning, he could think better.

So when as a flash, the suggestion came to him as he lay awake for a few moments after unclosing his eyes to go back to the factory and inquire for Miss Gile, although it was an entirely new aspect of the matter, he did not question the

"Do you make buttonholes?" he asked, abruptly.

"No, I am a finisher."

"But you can make buttonholes," he persisted. "I never made a buttonhole in my life," she replied with asperity, evidently annoyed at his manner which apparently did seem unwarrantable. She left the room and Mr. Athwood was left with a full-grown puzzle on his hands to work out at leisure.

In these days he would have consulted William James, or a little while ago Mr. Hodgson, but in 1881 little credence was given to "ghost stories" of this order. Psychical investigations were not recognized as such, and the times were so materialistic that dual personalities and transmigration of souls or minds meant pure fakism. "Such things never got anywhere; they never did any good," it was said. True, in one or two corners of the world a chosen knot of men were studying psychical phenomena, but Mr. Athwood didn't know them, and so he stumbled along, investigating this case of exchanging of personalities, saying nothing of it to anyone except the village physician, Dr. Barnover, who chanced to be of a scientific and inquiring order. Together they made inquiries and tabulated instances and agreed if there was no collusion between the two girls, it was a wonderful case. The notes these two men have made came into my hands, and from them I am taking the matter for this sketch, after interviewing all the living persons who were acquainted with the two girls.

To continue, Mrs. Breen on the return of Mr. Athwood, went to see her daughter but she was received as a stranger, as was her friend, Anna Gile.

Strangely enough, however, Miss Gile, recognized her former friend, but addressed her as Miss Gile.

"I don't know you," said Miss Breen smilingly, "but you seem to know me for you call me by my right name and the others do not," indicating her mother and Mr. Athwood. Now comes the proof that it was a true case of exchange of personalities or transmigration of souls; for in one month's time to a day, namely, September 11, 1881, the two girls awoke to their original personalities. Anna Gile said she was not Miss Breen and Miss Breen declared her name was not Gile. As proof of the change of personality Miss Gile took up her old work of finisher, declaring that she couldn't make a buttonhole to save her life. When asked to make an attempt she did the work so clumsily that her words



SOME QUAIN AND CURIOUS COSTUMES WORN IN COLONIAL DAYS (SEE STORY "BETTY CAREW")

wisdom of it. It might be that the girls had agreed to exchange personalities and had surreptitiously taught each other how to do the other's work so efficiently as to make the plan feasible and give a change of place and occupation to each. This explanation was far from satisfactory however. Nevertheless in lieu of a better, Mr. Athwood accepted it for the present as the sole elucidation of a difficult question, notwithstanding that another phase kept cropping up, the apparently truthful statement made by Miss Gile that she was Miss Breen. Was it possible that the girl herself did not know? If so, another thought came to Mr. Athwood which promised to explain one mystery while driving the problem into a greater gloom of uncertainty.

When Mr. Athwood reached the factory he inquired blandly and with apparent carelessness if Miss Gile was employed there and if he could see her for a few moments. The inquiry was made of a different person than the day before, as it luckily transpired, and without any questions Mr. Athwood was assured of both. Yes, Miss Gile worked there as finisher and she would come to the little office to the right if he would kindly wait a few moments.

Somewhat dazed by the success of his request, Mr. Athwood waited and the girl he had known as Annie Breen entered soon afterwards and stood a second or two, evidently trying to call him to mind.

"Miss Breen, perhaps you do not remember me as one of the firm of Gilbraith & Athwood, but I remember you perfectly."

"Your face is familiar, Mr. Athwood," she replied, smiling, "but you have evidently taken me for another girl. I am Anna Gile but I never worked at Gilbraith & Athwood's."

"Never worked there?" Here was a dilemma. "Don't you know Miss Gile of Chelseford?" he asked, for he recollected at the moment that the girl at Gilbraith & Athwood's seemed to remember her friend very well while this one preferred to know nothing of the other.

"No," she replied.

"It is very strange," said Mr. Athwood, looking at her intently, for evidence in the flutter of an eyelid or a quiver of the lips which would show that she was telling a falsehood.

Miss Breen did not seem particularly interested in the matter but remarked that Gile was a common name and the girl might be a distant relative.

"Did you wish to see me about this?" she asked, doubtfully. "If so I can't tell you anything about her."

"No, it wasn't that," replied Mr. Athwood. "But your mother is very anxious about you. She said you left home ten days ago and haven't written a word to her. What shall I tell her is the reason of your not writing, Miss Breen?"

"Miss Gile," she corrected, smiling a little. "You have made a great mistake. I have no mother, so you see I could not write to her. She died many years ago when I was quite a little girl. If there is nothing else I will go back to my work now. We are very busy getting off a large consignment."

needed no other proof. She had grown pale and sorrowful, having cried much and eaten little, but now her appetite returned to her, and the only time she looked sad was when Miss Breen again took her sorrows up again and wept over her useless trousseau. For Miss Breen left her work at Alden on the day she recovered her old personality, and resumed her work of buttonhole working at the shirt factory where she had worked so long.

The remainder of the tale may be easily and quickly told. The exchanging of personalities continued for two years, each month the soul of one girl apparently entered into the possession of the other's body and mind, until the time got to be expected and prepared for with certitude. The girls were, after a time, informed of the matter and were at first greatly distressed over it. But time softens mysteries, if it does not explain them, and after a while they came to consider the circumstances as something to be endured but not talked about. Moreover, while they refused to talk about it to others, they seldom mentioned the subject to each other.

Miss Breen, who appeared to be the more delicate, besides being harassed, when herself, by a sorrow which she seemed unable to outlive, faded very gradually day by day until the fourth of November, 1886, when, at the close of a lonely, short-lived, chilly day, she died, while her friend sat beside her holding her hand. Mrs. Breen, who had long expected to be bereft cried piteously until she was quietly and lovingly drawn into the arms of the living girl.

"Mother," she said, "Don't cry. Annie is better off. You have me. You seem to forget that you have me, your daughter."

Mrs. Breen, in telling the incident, said it was her daughter's voice that spoke to her. Whether this is to be believed or not, it is generally admitted by those who know the story, that Anna Gile or Annie Breen, whichever you like began to grow more like the daughter, and from that day kept the personality which she took up where the other girl dropped it in death.

She went to live with Mrs. Breen, who treated her in every sense as if she were really her own daughter. When the headstone was placed to mark the resting place of the dead girl "Annie" was the name that marked the spot and not Annie Breen. The lost personality, without doubt departed forever to the land of shadows when the poor girl died, and the question now, that the world is growing more deeply interested in, the puzzle of lost personality, is whether in the case of Ansel Bourne who said that his name was A. G. Brown, did not have a double name, was living the part of Ansel Bourne. It might have been at a distance; it might have been nearby but it offers in some sense a solution of the question as to where the ego or sub-conscious self is hidden at the time when taken possession of by the new personality, as in the cases of Ansel Bourne, Mary Reynolds and others.

In the instance I have recounted, the matter is simplified as the girls were friends and the various instances of the shifting personality could

be seen and studied. In these other cases there was no seeking for the opposite personality, and so it is not really known whether there was another person whose change of personality explained the lapses of Miss Reynolds and Mr. Bourne. Perhaps it is not too late to look into the matter now and satisfy the scientific inquirer as to whether, when a person loses his personality there is not always another who takes it up and suffers the same lapse at the same time. This is the question which suggests itself after intimate knowledge of the strange case of Anna Gile and Annie Breen.

Another interesting problem is also suggested by this most inexplicable case,—which girl really died? While life left the body of Annie Breen, and it was her body that went to the grave, certain it is, that at the moment of her bodily death her personality took possession of the other girl and held uninterrupted and undisputed possession ever after. There was an instantaneous transfer of the dying girl's soul to the healthy girl's body. That much is clear. But what became of the soul of Anna Gile? Did she die at the same instant? Did her soul leave her body at the moment that the dying Miss Breen's soul took possession of her living body? Or were the two souls, so to speak, amalgamated and gradually fused into one?

What is death? We are accustomed to regard it as the departure of the immortal soul from the perishable body, and we believe that the soul lives on forever in a higher sphere, unhampered in its activities by the limitations and disabilities attendant on its habitation of mortal clay. If we are right in our definition of death, think it over and study it out, and then make up your mind, if you can, which girl died, or whether their two souls became blended into one.

A Sober Lover

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

herself more than once, although she has not given up her idea of accepting Herbert. She thinks she loves him, not realizing that it is only the flattery of his devotion, and the charm of novelty that have attracted her.

The ladies leave the table before the men, who linger, drinking more and more, until their eyes become a little dazed, their faces flushed, and their voices thickened, that is all but Jim's.

Coming back to camp the crowd is uproariously gay. They all laugh, sing and joke, that is all but Blossom and Jim. She keeps asking herself:

"What does Jim think of all this? What is the matter with them all?" while he is telling himself sadly:

"There isn't any hope for me. Dear little Blossom of course she must want to have all this luxury, but I wish, oh how I do wish that she didn't like that fellow," and it is Herbert he means, for Jim has been quick enough to single out his rival.

As they are all talking, two of the men begin to dispute. At first they do it under a polite covering, but their inflamed brains at last throw off all disguise, and one knocks the other down. The latter stumbles, then falls overboard, and a cry goes up:

"He can't swim."

Confusion prevails, but Jim does not hesitate, and while the others gaze wildly into the black water, he dives over the side without an instant's loss of time.

Blossom remembers that Jim used to be considered the best diver in the old swimming hole at home, but she knows this is a different matter. However, she is not frightened. There is something very reassuring in Jim's quiet manner, and she does not doubt the outcome, although her pretty cheeks are pale with nervousness.

No one thinks of the search light, until after Jim has pulled the unconscious man into the boat, and then there is no need of it.

As they put on all speed back to the Roberts' camp, they all make a hero of Jim, but he takes it all good naturedly, and disclaims any credit. "It's positively wonderful the way you went down into that awful water," one sentimental young woman cries, clasping her hands.

"I've done it a thousand times before. I like diving," Jim laughs, with the water streaming from his hair and clothes.

"And you got so wet," another coos.

"A warm night like this, that is no hardship," Jim laughs gaily, then apologizes to Nellie for spoiling the cushions. The man who had been knocked overboard has been easily brought back to consciousness, and he adds his quota to the volume of praise, under which Jim seems almost submerged.

When they reach camp, he is taken up to his room, from which he emerges soon thereafter, in a white linen suit that is more becoming than the gray and Blossom realizes that the Jim of today, the graduate of the agricultural college is no more her old Jim, than she is the simple little country girl, who thought that afternoon in Lover's Lane that her friendly affection was real love.

As Jim comes down on the veranda, she creeps into the shadow, and her heart jealously contracts as she sees how much of a hero the girls are making him, how they are crowding about him. She realizes that he is very attractive to those girls and that perhaps Jim may be as anxious to be relieved from any former ties as she.

"Am I anxious?" she asks herself suddenly, then she gives a little sob, as she sees Jim standing in the bright light, laughing, while the dark-eyed Southern girl, whose father is a United States Senator, pins a bit of ribbon on his coat and tells him he is decorated for his bravery. She does not quite catch Jim's quick reply, but as they all laugh she feels sure it is something witty. For a few minutes more that chaff continues, and then they all go in to get something to drink to ward off the chill, that is all but Jim and the man he rescued and the man who had knocked down his friend.

"I say, now, please let up on it," she hears Jim say a little nervously. "Honestly, it's nothing. Anyone could have done it. Why I'm a regular fish when I get in the water. Anyone who can swim could have done the same thing."

"Yes," the man who had been guilty of the blow said slowly, "perhaps anyone who was sober, but you see old man none of us were that."

It seemed to Blossom as though a veil was torn from her eyes. She suddenly saw things in an entirely different light. She now knew what had made the jarring note, why she had been repelled even while she was attracted by Herbert.

She remembered with a shudder his hot breath on her cheek, his jerky, nervous manner, even when most in earnest, and realized that he had not been quite sober when he had made love to her, that he never was after dinner.

Still deeper did she shrink into the shadow, alone with her unhappy thoughts, for she was so afraid that Jim did not love her, that she had lost him forever.

"I'll never say a word about that promise now," she told herself. "I could hold him to it, but I won't. I know he has stopped loving me. He didn't say a word this afternoon when he came," she told herself, utterly forgetful that as a rule a man does not remind a girl of her promise to marry him in the presence of a dozen, keenly-critical fashionable young people.

"If he had wanted to keep me, he'd have managed to have told me so," she said with a sob in her throat, again failing to remember how she had clung to the others and not afforded him the slightest opportunity for a word in private. Even on the motor boat she had let Herbert sit beside her.

As she sat there miserable, and longing to sit a first-class cry, she heard voices approaching,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Hints on Home Dressmaking

Owing to the many requests that COMFORT opens a home Dressmaking Department for its Sisters, we have secured the valuable services of Mrs. Geneva Gladding who has had years of practical experience in this work. Our object is to assist and guide our COMFORT Sisters in all the perplexing situations arising in their endeavor to perfect themselves in the art of utilizing and making the most of their resources. We invite the Sisters to ask questions through this column which will be answered intelligently and conscientiously. Please make all questions as brief and concise as the subject will permit.

We are answering some of the questions recently received in the following article. Sisters will note that their questions have been condensed, thus enabling us to give more space to answers and thereby aiding others who seek similar information.

Address all questions to HOME DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE summer fashions are extremely smart and varied, simplicity being a marked feature. It is a season that allows of much individuality, thus making it possible for all to be becomingly dressed. All grades of pongee, foulard, cashmere, serges, cotton voile, crepe and an endless variety of the pretty inexpensive cotton materials are worn. There is a marked demand for waists of a plainer type to be worn with the two-piece suits in both wool, linen and cotton. These are often developed in the heavier materials and worn with the tailored and severe styles of neckwear. The thinner materials such as dotted Swiss, cross-barred muslin, lawn, batiste and nainsook are made collarless or with collars of same material as waist, trimmed with fine tucking or combined with lace. Many have frills of same at throat and to one side of front opening, finished with narrow hem or with the addition of lace.

All the seasonable materials may be developed in the new four-piece skirt which has an inverted plait under each seam, while the plain, close-fitting gored skirts, with or without plaits hold their popularity.

Patterns for children's play-clothes are extremely practical and comfortable and the sisters will find numbers 2550, 2445, 1939, and 2009 very satisfactory. (1939 and 2809 in June COMFORT.)

In the last few years great progress has been made in the design of infants' and Children's clothing, particularly so between the ages of six months and three years, based on scientific principles of health, cleanliness and comfort, the importance of which cannot be overestimated. Each month in our fashion cuts one or more infant's or child's garment will be included, stating its merits and advantages, to which we call the especial attention of the sisters; our object being to assist and simplify this particular branch of home sewing. We invite correspondence, and shall be glad to advise in all matters relative to what the little ones shall wear.

The Correct Way to Sew on Buttons

A sure and simple way to sew on buttons and get them exactly in the right place and avoid any fullness and consequent drawing between the next two buttons, is done by first working buttonholes just large enough to slip the button through easily, not loosely. Then lay flat with edges together and baste with long stitches. Then through the end of each buttonhole toward the edge of garment, pass a pin to the side the buttons go on and you cannot help getting the right location for your buttons. Then remove baste, taking care not to disturb pins, and mark with pencil or chalk, or by quilting pins in to prevent their falling out, and you have a time-saving and unfailing method of sewing on buttons. This applies to sewing on hooks and eyes. First sew on eyes and proceed same as described for buttons.

COMFORT'S Seasonable Patterns

2949—This neat tailored shirt-waist is one of the best models to be developed in the heavier materials, such as madras, gingham, linen or percale. Made with one piece, plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves, and with or without a back yoke facing, this style will be found to be becoming to both slight and medium sized figures. The fullness of the front is distributed in side tucks either side of the center box plait and can be fastened by using fly or buttoning through. Any style of collar may be worn. This model comes in seven sizes—32 to 44 in bust measure. For 36 bust the waist requires four yards 20 inches wide, three and three eighths yards 24 inches wide, three and one eighth yards 27 inches wide, two and one quarter yards 36 inches wide, or two yards 42 inches wide.

2773—This new four-gored skirt for ladies is a boon to the home dressmaker and is adaptable in wool, cotton, silk or linen. This model has inverted box plait at each seam, stitched to place about 13 inches down the skirt. A comfortable and becoming walking length is from two to three inches from the floor and in medium sizes is about four yards around lower edge of skirt. For 26 waist eight and three eighths yards 20 inches wide, five yards 36 inches wide, four yards 42 inches wide, or three and one quarter yards 54 inches wide. 6 sizes, 22 to 32.

2752—This Ladies' House Gown, with attached four-piece skirt developed in black and white percale will please the housewife who desires to be neatly and attractively dressed in her home, and is an ideal hot weather gown, having neck finished round, elbow sleeves and waist cut in one. It has the popular side opening, and crosswise bands of same would make a pretty finish at neck, waist, opening and sleeves. It comes in five sizes—32 to 40 bust. Width of lower edge in medium size, about four yards. Size 36 requires eight and one quarter yards 27 inches wide, six and one quarter yards 36 inches wide, or five and one half yards 42 inches wide.

2769—This model is in five gores and has two styles of flounces; one to gather and one circular, to be buttoned onto the skirt or sewed. Many prefer the flounce buttoned on, as it may be laundered without doing the whole petticoat. Developed in chambray it makes one of the best washable petticoats which are so desirable in summer. Eight sizes—22 to 36 waist. Width of lower edge of gores in medium size about three and one fourth yards. For 26 waist the skirt with gathered flounce requires six and seven eighths yards 20 inches wide, three and three fourths yards 36 inches wide, or three and one eighth yards of flouncing 18 inches wide. Skirt with circular flounce requires 11 yards 20 inches wide, six and three fourths yards 36 inches wide, or five and one half yards 42 inches wide.

2817—This smart sailor suit for Misses is a very useful design for all-around wear; can be developed in any material; launders well and is always becoming to Misses between the ages of 13 to 17 years. It consists of a blouse slipped on over the head and with or without yoke facing, and a five-gored skirt. Three sizes—13 to 17 years. For fifteen years the suit requires seven and three fourths yards 27 inches wide, five yards 36 inches wide, four and one half yards 42 inches wide, or three and five eighths yards 54 inches wide.

2764—This useful and all-around practical girls' dress with gullepe was made of bordered material 30 inches wide, the gullepe being cut from the surplus dress material. Sufficient fullness to make the waist soft and becoming is had by a cluster of three tucks at each shoulder front and back, and at each side of center front and back. Equally effective material for this model would be plaid, using plain color for belt, band around pointed neck and edge of shoulder caps. Also gullepe of plain material, with an inch wide cross-wise band of plaid on neck band and at wrist-band. Five sizes—six to 14 years. For 10 years the dress requires three and three fourths yards 27 inches wide, three yards 36 inches wide, or two and five eighths yards 42 inches wide; and the gullepe needs two and five eighths yards 18 inches wide, one and three fourths yards 27 inches wide, or one and three eighths yards 36 inches wide.

2496—This dainty Empire dress for a child between the ages of one to nine years is extremely appropriate and suitable for any wear. It is designed for either high or Dutch neck and has elbow sleeves. The waist is trimmed with clusters of narrow tucks, also the skirt. The belt and cuffs may be made of Ham-burg insertion; the neck finished with narrow lace. For 18 months, the dress requires three and one eighth yards 27 inches wide, two and three eighths yards 36 inches wide, or one and seven eighths yards 42 inches wide. 5 sizes, 1 to 9 years.

2109—For summer wear the most satisfactory coats for little folks are those with body and sleeves cut in one piece. They do not crush their freshly laundered dresses and are very easily made, having a seam at center back and at underarm. They may be developed in light weight wool, silk, linen or cotton. A pretty variation would be to scallop and button-

hole stitch collar and cuffs. Four sizes, one half to five years. For three years, the coat requires three yards 20 inches wide, two and three fourths yards 27 inches wide, one and five eighths yards 36 inches wide, or one and three eighths yards 54 inches wide.

2905—This smart, serviceable Little Russian suit for boys, consisting of a blouse with permanent turn-down collar, patch pockets, sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands and knickerbockers is a design well adapted to home-dressmaking. Use any suitable material. When ordering pattern be sure it is plenty large as loose fitting clothes are most becoming to children. Make the knickerbockers so they show just a little below the lower edge of coat. Four sizes, two to five years. For four years the suit requires three and one fourth yards 27 inches wide, two and one half yards 36 inches wide, or one and three fourths yards 54 inches wide.

2445—Child's Overalls with back extending to or above waist-line constitute an exceptionally convenient and labor-saving play garment, and should be included in every child's wardrobe for two reasons: First, so the child may play in comfort without thought of its clothes, and second because it relieves the mother of much worry. It may be developed in any durable material, such as khaki cloth, denim or galatea for the older ones, or of gingham for the younger and less active child. It is cut in five sizes, one to nine years. For seven years, the overalls require two and one fourth yards 27 inches wide, or one

cotton or silk floss, according to the material used in its development.

1876—Child's Combination Underwaist and Diaper Drawers is our special infant pattern for July. The curved portion designed to let down in front, allowing change of diaper. This garment conceals the diaper, also protects the infant. It can be laundered flat and baby will always be presentable when this combination suit is worn. For one year the garment requires one and one eighth yards 27 inches wide, or one yard 36 inches wide. 3 sizes, one half to 3 years.

Questions Answered

Sadie B. Lawrence asks what to wear about the waist with summer dresses. Soft crush girde finished with rosettes, with or without streamers, made of wide ribbon, will give you something pretty and stylish. Get exact length required for waist and gather or plait each end so girde will be about two inches in width. For rosettes, take two covered vest buttons and cover with pieces of ribbon for centers of rosettes. If you cannot exactly match your girde ribbon to one an inch in width, take fifteen inches same as girde and cut in two lengthwise, and trim to one inch and a quarter in width, preserving the selvege for edges of rosette. Now neatly sew together the ends of each piece of ribbon, one for each rosette, gather and draw into coils just large enough to be sewed to back of button. Sew one above the other to one end of the girde, or if preferable, one to each end

Early Mid-Summer Fashions



Special Offers. Send ten cents for trial five-months' subscription to COMFORT, with five cents extra, for any single pattern mentioned above. Send two trial five-months' 10-cent subscriptions, for three patterns. A single pattern for ten cents. Order by number and state plainly size or age. These are the popular seam-allowing patterns.

and three fourths yards 36 inches wide. 5 sizes, 1 to 9 years.

2867—Ladies' Seven-gored skirt, closing at left side of front and having an inverted box plait at back or in habit style, seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist.

2508—Ladies' Drawers with plaits or gathers at back, and with or without ruffles, come in eight sizes 22 to 38 waist. The advantages of this model are that it does away with all gathers across the front, is easy to make and will be found perfect fitting. For 26 waist drawers without ruffles need one and five eighths yards 36 inches wide or one and one half yards 42 inches wide.

8006—Design to be transferred to a chemise. The scalloped border is worked in solid stitch, and the design in eyelet embroidery.

2824—This simple, pretty and useful semi-fitting dressing sack with three quarter length sleeve is a favorite model for summer wear and can be developed in any material and trimmed with lace bands, or edges left plain and decorated with feather-stitching, making the tie of same. 7 sizes, 22 to 34.

8018—Design to be transferred to a square center-piece, measuring 18 by 18 inches. To be worked in Wallachian and eyelet embroidery with mercerized cotton or silk according to material used in its development.

8015—Design to be transferred to a baby's cap, developed in satin, silk, muslin, lawn or organdie and worked in solid French embroidery with mercerized

of girde so they will come close together when worn. Fasten girde with three hooks and eyes.

Mrs. John Burbank wishes skirt pattern suitable for percale. 2773 in this issue will be satisfactory.

Nellie C. Meers requests information regarding the proper way to shrink cotton materials. Gingham, print, galatea, linen, crepe, seersucker and cotton cheviot should all be well shrunken before making by covering well with warm water and soaking ten or fifteen minutes. Instead of wringing, take cloth from water dripping wet and hang to dry, taking care to keep edges straight by hanging on line crosswise. If kept folded while soaking and dried just as described, it will keep in shape and require little pressing.

Mrs. Allen Burgess wants to color lace brown. Make strong coffee, carefully strain through muslin. Dip lace, letting it stand about twenty minutes. If your lace is of an open, coarse design, pin onto your ironing board to dry; if fine narrow lace iron with moderately hot iron. If a deeper shade of brown is required, let your lace dry and dip the second time. This is a good way to use odds and ends of lace for neck wear and hat trimmings.

Mrs. H. L. Williams would like suggestions for embroidered parasol. We can supply you with a COMFORT pattern No. 8038, of conventional design to be transferred to linen, linen lawn, Persian lawn, pongee or China silk. It may be worked solidly, if preferred, in



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25c Takes pictures 1 1/2 x 1 1/2. A little goes a long way. Sure to please. Leatherette covered camera and complete outfit of plates, paper, chemicals, etc. with complete instructions so any boy or girl can take GOOD PICTURES of landscapes, buildings, friends, etc. All sent for only 25c (silver) or 3 for 75c. CAN. Y. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

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Passing a ball through a solid table, blowing it from your pocket into the vase, changing the ball into a ring, and many other wonderful magic and mystify your friends. Sent, with full directions, for only 25c, or 3 for 50c. (Silver.) TRICK & NOVELTY CO., Dept. C, Frenchtown, N. J.

TEDDY AND THE LIONS!

Sam Loyd, the famous puzzle man, who invented Pigs in Clover, the 14-15 Puzzle, Parchesi, and almost all of the puzzles and games which have appeared during the past fifty years, has just designed a wonderful mystery entitled Teddy and the Lions. It is printed in brilliant colors on two pieces of heavy cardboard. When you first look at it you see seven men and seven lions. While you gaze at it one of the little Black Men turns into a Yellow Lion right before your eyes, and yet no one has been able to give a plausible explanation as to how the mysterious transformation is accomplished! In fact \$10,000 in valuable prizes is offered for the best answers received during the year 1909, telling which of the seven men disappears, and which is the eighth lion which comes from no one knows where! Every one should secure one of these mysterious novelties while they can. Send 10 cents to Loyd & Co., Box 826, New York, also 10 cents for a sample copy of Sam Loyd's Puzzle Quarterly and learn how to make the kind of puzzles for which there is always a great demand. (Regular price 40 cents.) The six back numbers will be sent on receipt of 50 cents.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

up the space to describe myself, for it would not be of interest, but you may turn to November Jubilee COMFORT and find my photo in the Home Work contest. I wish we could have each sister's photo at the head of their letter. Did any of the sisters guess my age? I am a poor hand at guesswork, but I would like to know just the same.

What a comfort our dear paper is, all classes of people can find an endless comfort in reading its pages; for when in doubt about anything you will find a long chat about your subject in one of your COMFORTS.

Let me tell you how I welcome my COMFORT. It generally reaches me on the eighth day of every month, at 10.30. This hour of the day does not mean comfort for the cook of the house, so when I have my dinner properly placed over a gentle fire, I slip my fingers through the wrapper and unfold a new COMFORT. First I read the "Crums of Comfort," then I turn to the Sisters' Corner and see the new articles in the fancy work line, then to Uncle Charlie's page to see how many happy

"THE PRAIRIE FIRE" describes Pioneer life on the plains. Will appear in August Mid-Summer COMFORT. See programme on page 4.

cousins I will meet; how sad when we sometimes find a poor shut-in, but comfortably seated in a wheel chair. So now I close my COMFORT and go back to work. For you know it comes to stay near for one long month.

When I sit down to read I always take my pencil with me, and mark all important parts, which I afterwards put in my scrapbook. I know it would shock some of you sisters to see the size of my scrapbook. I almost feel like asking some of you kind sisters to keep some of your good recipes at home, for the sake of my cook-book; I have it nearly written full of your goodies. We must have more physical remedies to keep in perfect health. Supposing we would give the sisters a chance to test some of the splendid recipes that were offered and not only copy them in their cook-book, and in the meantime have a little chat on dressmaking, I am sure it would be of great interest to some of us, as we all need clothes. I fancy in our large circle of acquaintance there are a number of magnificent dressmakers, so won't you give us a hint?

I don't like to say disagreeable things of people, but some of our sisters are too free with their offers. A sister in N. C. promised to send roots and vines of plants that grow wild in her state to all who would send stamps. I sent her sixteen stamps for a fern root but never heard from her. In four months I wrote her. I had my home address on both letters; they never came back, nor did she send the fern or return the stamps. I would like to know the reason.

For those who love fancy quilts they will find the California oak leaf which my mother sent for January COMFORT a very pretty pattern, she also has a California rose quilt pattern and made one for my sister last summer. I really think it is the prettiest quilt I ever saw.

Mrs. M. Ennenman. My mother made me a grape cluster quilt from your pattern, it is a beauty.

Cousin Harry. I made a quilt from the pattern which you call "Follow the Leader," and wish the sisters could see it.

Mrs. R. W. Stebbins. I have also a quilt made like your odd design.

Edith Y. Hulse. You failed to state size of triangles in the pin ball. I know you would laugh to see the one I made. I had no idea how large it would be when I cut the paste-board. I covered it with velvet and use it for my dress patterns.

Mrs. Wm. Mackin. I have saved the poem, "How to Entertain on a North Dakota Farm," give us some more, it is fine.

In my next letter I will tell you how I wash white silk shirt-waists so that they will look like new. I will close with a table prayer:

"Be present at our table Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee."

Yours in friendship,
LENA E. HINZE, Oxford, Neb.

I would thank anyone of the sisters if they could send to the Sisters' Corner or direct to me a recipe for making orange cider.

CECELIA HENNING, 1010 8th Street, Sacramento, Cal.

Mrs. Lottie Clark, Shadeland, Tex., will send anyone a cure for bed wetting if stamp is inclosed. Another sister writes that a handful of raisins eaten daily will effect a cure, but these do not agree with all children.

Mrs. Frank Valentine, Fort Wayne, R. D. 13, Ind., would like remedies for stomach and kidney trouble sent direct to her.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:
I received quite a lot of reading, also letters and cards. I wrote to some and thanked them, but there were quite a number without any address, so I take this manner of thanking all. Your thoughtful kindness has helped me to bear the burden of many weary hours. For eleven long years I have not walked one step and cannot do much with my hands. It is a great comfort and lets of company to receive these messages and know that someone thinks of you. Do not forget me entirely in the future, dear friends.

Mrs. L. T. Wilson, Apollo, R. D. 1, Pa.
DEAR EDITOR:
I wish to thank all for every kindness shown me. Only shut-in know how much these letters mean. I am still a great sufferer, and not always able to write, but I have tried to answer you each. I hope to hear from more of the readers. May God bless all. With sincere thanks for each thought and favor.

Mrs. OLIVE MANCHESTER, Hooker, Okla.
DEAR SISTERS:
I want to thank all for their letters and the beautiful silk pieces. I think I have made some life-long friends from among this noble and unselfish band of sisters.

Since my letter appeared in these columns our P. O. has been changed from Cove to Accident, so please remember this in writing me hereafter. I remain as ever your well wisher.

Mrs. LAURA C. HETRICK, Accident, R. D. 2, Garrett Co., Md.
DEAR SISTERS:
I can sympathize with all invalids and afflicted ones as I am just recovering from a long sickness, but as I was spared to my dear husband and children, my heart is full of thankfulness.

Inspiring influence of a good love story makes lovers' love lovelier, married love hotter. Loolest lover, Divian Voss. See page 2.

ness and gratitude to God for this blessing. We have two lovely girls, Elsie fourteen and Esther four, and it has been very hard for them since I have been sick, before this I was able to do my own housework.

I agree with Mrs. Winnie Hissey. It is a mother's duty to instruct her children in all things. If your little ones come to you with questions which are puzzling their young minds, remember this: if your answers are not satisfactory or truthful they will seek information from their playmates. Each little seed must be tenderly cared for if we would have the beautiful flower later. Evil corrupts, we should ever guard against it.

I would appreciate a few letters, especially from the mothers.

Mrs. A. W. ROUSE, 415 School St., Putnam, Conn.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
Will you allow me space to thank the kind sisters, who responded to my request. I received

many nice letters and postals. I answered as many as I could and sent some cards, but owing to my poor health it was impossible for me to reply to all. I was sick all summer and in August there came a dear little boy to us, then I was so unfortunate as to get badly scalded in October, and was deprived of my eyesight for a long time, my eyes being burned so badly that I could not see at all at first, and had to be led from my bed to my chair, so I know you will pardon me for not writing.

Mrs. Addie M. Beams. Your letter was indeed worthy of reply. I will try to send you a postal soon.

Mrs. Ada Witherwax. I would have been pleased to have visited you by letter but was unable to.

Mrs. Johnson, Markham, Tex. Did you hear from me?
Mrs. Myrtle Richard. I could not get the cards you wanted.

Again thanking all and hoping to be remembered from time to time,
MRS. SADIE V. BARNES, Columbia, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON:
You kindly placed my letter in your dear COMFORT and oh, such a shower of letters and post cards came to us. Such dear kind letters with cheer and sympathy. Thank you for this kindness; and as I look at your picture in COMFORT I think of my great mistake for I thought I was writing to some dear old lady like Aunt Minerva. Little deeds of kindness bring so many blessings.

Now I want to say a few words in explanation, when I wrote asking for letters for my invalid daughter I did not make myself plain, so many mistook her for a little girl. She is still my little girl, although thirty-three years old and has been married seven years and has one little boy Vance, aged five.

When a girl her weight was one hundred and seventy pounds, but now only ninety-six, and she is helpless, just a shadow of her former self. Our hearts ache for her, she has suffered so much. All of the letters she enjoyed and we are answering them as time allows, but sometimes I feel that we can never answer all so let me say God bless you all for your kind thought of us so far away, and may the good you have done be measured to you again.

God certainly cares for His own although at times we are dismayed.

However I can say, give me neither poverty nor riches but always give me COMFORT. We watch each mail eagerly not to miss a single one and with faces beaming over, at last say, "Our COMFORTS come."

Mrs. LIDIE E. MILLER, Box 8, Delta, R. D. 25, Ohio.
DEAR SISTERS:
Two years ago many of you visited me and also sent reading matter, which helped me over many weary hours. For every kindness shown I am very grateful.

COMFORT is a source of pleasure and help in my home. I could not do without it, and now I am in need of more literature and would also like pieces of any kind, anything thankfully received. To all I will extend thanks in advance.

Mrs. SUSIE NICHOLS, Lewisville, R. D. 1, Tex.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
Some months ago I requested the sisters to send me white muslin blocks twelve by twelve with their name and address written in red. I was certainly pleased and astonished. I received blocks from thirty-two states and many sympathetic letters. And a great number of post cards from all over our country. Even some of the brothers remembered me. Mr. S. E. T. sends me a card every week and another brother in Michigan sent ten cents to pay someone to work a block for him. Now really it would be impossible for me to express the pleasure all this has given me during the past year. When a

COMING NEXT MONTH, MID-SUMMER COMFORT, with nine mighty good stories one three-part and eight complete stories. If your subscription expires this month you will miss it. Renew or extend your subscription two full years for 25 cents now.

person is closely confined at home, though not an invalid their lives are apt to be dull and monotonous. And then when they are not able to work or sew or do the hundred and one things that need doing, they have thoughts, not always of the pleasant either. But I am very thankful that I can read and write. I have gained some very dear friends, through correspondence, friends I hope to keep as long as I live, and I hope to make many new ones this year. I do not know of another magazine that is bringing the cheer and help into the lives of so many people as COMFORT is.

And Uncle Charlie. Does it seem possible anyone suffering as he must, can think of all those very funny things to write to make people laugh. Since reading about him, it really makes me want to do better, be more patient and pleasant to those around me.

What a blessing the Rural Free Delivery is, it gives us something to look forward to each day, and how delightful it is when the carrier brings us messages from those who have been thinking of us.

I try to write or send a card to everyone who remembers me but sometimes I cannot write for a long time so in this way someone may be neglected. But I thank you each and all.

Now these few stages are not represented, if a block could be sent me from R. L. N. J. Conn., N. H. Del., Tenn., S. C., N. C., Ala., Ga., N. Dak., Utah, Nev., Ariz., Mont. and Wyoming I should be delighted and will return the favor in some way.

Mrs. ADA E. WINN, Metamora, R. D. 1, Mich.
Remedies Requested

Mrs. Kate Waldorf, 1002 West Calhoun St., Springfield, Mo., will advise those suffering from diabetes if stamp is inclosed. Mrs. B. C. Bayton, Fish Rock, Cal., writes that a cure can be effected if taken soon enough, by the patient living on milk entirely and solely for one year, no other food of any kind must be taken.

Mrs. Lucy Newman, Elk City, Okla., has a daughter who was cured of a horn cancer. Particulars cannot be given here, but Mrs. N. will send to those interested, if stamp is inclosed.

Sheep Sorrel Cancer Cure

Gather sheep sorrel—that grows around old brush-piles or fence corners, and remove every particle of other plants, weeds, etc., leaving nothing but the clean sorrel. Use care that every utensil is perfectly clean. Put the sorrel in a clean white cloth, large enough to cover every bit of it, and dip it into a kettle of almost boiling water, do not let it remain more than one half a minute. Have a dish clean and ready with your hands press out every bit possible. When this is done place the dish out of doors in the sun, bringing it in, before the dew begins to fall. In a few days it will be a nice salad, put in clean, glass cans, such as cold cream is kept in, and when it is to be used spread as much as is needed on a clean cloth, lay it gently on the affected part and let it stay for six hours. Repeat for ten days, then use some good healing salve.

Mrs. C. M. B.
Cancer Cure

Blood root, zinc chloride and common wheat flour, equal parts, mix with water to form a plaster, spread on a cloth large enough to just cover cancer, bind on and keep on twenty-four hours take off, then apply poultice made of ground slippery elm bark, change poultice twice a day until cancer is drawn out. Then apply any good healing salve, until well.

MRS. L. O'KELLEY.
Sure Cure for Neuralgia

Take two or three red pepper pods and put them in hot water until they become soft and pliable, then lift out with a knife and fork and

split them open, put on a cloth and place over the pain, put a cloth between them and the flesh. W. W. HOAG.

For Pneumonia

For a person suffering with pneumonia, dip a piece of cotton in alcohol and three drops of chloroform and put between the teeth and keep same there fifteen minutes and repeat. Give a dose of one and one half teaspoonsful of castor oil after two hours' treatment. Keep repeating the treatment. It will cure the worst cases.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Chili Sauce

Twelve large ripe tomatoes, peeled, four ripe peppers, three green peppers, two big onions, two tablespoonsful of salt, two tablespoonsful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, three cups of vinegar.

Chop all together, then boil one and one half hours. Bottle and seal.

MRS. LOTTIE CLARK.

Cheese Cake

The yolks of two eggs beaten with one and one half cups sugar and one half cup butter, put your crust in pie plate, put on the yolks, bake to a light brown, then beat the whites to a frost, putting in a little sugar and flavoring, bake to a good brown.

C. B. K.

Honey Cookies

Take two and one quarter cups boiled honey, stir up together with two cups of sugar, and seven cups flour, and let it stand in the dish over night. In the morning work up with the hand until soft and add to this four eggs beaten

FATE OF AN ARTLESS RIVAL told in "A Blackberry Romance" in August Mid-Summer COMFORT. See announcement on page 4.

then one half ounce soda (one teaspoonful) dissolved in two teaspoonsful of good whiskey, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful cinnamon, four teaspoonsful vanilla, one half teaspoonful ginger and a little grated nutmeg, one fourth teaspoonful of black pepper and some chopped up almonds if you have them, the cookies are nice without them.

MRS. AUGUST WILNA.

Baked Onions

Peel ten large onions without breaking the layers, boil for half an hour in well salted boiling water and drain them. When cool enough to handle, cut a half inch slice from the top of each, and take out a teaspoonful of the middle part, chop these pieces fine mix them with half a cup of stale bread crumbs, a saltspoonful of salt, quarter of that quantity of pepper and the yolk of a raw egg, use this force meat to stuff the onions, lay them on a baking dish, brush them with the white of the egg, beaten a little, dust them with fine bread crumbs and bake them slowly for forty minutes. Serve hot.

MRS. W. M. APPERSON.

A Flank Steak Pocket

Select two flank steaks about the same size, sew together around the edges with stout thread leaving an opening at one end for filling the same as for turkey or chickens, adding one half pint clean seedless raisins, fill the flank pocket two thirds full of the finest seasoning, place in the oven to roast until done.

To Make Sausage

To twenty pounds of ground meat, put three level tablespoonsful pepper, eight level tablespoonsful salt and from one to three tablespoonsful of sage.

MRS. J. M. NUNWEILER.

Lemon Crackers

Two cups of sugar, one pint of sweet milk, two cups of lard, whites of two eggs, one half of five cents' worth of baking ammonia. Flavor with lemon, mix lard in as much flour as one thinks enough to use up the milk, nine cups or maybe more, dissolve ammonia in milk, beat whites of eggs, add sugar to eggs then pour milk in eggs and sugar, then mix in lard and flour to form a soft dough, cut in squares, pick with fork and bake in hot oven.

MRS. OLGA M. JONES.

Cherry Pudding

Put two quarts of sweet milk in a basin, when it boils take sufficient batter, with two eggs beat in to make it real thick, I use corn starch or flour, then remove from stove and sweeten to taste and add one quart of cherries. I turn my cherries into the colander to drain before I put the milk over, do not use cherry juice, use any flavor you like, and serve with whipped cream.

CECELIA HENNING.

Mango Pickle

Pick the peppers when green and a good size, cut the top off and take out all the seeds and put the top back on the pepper, then put them in a granite pail or pan large enough and cover with salt and water (not too strong) let stand over night, then in the morning drain, take your cabbage and chop fine (or grind in a food chopper which is quicker) and sprinkle a little salt over it and let stand for one half hour, then squeeze dry and stuff your peppers as tight as you can, put the top on and tie with common white cord and pack in a crock, then pour good cider vinegar sufficient to cover, select good clean cabbage leaves and cover the peppers, then turn a plate over them and put a clean stone on top and they will keep nicely, do not put any water with the vinegar, and be sure to stuff them tight enough because the vinegar will penetrate the cabbage and make them quite sour.

MRS. D. A. EIGHMEY.

Everlasting Yeast

Take out three tablespoonsful of "sponge" when you make light bread and put one teaspoonful of sugar and one of flour, over this, until your next baking. This will keep it "going" and it will never get too sour. Next, when you get ready to "set sponge" for your next baking, take this "start," put it into a jar (or vessel large enough to allow for rising), then add four pints, or as much water as you wish, then add about three tablespoonsful of sugar. Stir in flour until it is quite stiff and set in a warm place to rise. Next morning, the first thing, take out your "start" or you will lose it, then mix sponge with flour until stiff, add salt and a spoonful of lard and set away in a greased pan to rise. Work down, let rise again, then mold into loaves, same as any ordinary light bread.

MRS. LOTTIE CLARK.

Light Bread

In the evening dissolve one cake of yeast foam in one half cup of warm (not hot) water, mash fine three medium-sized boiled potatoes. Pour on them one pint of water in which they were boiled. While still hot add enough flour

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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Fuel Drawn Principally From Atmosphere.

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This Valveless Wickless Automatic Oil-Gas and Air-Burner Stove

automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air. Scientific test proves it uses 395 barrels of air to one gallon common kerosene oil.

CHEAPEST FUEL—SUMMER COMFORT. Intense heat but concentrated under cooking vessels and absorbed by articles being cooked—not thrown out to overheat your kitchen.

To operate—turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match; it generates gas, which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed. That's all. It is self-regulating, no more attention. Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner—oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as anything in this world. Ideal for summer use. Not dangerous like gasoline. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks—nothing to clog or close up. No wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control—kitchen always cool. D. C. BARNES, Ind., writes: "It costs me only 41-2 cents a day for fuel." L. Norris, VI., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel, at least 50 to 75 per cent. over wood and coal." E. Arnold, Neb., writes: "Saved \$4.25 a month for fuel by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Generator. My range costs me \$5.50 per month, the Harrison \$1.35 per month." Thos. Vincent, Wis., writes: "My wife never had anything else enjoyed so much as her stove. It is very quick, no heated room, no dirt, no soot, anything we ever saw."

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, dears, we have come to July and are you all feeling as sweet and full as the June roses were? But, of course, you are, for the summer is only beginning and you haven't had any chance at all yet to grow and glow as summer girls. I know I haven't and I feel just as summer-girlly as any of you, although I am old enough to be your mother. June is such a lovely month that simply to live through it makes one feel young and rosy. But I mustn't forget in my summer enthusiasm that there is something else to do but sit and glow. You want me to work, I know, because you have written such a pile of letters to me. So here I go.

The first one I come to is from a cousin at Irongate, Va., who asks me to call her "Carry Nation," because she hates whiskey so. Cousin Carry wants to know if she should give up her best young fellow because he has a little fault of temper and I tell her "No." All of us have faults of some kind and when two people want to get along together well it is their duty to help each other correct the faults. As to the nasty bad boy she speaks of, she should not have anything at all to do with him. He is a young ruffian now and will grow worse as he grows older.

Mayflower, Lakota, N. Dak.—Really I don't know about the fat girls and the slim girls. People differ in their tastes. (2) Don't discard the young fellow because he was nice to other girls while you were away. Do you want him to be a hermit? (3) Usually when a young man has been refused by a girl he wants to be treated as a stranger, though I never could tell why. It seems to me if he wanted her enough to marry her, he would want her as a friend if he couldn't get her as a wife.

Perplexed, La Grande, Ore.—Maybe the young man has hypnotized you. Whether he has or not, you should read the riot act to him and treat him as you do the other young fellows of your acquaintance. He is simply flirting with you and you can't realize it because you think he is so "different" from the others. He isn't! They are all alike. Wake up, my dear.

Hopeless, Cambridge, Md.—Yes, love makes a fool of a woman. It hasn't done that for you yet, but will if you are not careful. Tell the man who gets drunk and neglects you that you want to have no more to do with him. And when you have told him so, make good. Too many girls say that to men and then get soft and begin again. I hope you will be wise and firm.

Troubled Star, Gettysburg, Pa.—It looks like a dreadful shame for girls not to love real first-class men and marry them, and instead of that love the worthless men and marry them, but they are always doing it. Nobody knows why they do and there doesn't seem to be any cure for it, even marriage doesn't always cure it. If you don't love the man, don't marry him. But for goodness sake, don't marry some worthless one because you do love him.

Blue Bell, Little Rock, Ark.—The man was stupid and didn't know any better. He didn't mean any harm, I imagine, but you can better dispense with the attentions of that kind. Keep him off. (2) The sweetest that thinks so little of you he will go with a girl of questionable character and still think he has a right to claim you, is either a knave or a fool. Don't ask him to choose between you and the other girl. You do the choosing and choose to throw him over without further talk about it.

Waiting, Hereford, Ariz.—You did perfectly right in accepting the young man's invitation to go riding in order to tell him what you thought of him and his attentions to you. You might have chosen some other plan, but the chief thing was to let him know exactly what you thought.

Blue-eyed Minnie, McAlester, Okla.—If the young lumber hauler is of the same social circle that your own people belong to, his occupation should not be a bar to your accepting attentions from him. But if he is your father's hired man, for example, and he is uneducated and common, you should look higher. There is a whole lot to consider before choosing a permanent companion. (2) Well, well, one man thinks so much of you he gives a large farm to another one to stay away and give him all the chance, does he? And you don't know what to do about it? You don't want the man who buys off the other man, and you don't want the man who sells out. Better let them both go.

Two Chums, Nobel, Mo.—Forget the bean question and get back to your spelling-books. I don't know what high school you graduated from, but it evidently didn't teach spelling.

Goldie, Apolla, Pa.—Your father knows better than I do whether you should go out at night with young men unless your brother or sister is with you, and I have no opinion to offer you but his ruling. (2) If the young man drank before he joined the church, and has been drunk again, you should not try to reform him. Leave it to wiser persons. (3) If Ralph is so anxious to meet you, why should you try to "get an acquaintance from him?" Let him do the trying. (4) It will be proper to visit at the home of the young man as your families are friends.

Mearline, Lowpoint, Ill.—Girls are supposed to be old enough to accept the attentions of young men after they have graduated, whether they are sixteen or younger. But no matter how old a girl is, she shouldn't have beans till she is done with her books. (2) Why should you want to go with him again when he has neglected you for three months? Do you like neglect so well that you want more of it? (3) You must exercise charity towards the chap who tries to kiss you while out driving. It's a weakness they all are born with and they can't help it.

Trixie, Plains, Kans.—You deserve to lose him if you can't find a way to bring him back again. I think he is willing enough.

Troubled Lassie, Morgantown, W. Va.—Write him a little note thanking him for the post cards and I think he will do the rest. He knows the way to your house, and you needn't give him a map.

Brown Eyes, Monument, N. Mexico.—You are too ready to listen to bad reports. The young man is all right and whenever you do hear anything so right to him with it so he will understand. Believe him till you know for sure that he is not worthy. (2) It was not at all lady-like for Miss B. not to accept Miss A.'s invitation until she knew that the young man "she was after" was also invited. Miss A. would be justified in not inviting Miss B. again, or the young man, if he knew how Miss B. had acted.

N. C. Beloit, Wis.—Thank you very much for your appreciation. I am doing my best to show these little cousins of mine the way to sensible happiness.

Helena, Canby, Minn.—You treated him so shabbily that you don't deserve ever to have his friendship again.

1, 2, 3, Reno, Nev.—Don't ask questions about beans until you are through with your books. That is to say, don't have any beans to ask about.

Disnee, Cuba, Ala.—You don't talk like a very sincere girl, and I don't believe you are. You know what is right to do, now do it.

Newly Engaged, Lincoln, Neb.—Engaged couples may do kiss and make up as they like, but she should not go out to the buggy to tell him good by when he is leaving, but she will hear about it if any of the neighbors see her. (2) He certainly should go to see her once a month if he lives only forty miles away, unless he is too poor to buy railroad fare. Don't put too much affection in the way you sign your letters to him. You may feel that way, but it sounds different when others see it in cold print as they may sometimes do.

Violet, Mabank, Texas.—Maybe your sweetheart thinks a great deal of you, but I think he shows it very poorly when he moves away from your town

without ever coming to tell you good by. I wouldn't have a sweetheart like that. The excuse that she was driving with his brother and couldn't come is not much of an excuse, I think. You may do as you please about making up with him.

Sad Heart, Tampa, Fla.—The man at thirty-four is not a bit too old for you at twenty-two. Indeed that is a much more suitable age than if he were twenty-four. As you love each other don't hesitate a moment on account of his age.

V. V. R. M., Elkhart, Ind.—When a girl has been as silly as you have been there are no words I can give you to express the situation. You will have to tell the man you do not love him and do love the other and let him say whatever he thinks about it. He ought to rejoice that he is losing you.

Rosebud, Tully, N. Y.—Wait, Cousin Rosebud, till you bloom, then ask me your questions about love and beans. You tell me you are sixteen, but I don't believe it. Any sixteen-year-old girl that I know would know the answers to your questions.

Clover Blossom, Hill City, Kans.—Don't pay any attention to that man who makes threats, and tell the married man who insists upon paying you attention that if he does not stop you will tell his wife. That is the only way to cure a married flirt.

Cow Girls, Dombey, Okla.—Better postpone your elopement until you have learned how to spell. When girls write that they are "engaged," and that their parents are "awful stricken," I think they need something else than an elopement.

Troubled, Krum, Texas.—Don't take either. Wait until you are old enough to know your own mind. My, but some of you cousins are awfully silly about beans.

There, dears, I have answered all your questions, or sent some of them to other departments of COMFORT, where you must look for them, and I just know you are perfectly satisfied with all I have said to you. No? Well, some of you needed a teeny scolding. However, it is all over now, and may the good Lord take care of you everyone and bring us together next month for me to talk again. By, by. COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

to make a moderately stiff batter. When cold add dissolved yeast cake and one and one half teaspoonful sugar. Let stand over night in a warm place. In morning take three pints warm water, add to this the above sponge, two teaspoonfuls of salt and as much sifted flour as you can beat in with a spoon. Stand in a warm place to rise. When light, add one and one half teaspoonfuls lard. Knead one half hour, add as much flour as needed. Let rise again, and then knead another one half hour. Let rise second time, then make into loaves. Let rise to double their size and bake for forty-five minutes to one hour. The above will make five loaves of bread.

Klondike Cold Cake

One half cup butter, one and one half cups sugar (granulated), one half cup sweet milk, two cups best flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. At last add the well-beaten whites of six eggs. Flavor with orange.

For Filling

The yolks of six eggs, two cups sugar, flavor with extract of lemon, bake in layer tins; after placing the layers together set in oven to dry. MISS EDNA ALLEY.

Homemade Mustard

One cup flour, two teaspoonfuls mustard, three teaspoonfuls sugar, one fourth teaspoonful cloves, one fourth teaspoonful allspice, vinegar to mix smoothly. Put one half cup vinegar in a pan and let come to a boil then stir in the mixture, stirring all the while and let boil till it begins to thicken, then pour in glasses as it is real thick when cold. We think this is fine.

Potato Soup

Peel about five good-sized potatoes and slice them, put in a pan, cover with water and boil until nearly done. Season with salt, pepper and little butter, add about a pint of milk and let boil until potatoes are done. This is almost as good as oyster soup. Mrs. W. W.

Cream Cookies

Two cups thick sour cream, two cups white sugar, one egg, two small teaspoonfuls soda, some salt. Beat cream until light and fluffy, then rolled out sprinkle with cinnamon and bake in a quick oven, or flavor with lemon or vanilla. MARY OLIVE.

Favorite Cold Desserts

Mousse

Whipped cream, sweetened and flavored and packed in a mold and frozen is delicious.

Raspberry Mousse

Whip one pint of cream stiff; add one cup of powdered sugar and one pint of raspberries pressed through a sieve, mix all together, put in a mold previously wet with cold water, pack in salt and ice and freeze three hours. Mousse can be packed in to an ice cream freezer, but should never be turned.

Pineapple Cream

Whip one half pint of cream to which add a medium sized chopped pineapple, the juice of a lemon and two thirds cup of powdered sugar. Dissolve an ounce of gelatine in a little hot water, mix all together, put into a mold and serve with or without cream when cold.

Peach Ice Cream

Peel and slice a quart measure of peaches. To these add one and one half pounds of sugar, stir with the peaches and let set until the sugar is dissolved, then add one quart of cream and one teaspoonful vanilla. With a long-handled spoon stir all ingredients together, then put into freezer and pack with ice and salt. Mrs. L. K. PECK.

Smothered Tomatoes

Wipe medium-sized tomatoes and cut in half crosswise. Put in hot spider, sprinkle thickly with pepper, salt and dot with butter, sprinkle thickly with bread crumbs or flour. Cover closely and let cook slowly until done. Then brown in hot oven and serve with

Denser Dressing

Cream four tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, dash of cayenne, the yolk of one

NINE ROUSING, STIRRING, interesting, instructive stories in COMFORT next month. Look at the outline on page 4.

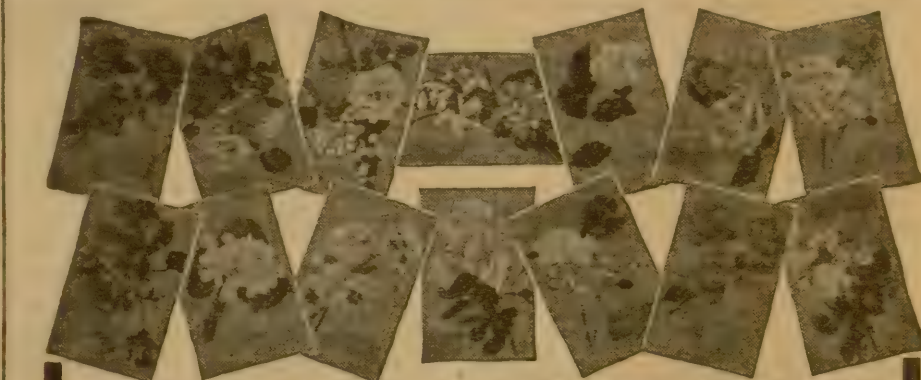
hard-boiled egg rubbed to a paste, one slightly beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until it thickens. Mrs. G. S. POTTER.

Jelly Making

A common mistake in jelly making is the adding of too much water, this does not result in more jelly but simply has to cook out before the jelly begins to form. Another mistake is made in trying to economize with sugar.

Certain fruits jelly easily, such as crab apples, yellow pippin, grapes, just ripe, and guineas, these may all be made with half pound of sugar to each pint of fruit juice. Juice must be boiled away before sugar is added.

Quinces, apples and crab apples need not be pared but the cores and seeds must be removed. With raspberries, blackberries, grapes and currants equal measure of sugar should be used to obtain the best results, although grapes will jelly with less sugar. The raspberries and black-



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berries need a little more acid to make a firm jelly. Cherries, peaches, pears and huckleberries are not jelly making fruits.

Mrs. A. H. Anderson, Edmore, N. Dak., wishes Mrs. Butler to let her know how she makes Chili Sauce of canned tomatoes.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send three trial ten-cent five months' subscriptions to COMFORT, and 30 cents for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

W. B. Butland 1381 3rd Ave., Terre Haute, Ind. Miss Julia Love, Girard, Ala. Cora Reed, Kiltanining, B. D. 5, Pa. George E. Colby, Beltrami, Minn. Leo N. Shaver, Gold Hill, N. C. Mrs. Chas. E. Hallenbeck, "Fair View House", New Salem, N. Y. Miss Leona Waddell, Box 27, Stanton, B. D. 3, Tenn. Ellsworth Fosty, 231 E. Colorado St., Pasadena, Cal. Roy C. Motz, "BRANDED BY A KISS." What does it mean? See announcement of August Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT on page 4.

Warren, Pa. Miss Margaret Jacobs, Roscoe, Ohio. Edward Myers, Box 53, Bradford, B. D. 2, Iowa. Wm. Harch, Altamont, Ill. Mr. Edward Smith, Stinesville, Ind. Mrs. A. H. Sylvester, 147 Washington St., Peekskill, N. Y. Theo. Frickstad, Raymond, Cal. Mrs. H. Albright, 646 E. 20th St., Portland, Ore., Sta. D. G. C. Morgan, Walla, Wash., Chicago views. I. Good, Creighton, Ga.

Missing Relatives and Friends

At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relative department one year ago. Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy result in the future. If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located. We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed, as in sending you notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new yearly 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

Information desired of Charles Watson, last seen in 1865 at Centerville, Cumberland Valley, Pa. Had a photograph wagon. Is about 64 years of age. Address R. Haney Jordan, No. 206 2nd St., Macon, Mo.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Frank Neager, last heard of at Army, Texas, write his mother, Mrs. Mary Neager, Latrobe, R. D. 3, Pa.

Please send particulars of late E. J. Campbell, somewhere near New York, to my brother, old and ill. C. Campbell, Ruro, Pittsfield, Mass.

Information wanted of John Siefert, last heard of in Omaha, Neb., write his sister, Mrs. L. V. Adams, Westlake, Idaho.

Information of John Clubb, age thirty-five, last heard of at Benton, Mo., three years ago. Write to sister, Mrs. Sophina Lee, Box 102, Lockhart, S. C.

Present post-office address of Mr. W. C. Ness, age sixty-eight or sixty-nine years, last heard of was in Randolph, Neb., wanted by Mrs. L. J. Baysinger, Box 134, Meadow Grove, Neb.

E. Marion Proe, left Cabool, Mo., in 1899 and last heard of at Grandin, Mo. Address Mrs. Dora Proe, Glen Elder, R. D. 4, Kans.

Lowell Revord, dark complexion, two fingers of right hand, last heard from at Cordova, Ala. Communicate with sister, Lillian Revord, Grenada, Ala.

William F. White, last seen in Oklahoma in 1908. Any information gratefully received by his sister, Mrs. Sarah White, Springfield, E. D. 1, Ind.

We can cure your SWEATY FEET and correct Bad Odors of same. Now do help the most abused part of your body. Mailed for 25 cents. WINSLOW STANLEY CO., 53 Kellogg St., Portland, Maine, U. S. A.

Mechanical Shorthand by mail, A. A. ROBERTSON, Portland, Maine. (No canvassing) particulars free. Olympic Art Co., 6223 Latona Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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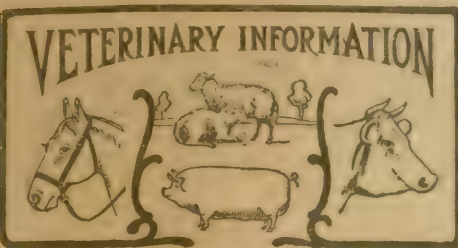
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Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian who holds a professorship in a large university. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, Comfort, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

CONVULSION.—(1) I have a kitten about five months old. About one month ago was playing (chasing string around in a circle) all at once she fell, her head bent back, her front feet stiffened and hind feet kept kicking, keeping her going around on her side, soon her breath seemed to stop and she was limp. We shook her and she started panting, keeping that up about two hours and seemed choked so she could hardly catch her breath. She was very weak and could not move without much pain for nearly a week. Seems to be better but hasn't much use of hind legs and back, seems weak (she has never had raw meat to eat). Thinking it might be worms choking her, gave a few drops turpentine in milk. A. M. S.

REPLY.—The kitten had a fit and worms are the probable cause. See advice as to the treatment in back numbers of the paper; but it was right to give the turpentine and you might also give castoria as required to open the bowels and also have an effect upon the parasites. A few drops of fluid extract of pink root and senna may be added when worms are known to be present.

PUPPS.—I have a mule three years old that has a knot on the outside of both of its hind knees. It has been there for about a month and is soft and thick it is wind galls caused by a strain. R. N. C.

REPLY.—"Wind-galls" come from a strain or hard work and are seen on the hocks or just above the joints. The puffs on the hocks (not knees) indicate distension of the synovial sac and it may result in bog spavin. Rub the hair bare with iodine ointment each other day. Rest the mule.

MANGE.—I traded for a mule colt last fall that had an itching humor; it rubbed off the hair where it had a chance and the colt I raised has it now also a five-year-old mare. They bite themselves, keeping me awake nights (the lot is near the house). Thin scabs form; where they sear they leave little sores; they are thick on shoulder and neck and mangy. S. L.

REPLY.—Have each affected animal clipped, then brush clean and at once wash all affected parts with a warm one-fifth solution of coal tar dip and then rub in Fowler's sulphur freely. Repeat the treatment as often as necessary. Put the animals into a new paddock as soon as treated and cleanse, disinfect and whitewash all stables and pens where they have been.

DUMMY HORSE.—I have a horse that is sluggish and when I stop him from work he will apparently go to sleep standing up and begin to go down in all of his legs and will sometimes fall flat to the ground and stretch, he is a good horse and in very good order and will eat heartily three times a day; he also has a lump on the knee joint caused by a wire cut. Can you tell me any cure for it? J. S. I.

REPLY.—We suspect that the horse is "dummy", a term applied to a horse that has suffered a severe attack of sunstroke at one time in his life and been left with incurable softening of the brain. Have him clipped and cut the grain ration in half. Do not feed corn. Keep bowels active. Keep him in muscular condition rather than fat.

WARTS.—Our yearling calves seem to be more or less scabby and some of them have wartlike lumps on their throat and neck, some have them on the ribs also, and they are rough or look as if covered with gray moss. They are about the size of marbles and grow in bunches outside the skin. We feed good prairie hay. J. N. S.

REPLY.—Twist off each wart that can be got hold of and rub powdered sulphate of copper into the base. Saturate masses of small warts with cold pressed Castor oil once daily. The scabs may indicate ringworm which grows on damp, dirty walls and woodwork as well as on animals so that all places occupied by cattle should be ventilated, cleansed, disinfected and whitewashed. After scrubbing and scraping each scabby place clean, rub in iodine ointment each other day until well.

SORES ON HEAD.—Can you tell me what to do for a yearling that has small running sores on his head about the size of a grain of wheat which later developed into raw sores; they heal over a part of the time. I have noticed of late that the trouble is spreading, though at first it was confined to top of the head, which is, and always has been devoid of feathers. He is about nine months old, and sings constantly. I keep his cage clean, bathe his head, and grease with vaseline. Give him a diet of egg, bread, apple, birdseed and lettuce in season. He also has gravel, cuttle bone, and plenty of fresh water. Mrs. A. C. E.

REPLY.—Stop using grease and rub in a little sublimate of bismuth on sores as required. If this does not avail then apply balsam peru once or twice a week.

COUGH.—We have a dog that coughs and tries to vomit, sometimes he won't eat anything for a day or two and his hair looks bad, then he will get all right and eat heartily, and live a life, his hair will look fine, then he will take another spell. Sometimes when he breathes I can hear a rattling noise in his throat. We gave him pumpkin seed oil, also some Castor oil and worm medicine, but it didn't seem to do him any good. Miss L. S.

REPLY.—Give him a teaspoonful of glyco-heroin as often as found necessary to allay cough and two or three times a week give him some parboiled liver to keep bowels open. Do not feed potatoes. See that he is out of doors every day and has no sudden changes of food.

HARD MILKER.—I have a fine Jersey cow with third calf. The cow gives about three gallons of milk per day, but she is hard to milk, the milk flows in her teats free enough but it is very hard to draw out. I have been with all three calves. The stream is very small. Can you advise me what to do to make her milk easy and the stream larger? Mrs. L. H.

REPLY.—By stirring down through the obstructions at ends of teats by means of a sterilized test bistoury and then putting in lead dilators to keep the ducts open until the wounds heal the cow may be rendered an easy milker. It is usual to cut with the bistoury in four different directions through the obstructions. If possible the work should be done by a qualified veterinarian.

PINKING COW.—I have a large Jersey cow, twelve years old, that I have owned for two years. She has been in good condition and a good feeder and has never been off the ranch where she was raised until about two months ago, when I moved to this place which is about eight miles from there. Since that time she has lost in flesh and has no appetite. I have the best of hay, but she eats but little of it. I turn her out with the other cows, she stands around and doesn't seem to care about grazing. There is good grass, she looks lively enough. I think she is housebound, she had a calf three weeks ago, every thing seemed to be all right. Mrs. A. C. C.

REPLY.—We think it most likely that the cow has tuberculosis and would advise you to at once have her tested with tuberculin by a qualified veterinarian. Meanwhile give her a change of food and see to it that the drinking water is as like that which was accustomed to as possible.

BOG SPAVIN.—(1) I have a colt two years old. About two months ago a puff came on her left back joint one in front and one on each side of her leg. (2) Her upper gums seem to be swollen down below her front teeth and she has a habit of rubbing her tail and wants to cut dirt. M. S. J.

REPLY.—(1) The condition is a bad one, constituting bog spavin, and treatment often proves useless, but young horses sometimes grow out of the condition. Meticulously stir down the entire summer, applying the tar again and again as it is seen to be wearing off. (2) The swollen condition usually is termed "lumps". The filly has indigestion. Give some old hard ears

of corn to chew on as they will help reduce the swelling. Feed oats and bran with hay; no corn. The tail and mane should be washed and the roots then saturated with a creamy mixture of flowers of sulphur and raw linseed oil.

IRITABLE BLADDER.—I have a cow, calf three weeks old, and while being milked she has a tendency to urinate. Is she suffering from anything that I could help?

REPLY.—This will tend to pass off gradually and especially after the cow goes to grass. Give her twenty drops of fluid extract of belladonna leaves three times daily in a little water as a diuretic.

RABIES.—I have a bull terrier dog, two years old. Last summer she began to scratch. I washed her and rubbed with sulphur and vaseline and every time she would be all inflamed and get red all about the mouth and eyes, we gave her sulphur in her food three or four times. When she scratches she never sheds any hair. The latter part of February she appeared restless and walked about her dog house, going out and in, from box to box, held her feet up, first one than the other, she slobbered from her mouth, not foam but stringy a great deal at a time. About two weeks before a large dog fought with and bit her about the head. Our next door neighbor's dogs acted the same way and they shot one of them and our dog too. We have one of her pups five months old and she was always with the mother. Do you think there is any danger? Mrs. H. W.

REPLY.—The dog had red mange in the first place and then apparently became infected with rabies due to the bite of a rabid dog. Provided the puppy was not bitten by a rabid dog there is no danger that rabies will appear.

RECURRENT OPHTHALMIA.—I have a team of horses that have been affected with what I think is pink eye. The mare went blind with it about eighteen months ago and I think the horse will lose his sight. It begins by the horse keeping his eyes closed as if sleepy, then the eyes begin to run water and there comes a milky scum over them, then they materialize as the lids swell badly and there comes a pink spot over the pupil of the eye. I have been washing the eyes with a wash made by steeping wild rose roots in water. They have been affected with it a number of times. J. W. S.

REPLY.—The disease is recurrent or periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) and is incurable. It will cause blindness of one or both eyes after successive attacks and affected horses should not be used for breeding purposes as the tendency to the disease is hereditary. Distress may be relieved somewhat at time of attack by giving a dram of iodide of potash three times daily in water and keeping the eyes covered with a soft cloth to be kept wet with a solution of half a dram each of opiate and zinc and fluid extract of belladonna leaves with ten drops of pure carbolic acid in a quart of cold water. Darken the stable.

RECURRENT OPHTHALMIA.—I have a mule that something is the matter with her eyes. She has had the disease for about one year. About once every month she goes blind and then her eyes clear up. The disease has put one of her eyes out. Can you tell me what to do to cure the other blindness? Miss C. K.

REPLY.—The disease is "moon blindness" and is incurable. See advice under title of "recurrent ophthalmia" in this issue.

SPACINGS.—I have a mare blind from the blind staggers; she was over pulled one time and when an other horse touches her on the head she jumps back and begins to shake and then she opens her mouth and turns her head to the right side and gets into a regular spasm. H. M.

REPLY.—The disease is incurable. She should be worked single and kept in a box stall.

GRUBS IN NOSTRILS.—In Comfort for April a question was asked what is the matter with my sheep? The person asking the question thinks there is something the matter with their head. It is grub in the head. I will tell you a sure cure for it, if they will follow my directions. Take one pint of coal oil and put enough carbolic acid in it to make it bitter to the tongue. It takes two men to give the treatment. When you see a sheep affected in the way described let one man lay the sheep on its back, the other on the floor or ground and when it inhales, let the other person pour one teaspoonful of the oil in each nostril, and hold the head back long enough for the oil to run back in the head, then let it up. We have used this remedy for twenty years and never lost one sheep. Mrs. K. B.

REPLY.—The treatment advised is a favorite one with farmers who more commonly use straight kerosene or turpentine. It should be remembered, however, that grubs in the nostrils or sinuses of the head seldom if ever cause disturbance sufficient to cause death. They aggravate so badly, however, that where some other disease is present, liver trouble or worms for instance, the combination proves too much for the sheep and death ensues.

SPAVIN.—I have a two-year-old mare that went lame in her left hind leg. The hock or large joint is swollen, more in front and inside and is quite hard. Her hips are sunken in more than usual. She gets around quite well after starting and is limbered up but after stopping will rest on three legs, slightly putting toe to the ground and will keep lifting it up. She had a bog spavin on the other hind leg below joint but it has been killed and doesn't bother. W.

REPLY.—The joint is badly affected by a forming bog spavin which may involve the true joint as well as the small bones lower down. A mare in this condition should on no account be used for breeding purposes as the tendency to spavin is unquestionably hereditary. She should not again be used for breeding. Treatment should consist in having the entire hock joint fire-bred and blistered by a veterinarian, after which she should be tied up short in stall for at least six weeks. The treatment will have to be postponed until the colt is weaned. Meanwhile the joint might be blistered once or twice with cerate of cantharides; but even blistering is best left until after weaning time.

SICK CAT.—I have a cat that has been sick a month; he ate some beans and became constipated. I saw Castor oil and pills. If he walks the least bit he is completely exhausted. He lies on his stomach and breathes very hard, and seems to have difficulty in swallowing. He won't eat except a tiny bit of raw beef and a little milk. His sides are sunken nearly together in the back, and his eyes run with a kind of corruption. He has had the itch or mange. I read in your column to use Resinol ointment which I did and it seems to have cured him, though his fur has something in it like dandruff. Mrs. B. S.

REPLY.—It would be best to put the cat out of his misery as his trouble has gone too far to prove curable and we fear it is tuberculosis affecting the glands of the throat and probably the lungs. We Animals so affected should not be kept about the house, and especially where children are. For constipation in cats you will find Castoria safe and excellent. It may be given in teaspoonful doses. Liver, parboiled, also is beneficial.

SWELLING.—We have a cow, fresh March 8. There is a loose skin starting between the two front teats and reaches to navel and feels as if it might be full of water; it is larger next to bag and gradually gets smaller to navel and is as large around at the large end as a quart can. Do you think milk at right for use? It tastes sweet. I. E. C.

REPLY.—Such a swelling must be carefully handled for we are unable to say without an examination whether it is a dropsical swelling or an abscess or a hernia (rupture). It is most likely a dropsical swelling and in that case is associated with imperfect action of the mammary (milk) vein. Hand rubbing directed toward the fore part of the body and done several times a day might help. If it is an abscess containing pus, it will have to be opened and treated with antiseptics. If it is a hernia, treatment will do no good. If it is an abscess the milk should not be used.

WEAK JOINT.—(1) I have a colt two years old this last June whose stifle joint seems to be out of joint. It has been so since she was born. She walks with her leg bent so that the fetlock nearly touches the ground. She doesn't run and kick as other colts do. I use cerate of cantharides as a stimulating liniment, I use cerate of cantharides but can do nothing for it? (3) How should cerate of cantharides be put on? (4) What kind of liniment is meant by a stimulating one and how is it prepared? T. H.

REPLY.—(1) The stifle joint is located at the hank and corresponds to the human knee. Apparently you refer to the fetlock joint which is the first joint of the hoof. At this later day it is improbable that a cure can be obtained by treatment. (2) Cerate of cantharides may be rubbed in after removing the hair from part. (3) This blister should be rubbed in for fifteen minutes, a little at a time and then smear some over the surface when the rubbing has been sufficiently done. Wash blister off in forty-eight hours; then apply a little hard daily. The colt so be cannot bite blistered part. When the colt is washed off the colt may be turned loose in box stall. (4) A stimulating liniment usually contains such things as ammonia and turpentine. A suitable formula follows: Turpentine and aqua ammonia, of each one ounce, druggist's soap, four ounces; water, enough to make one pint. Shake. Rub in once daily. Dilute with water when it blisters.

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PARALYSIS.—What is the cause and cure for sheep, ewes, that become stiff in their legs? They cannot get up without help, and then they cannot stand alone. The appetite seems to be good for drinking, as well as eating. One ewe, especially, has ticks and lice. Some of the lice resemble the striped cow lice and some the little white lice that are sometimes found on cats. The ones that are afflicted the worse have lambs. Shall we try to raise the young lambs, or let them stay with their mothers? Mrs. S. A. F.

REPLY.—The commonest cause is lack of adequate nutrition during pregnancy. When ewes are semi-starved on a ration of timothy hay, straw and fodder, instead of receiving mixed clover hay and a grain and meal ration when in lamb they are apt to weaken and go down when the lambs nurse and so aggravate the weakness and nervousness already induced. Prevention is in proper feeding and seeing to it that the ewes have plenty of outdoor exercise every suitable day throughout pregnancy. Feed a mixture of whole oats, bran and flaxseed meal. Wean the lambs of paralyzed ewes.

BOG SPAVIN.—I have a young mare that has a soft enlargement in front and a little to the inside of the hock joint on the right hind leg and she is not lame. We have been working her on the ranch doing any kind of work and it doesn't seem to hurt her at all. She has been that way for three years or more. It feels as though there was water or blood around the joint. H. B.

REPLY.—There is a distension of the capsular ligament of the joint with synovia (joint oil) and this constitutes a "bog spavin". There is no cure. In young colts applying pine tar freely to the joint once a month or so while the animal runs on grass may do some good as there is at first a tendency to outgrow the condition. It would be best to leave it alone.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare six years old that has been lame in her right fore foot over a year. She is worse on hard ground, and points her foot forward when she stands; her shoulder is shrinking some on that same side. She likes to stand high with the heel. The bottom of her foot is getting powdery like, and the odor is offensive. I have blistered the foot several times without good results. She is out of condition otherwise. W. A.

REPLY.—This apparently is an incurable case of navicular disease and the only help would be to have the leg unshod. This would do away with the lameness but does not do away with the disease. It usually is not good policy to unshoe unless the foot is perfectly sound apart from the disease of the navicular bone within the horny box. She also has indigestion. Feed more carefully. Have her clipped. Give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning.

COLT FOUNDER.—Could you tell me of a disease called in this locality "colt founder". Is there help for it or can it be cured or will they always be troubled with it at foaling time? Mrs. M. A. E.

REPLY.—"Colt founder" is a term applied to that form of founder (laminitis) of the feet which is caused by absorption of poisonous matters following retention of a part of the afterbirth in the womb, or from septic inflammation of the womb. When a mare has been thus affected she should not again be used for breeding. The affected mare has high fever and is usually so badly that she scarcely can walk and does so with the fore feet thrust out in front and the hind ones advanced under the belly. After removing hair from the hoofbeds of fore feet they should be blistered every two weeks until animal can walk fairly well.

GREASE.—I have a seven-year-old mule taken with what I thought was scratches early last fall. I doctored him all winter, his legs were sore at night. With it went him the swelling seems to go down. The cracks and swelling are just above the pastern joint, they get hot and there is a yellow discharge. I feed him three bundles of fodder and twelve ears of corn a day. J. G. B.

REPLY.—Stop feeding corn and feed oats and bran lightly. Keep him at work every day. Give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning. Poultice parts with hot flaxseed meal until discharge ceases. In each poultice, which should be changed night and morning, mix two drams of coal tar disinfectant and two tablespoonfuls of powdered wood charcoal. After stopping the poulticing wet the parts twice daily with a lotion composed of four ounces of Goulard's extract and two ounces of glycerine, with water to make one pint.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

J. E. C. West Virginia.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that: (1) The wife of A. cannot now recover any interest in the property you mention; and (2) upon proper evidence an action of alienation of affections might lie against the woman you mention.

L. A. K. North Dakota.—If the homestead was proved up in the father's name, we are of the opinion that the children cannot compel him to divide the property at any time.

T. W. Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that: (1) A wife can draw a will of the property of all her personal property to suit herself, but her husband, if one survives her, is entitled to a life estate of her real property; subject to this she can also dispose of her real estate, by will as she sees fit, but a second wife or a child by a second marriage of her husband, would not be entitled to an interest in her real estate or other property, if she leaves children of her own; (2) it is not necessary that a will be drawn by a lawyer, but we think it advisable to have one draw your will and attend to the execution thereof, as if the will is not legally drawn and executed it might be contested and thrown out; (3) jewelry belonging to a woman, upon her death, forms part of her estate and would go according to the terms of her will, if she leaves one, otherwise it would be disposed of in whatever manner those entitled to the proceeds of her estate might agree upon, or if they cannot agree, it would be sold and the proceeds divided according to the capacity of each; (4) if the husband would in all probability be appointed administrator of her estate, he would in that capacity have charge of the sale or disposal of it; (5) minor children are under the custody and control of the father and he is entitled to their earnings, and he is bound for their support.

Mrs. L. H. Kansas.—We are of the opinion, that, if the terms of the mortgage state all things necessary for housekeeping, it would include dishes and cooking utensils and that the term bedding would include all covering, pillows, ticks, or mattresses, and all other things that are used for the bed.

Mrs. J. M. Wisconsin.—We are of the opinion that a license is not necessary to insert an advertisement, but that it may be necessary to procure a license before manufacturing or selling the goods you advertise for sale. (2) We do not care to recommend any dealers in the goods you mention as the column is not for that purpose.

T. A. M. H. North Dakota.—We are of the opinion, that the charge of the doctor you mention should be regulated entirely by what would be considered reasonable, depending entirely upon the circumstances. Specialists oftentimes command large fees, while the charges of family doctors are largely regulated by local customs.

Mrs. M. M. Oklahoma.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that your mother should be able to defeat any claim upon the notes you mention, but that it may be cheaper to compromise, provided the holders of the notes will take a small amount in settlement and release all claim against the estate.

R. J. Missouri.—We are of the opinion that such a disposition of property by will as you mention would be legal and valid, provided the will was legally drawn and executed, and that the testator possessed testamentary capacity, and was of sound mind and provided no undue influence was exercised upon him in order to get him to draw his will in this way.

Mrs. B. L. S. Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the estate of any person dying without having disposed of his estate by will, subject to the payment of his debts, descends in the following manner: If the decedent leaves a surviving husband or wife and only one child, or the lawful issue of one child, the equal shares to the surviving husband or wife and child, or issue of such child; if there be more than one child or issue of one or more deceased children, one third to the surviving husband or wife and the remainder in equal shares to his children, and to the lawful issue of any deceased child by right of representation; but if there be no child of the decedent living at his death, the remainder goes to all his lineal descendants; or in other words, we are of the opinion that, if both of your children survive, your husband upon your death would get one third of your property, or if you should survive him and he leaves no children you would get one half of the property; provided, of course, neither of you leave wills; (2) we do not think your children could recover any portion of the property you have voluntarily turned over to your husband.

Miss B. D. B. Wisconsin.—We are of the opinion, that you are under no legal obligation to ask permission to drive past another vehicle upon the public highway, provided you interfere in no way with the use of the road by the other vehicle, but that in many country places, where the highway is narrow, it is oftentimes considered more courteous for you to ask for and obtain this permission.

Mrs. S. W. California.—If your grandfather legally disposed of his estate before death and left no estate, you will, of course, get nothing; but if your uncle procured the deed to the property by fraud or in some illegal manner, and if the deed was legally set aside, you would come in for your share of the property. We do not think you would inherit any portion of your uncle's estate if he leaves a family of his own, but that under certain circumstances you might be an heir to his estate. We think that the fact that your uncle might draw a will disposing of his property in a manner not satisfactory to you would be no grounds for a contest of his will.

Mrs. R. M. Y. Montana.—Address Board of Indian Commissioners, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. D. B. Oregon.—We think that the laying out of new highways is in the hands of your local authorities, and that if you can get them to take up the highway you desire it can legally be done without expense to you, but that you will in all liability experience considerable trouble and delay in getting them to take the matter up, with a probability of their refusing to act in the matter at all.

L. D. W. Arkansas.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that the property owned by your mother at the time of her death descends to her children or issue, and that your father's second wife or her children have no interest in it, and that the property owned by your father and his second wife, in case the deed was made out so that they were tenants by the entirety, which is probably the case, upon your father's death descended to his second wife who survived him; and that it is possible that the heirs of your mother's estate have a claim against your father's estate for the use of your mother's real estate during his lifetime, provided, of course, your father left any estate other than the property owned by him and his second wife as tenants by the entirety.

A. T. New York.—Address the Secretary of State, of the state from which you desire information as to the requirements you mention.

Mrs. E. P. Missouri.—We think the marriage you mention would be a legal one, unless set aside by a

decree or judgment of some court of competent jurisdiction.

Mrs. B. M. Kansas.—We do not think that either you or your half brothers can recover any part of the property disposed of by your father if the title to the land stood in your father, as, from your statements, we presume it did.

W. M. D. Texas.—Communications to this column are treated as confidential, and we will not sell to you or any other person, any information as to the correct name or address of any correspondent whose inquiry is answered here.

Mrs. P. T. Illinois.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that, your liability to the nursery company depends entirely upon your contract with them; if your orders for the trees were in writing you should have the agreement as to your privilege of cancellation of the order written in the order.

G. W. P. Arkansas.—We do not think you have any right of action in the matter you submit. We think that you cannot do anything further in the case.

Mrs. E. L. T. Maine.—Upon your statements we are of the opinion that you have a cause of action against the firm you mention, but that the expense to you in bringing such an action would probably exceed the amount involved.

M. A. W. Indiana.—Communicate with the Pension Department, Washington, D. C.

S. F. Colorado.—You should consult some other attorney for the advice you desire in your divorce matter.

D. S. Ohio.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that, if you are under a court decree to pay your former wife alimony, she can collect the same from any property you may own and that any transfer that you may make of your property for the purpose of defeating her claim would be of no benefit to you if she presses her claim, and that, if she desires to go to the extent of punishing you in case of your non-payment of this alimony, she can get an order for your arrest and have you locked up unless you make the payments called for in the decree of the court.

L. A. B. Missouri.—The trial for assault in the justice's court, in our opinion, does not affect the ownership of the fence in any way; we think that A. can bring an action for damages for false arrest against B. but that it might cost him more to bring the action than he might recover as damages.

Mrs. M. A. B. Minnesota.—Communicate with the Bureau of Free Lands, Washington, D. C.

Illinois Beauty, Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, certain articles of household goods not exceeding in value the sum of five hundred dollars are exempt from levy under execution. We think you are causing yourself unnecessary worry, as, we think, under the circumstances as you relate them, your creditors will not be very liable to press you for immediate settlement of your debts.

A. I. Iowa.—We think the man's property is liable for his indebtedness.

Mrs. D. A. A. Ohio.—The deed of the property should run to the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety. We think you should have a competent lawyer prepare it.

M. I. W. Massachusetts.—The law places no limitations as to the amounts for which a legal action may be brought, and you can bring an action for the recovery of anything from one cent up, but in case of a small amount the expense of bringing an action would exceed the recovery. 2) Any amount can be introduced. (3) If the man has no property or income you cannot collect from him.

Mrs. G. T. Indiana.—We are of the opinion, that, upon the death of a man in your state, leaving no will, and leaving no children, and neither parent, his widow, if one survives him, would inherit his whole estate. (2) Under the Nebraska law we think, the real property of the woman you mention, if she leaves no will, and no children, and no parents, would go to her husband, if one survives her, for life, with remainder over to her brother and sisters, but that, if the property is in both the husband's and wife's names as tenants by the entirety the whole property goes to the survivor.

D. H. S. Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, in the case of any mortgage which has been due for twenty-one years and upon which no payment has been made on account for that period, and there is no release, etc., of record, the proper court may, on specified notice to the parties, decree a release. If this is the condition of your property, we think you should take this proceeding in order to clear up your record title.

Mrs. A. H. B. Ohio.—Upon the death of your grandfather, leaving no will, and leaving no widow, and your mother being his only child we are of the opinion that she would inherit his entire estate, but that, if she does not survive him, you as the only direct descendant would inherit the whole estate; if your mother survives your grandfather, and upon her death leaves no will, and you are her only child, we think you will inherit the property subject to the dower of your mother of a one third part of the real estate for life, provided, of course, your stepfather survives your mother. We do not think that your mother's step-children will have any interest in her estate except as she may provide for them by will. We think the real estate of your deceased father, if he left no will, belongs to you, subject to the dower right of your mother of a one third part of the real estate for life, provided, of course, your stepfather survives your mother. We do not think that your mother's step-children will have any interest in her estate except as she may provide for them by will.

J. L. A. Washington.—We do not think, upon your statements, that A. has any legal title to the posts, nor that he can collect pay for them. We think the young man you mention can enforce the payment of his wages.

Mrs. A. L. B. Oklahoma.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that, if the sale of the property was in every respect regular, you cannot recover the property. We think many of such sales are irregular in the procedure. If there was any surplus you should be able to recover that.

A Sober Lover

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

and Jim and Nellie strolled out to the walk and began pacing back and forth. She could not help hearing some of their conversation, and when she heard her name she forgot, and listened intently. Jim was saying earnestly:

"No, no, Miss Roberts, you are wrong. Blossom will make him a delightful wife, and I have no doubt he will make her happy."

She lost Nellie's reply, then Jim went on:

"Of course I will not mention that old claim. In fact there is none. If the little girl had found she loved me I guess I would be a happy man, but as it is I'll go away tomorrow morning, and out of her life."

"You are very foolish, Mr. Kaynor. Blossom is fit for something better and higher. Herbert Ralston does love her, but he is a worn, weary man of the world, who seldom if ever goes to bed quite sober. Is such a man fit to marry a little field flower like our Blossom?"

"You love her very much?" Jim asked gently.

"I really do, and so I urge upon you to claim her old promise."

"I'm sorry, but I cannot," Jim returned, and Blossom could imagine how firm his lips would close.

"Perhaps you love someone else," Nellie suggested, voicing the question that had been beating against Blossom's heart for over an hour.

"Me? Love anyone else? Nonsense. I don't think I have ever realized there is another girl in all the world and there never will be. You see I love her so, Miss Roberts, and that's why I am going to drop out of her life," and he laughed. Before Nellie could reply, someone called her and she ran away. Jim was so near that Blossom could have touched him as he stood there, his arms folded, looking out over the lake, where he had saved a life so short a time before.

For perhaps ten minutes the two remained that way, separated by less than a foot, and then Jim turned with a little helpless gesture. There was something in the hopelessness of it that melted all of Blossom's pride, and she whispered:

"Jim."

The young man turned with a quick cry, and saw her sitting there alone.

"Blossom!" he said quickly.

"Yes, it's me, Jimmie boy," she said, with a happy little hilt in her voice.

"Are you alone?"

"No, you're here, aren't you?"

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Jim's laugh was good to hear, as he leaped the rail, and bent over her.

"Do you want me to stay?"

"Jim," her voice was clear as she clung to his arm. "Take me home with you Jim, where everyone is perfectly sober all the time."

"Do you mean it, dear, and all it implies?"

"Yes, Jimmie boy."

"Are you willing to stick to your old promise?"

"Jim, if you go back on that promise I'll hate you all my life," she cried, and with a happy laugh he returned:

"I guess there isn't much hope of your getting rid of me now, my girl," and then he took the kiss Herbert would never receive.

A Fine Kidney Remedy

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 376 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do this and does not wish you to send him money.

"GOOD LUCK" KEY CHAIN
No key-ring needed; two little horse-shoes do the work. Send 10c for 25c sample with key; dozen postpaid, 50c.—BIG PROFIT and every man buys. AGENTS WANTED.

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WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

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Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 92, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

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Veterinary Information

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

PARALYSIS.—My hogs are first taken lame in both front and hind legs and they keep getting worse until they can't walk at all, losing all use of legs. They don't lose their appetite.

REPLY.—In these cases the bones cannot properly carry the weight of the body, for rickets is present and the cause is malnutrition. Some hogs are born with a tendency to the disease and it is brought on by lack of exercise and feeding an incomplete ration such as corn which does not contain the necessary ingredients for building up strong bones, but goes to form fat and flesh. Worms also tend to induce the disease in susceptible pigs. Stop feeding corn; feed slop of milk, middlings, cornmeal, flaxseed meal and ground oats. Add lime-water freely to the slop once daily. See that the hogs have free range on grass. Worms must be destroyed if present. It is scarcely worth while trying to save affected hogs.

COUGH.—My cow seems to be in fine condition, and gives good milk. For the last few weeks she has been coughing several times during night and day. Do you know of anything we could give her for it?

REPLY.—An ounce of glyco-heroin given two or three times daily is good for most any cough of horses or cows; but in a case such as you describe it is not safe to run the animal as the cough may indicate tuberculosis affecting the lungs or glands of the throat and if that is so one should not use the milk. Better have her tested with tuberculin which will not do any harm, but will tell with certainty inside of forty-eight hours whether or not the disease is present. There is no cure for tuberculosis.

WEAKNESS.—I have a mare five years old that lies down during the day when in the stable and when not eating stands principally on two legs, sometimes right hind toe and left front one or just as often vice versa. When in this position she sleeps and hangs her head. There is nothing offensive about her breath; does not cough unless at times from a little dust in the hay, eats heartily, has good wind, stands work, and does not sweat easily but upon turning round short, out of the stall, frequently draws a heavy breath as if there was something a little sore somewhere. She was always what I would call a lazy disposition. W. N.

REPLY.—Give her a roomy box stall in stable and if she tends to eat her bedding use baled shavings or sawdust. She probably has indigestion and will do better if you keep her clipped and feed oats and corn in place of corn. Give most of the hay at night and but a pound or so at noon while she is cooling off. She seems to be weak and perhaps sore. Possibly a half ounce dose of Fowler's solution of arsenic with one dram of fluid extract of nuxvomica given night and morning for a time will put new life in her. Stop the arsenic gradually when it no longer is needed.

BLIND CAT.—Last summer a knot came on the head of my cat just above left eye. It kept growing and in the fall his left eye began to enlarge and became transparent, so it seemed, and he lost the sight of it. Later on the right eye was affected. About two months ago he lost the use of left front leg and seemed to be sore all over, especially along spinal column. He cannot use left foot in scratching and doesn't seem to have full control of his muscles, as sometimes he will stagger when he first gets up to walk or tries to turn quickly. For some time before he got this trouble he would cough and wheeze. Still coughs once in a great while. L. L. H.

REPLY.—The cat should be chloroformed as it is incurably blind from cataract and paralysis of the optic nerves, besides which it is an unhealthy state and should not be kept about the house.

SEPTIC METRITIS.—My cow has a little calf five days old and she has not cleared herself of the afterbirth. She looks badly and doesn't eat heartily. Stands all humped up and strains so hard her eyes are all sunken in. H. F. B.

REPLY.—The cow is absorbing morbid matters from the decomposing afterbirth and this causes infective inflammation of the womb (septic metritis). The afterbirth should have been removed by someone who knew how and then the womb should have been flushed out daily with half a gallon of one per cent. solution of permanganate of potash. If cow is alive when this reaches you give such an injection once daily and twice daily give her a dram of quinine, a dram of fluid extract of nuxvomica and four ounces of whiskey in a pint of water as a drench from bottle.

When My Ship Comes In

Is the title of a beautiful little booklet that should be in every home. Besides being a rare literary gem, it is also one that carries with it a wondrously strong lesson in modern commercial economics, that is worthy the attention of every man, woman, and child. Several thousand copies, beautifully illustrated in colors, have been prepared for free distribution, and may be had by sending your name and address on a postal card to "Desk 1" The Citizens Savings & Trust Co., Cleveland, O.

Auto vs "Bike."

The automobile is a great invention and an excellent mode of conveyance. But for real health value it does not compare with the once-popular bicycle. Many men and women found both pleasure and health in country tours on their wheels. And while some had the "scorching" fever and rode in a fashion that was dangerous to themselves and others, they were few compared with the many thousands who gained physical health and vigor through the proper use of the bicycle. For a very few dollars you can buy a wheel of the latest type from the Mead Cycle Company, Chicago. Get their new catalog of bicycles and supplies. If you wish they will send you a wheel for ten days' free trial.

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Wonderful Success of a New York Physician's Treatment.

It is now admitted by the leading medical experts that corpulency (obesity) shortens life. Probably most over-stout persons die ten to forty years too soon.

Their fitness induces ailments of several kinds, principally fatty degeneration of the heart, kidney and liver trouble, chronic dyspepsia or other stomach disorder, rheumatism, gout and other serious diseases which become complicated by the pressure of fat around the vital organs.

There is also the danger of appendicitis, sunstroke, heat prostration, apoplexy, vertigo and other attacks, which may cause sudden death or lead to softening of the brain.

Fat people are never really well; they do not know how to enjoy good health because they do not possess it.

Fat women are never good-looking. They lose their figure, acquire double-chin, wrinkles, disorders of the female organism and general debility.

There is no need of despair, however, because Dr. Bradford has a perfected method of reducing the weight. In many cases, the fat man or woman

REDUCE ONE POUND DAILY.

No inconvenient or torturing rules of shortening sleep, going without agreeable food or drink, or violent exercise. Neither are dangerous drugs given. In fact, Dr. Bradford's treatment is the ideal. It is voluntarily recommended by a legion of persons who have taken it, proved its true worth and who cheerfully endorse this wonderful treatment.

This treatment for obesity not only gets rid of the fat speedily and permanently, but brings a good figure, facial beauty, brightness of the eyes and imparts those powers of personal magnetism which enable one to succeed in social and business life. Think of the joy of living healthily and for 10 to 40 years longer than if you are compelled to trudge under a great burden of unhealthy fat!

FREE TREATMENT.

The Bradford method is accompanied by a legal guarantee that it will be successful. Any reader of COMFORT who is over-fat can obtain a Proof Treatment, absolutely free, postpaid. It is only necessary to write a letter requesting same and it will come by return mail in plain wrapper nothing to show contents, with a valuable treatise, full directions, also numerous testimonials with names and addresses. This free offer is made to all who cut out and return this notice. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address: H. C. BRADFORD, M. D., 20 E. 22d St., R 59, New York, N. Y.

Sister Woman!

LET ME HELP YOU

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure woman's ailments. No letters, doing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these fifty-cent boxes free. So, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly I can refer you to some one near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address: MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box 280 D Joliet, Illinois.



Natureform Extension Shoe

OLD LAME PEOPLE NEW
I have long wanted a better Extension Shoe. My Natureform Extension makes both feet look alike. Fits with perfect comfort and security. Readymade shoes worn. I have a short limb myself and the Natureform is the successful result of years of experiment. Ditch the old barrier. Write for my booklet today. J. A. SINN, 26 Cottage St., Newark, N. J.

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks, City Carriers, Postoffice Clerks. Many examinations everywhere. \$500 to \$1500 yearly. Short hours. Annual vacation. Common education sufficient. Political influence unnecessary. Candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. W 6, Rochester, N. Y.

84 Cards for 10c 40 Best View Post Cards. The whole lot for only 10 cents postpaid. Send stamp or coin. Central Trading Co., McKinley Park, Dept. 22, Chicago, Ill.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE

The White Slave Trade is the Greatest Menace to American Civilization

Edwin W. Sims, U. S. District Attorney, Chicago, says: "There are some things so far removed from the lives of normal, decent people as to be simply unbelievable by them. The 'white slave' trade of today is one of these incredible things. The calmest, simplest statements of its facts are almost beyond the comprehension and belief of men and women who are mercifully spared from contact with the dark and hideous secrets of 'the underworld' of the big cities."

Harry A. Parkins, Asst. U. S. District Attorney, Chicago, says: "There could be no legitimate excuse for exploiting the white slave trade in the public prints without the definite and sincere purpose of securing practical and substantial protection against this terrible social scourge. Such is the sure purpose of my article as it has been that of the preceding articles by Hon. Edwin W. Sims which have brought out a vast and interesting volume of correspondence."

White Slave Trade of Today by Edwin W. Sims, U. S. District Attorney, Chicago.

Why Girls Go Astray by Edwin W. Sims.

A Word About Wayward Girls by Ophelia L. Amigh, Supt. Illinois Training School for Girls.

Terrors of the Ways of Shame by Ophelia L. Amigh.

How to Protect our Girls by Harry L. Parkins, Asst. U. S. District Attorney, Chicago.

White Slavery in America by Chas. Nelson Crittenton, President Florence Crittenton Mission, Washington.

State Legislature to Save Our Girls by Forrest Crissey, Editor Woman's World.

Warfare Against White Slave Trade by Clifford J. Roe, Asst. States Attorney of Illinois.

Send only 15 cents today to pay for a 3 months' trial subscription for the Woman's World, and by return mail we will send you reprint pamphlets containing all of the above and other White Slave articles, also further facts and reports regarding this vital subject. Send following coupon.

WHITE SLAVE LITERATURE

WOMAN'S WORLD 120-126 Clinton Street, Chicago. Enclosed find 10 cents, for which send me *Woman's World* 3 months, also pamphlets containing White Slave literature mentioned in your advertisement.

Name _____

Address _____



Rescued from Death in the Breakers

Cut it out and fit it together. It is well worth the little time it will take you to see how brave and BEAUTIFUL VIVIAN VOSE, at the peril of her life in the terrible storm, rescued a drowning man. This cut-up picture is a miniature reproduction of August Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT's title page illustration of our great three-part summer serial love story, which begins in August, is continued in September and concluded in October. COMFORT, August COMFORT will be a big 28-PAGE MAGAZINE with 33,000 WORDS OF CHARMING, ENTERTAINING FICTION for summer reading. If your subscription runs out you will miss it and the delightful new serial love story, "MY LADY BETH," by Georgie Sheldon, to begin in September. Renew or extend your subscription 2 FULL YEARS FOR ONLY 25 CENTS, NOW before this special renewal offer is withdrawn.

NEW INVENTION!

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT.

Ohioan's New Method of Cleaning Clothes.

Causing Great Excitement Where Exhibited.

UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE SEEN OR HEARD OF.

Cleans Family Wash in 30 to 50 Minutes.

No Rubbing—No Chemicals—No Motors No Washboard—No Wash Machine.

Over 100,000 Already Sold—Ladies Delighted.

SEE HOW SIMPLE, different, easy. Put on stove—add water, then soap, then clothes—thats all. In 5 to 8 minutes clothes clean. Laundry clean clothes without rubbing—the EASY WAY done the same at your home. Dirt removed automatically except to move knob occasionally.



The EASY WAY, in one operation does the combined work of wash boiler, wash board and washing machine—less time, almost no labor—no injury to clothes.

The EASY WAY develops energy by mechanical manipulation, associated with hot water, soap suds, superheated steam, and scalding vapor, utilized as a compound force, all confined in a closed metal compartment. Special operating arrangement.

Cleans woollens, flannels, blankets or colored clothes, as well as white goods, finest laces, curtains, bed clothes, washes time, fuel, labor, clothes, buttons, strength, looks, health and money.

Easy way in 30 to 50 minutes cleans washing which before took the entire day.

No rubbing, wear, tear or injury. No soggy, bad-smelling heavy wood—but all metal, strong, durable, sanitary, light in weight. Easily used, cleaned, handled—always ready. Child can use it—no experiment. No motors. Saves 62 days' drudgery yearly.

Thousands Praise It.

J. McGee, Tenn., writes:—"One young lady cleaned day's washing by old method in one hour with Easy Way—another in 45 minutes." Mrs. T. Bullen, Canada, writes:—"I washed bedding, heavy quilts, curtains, etc., without rubbing, and in a very short time." Lauretta Mitchell, O., writes:—"Done a big washing in 45 minutes—sold 3 already." A. D. Poppleton, N. Y., writes:—"Gives perfect satisfaction. Washed bed quilts, greasy overalls and fine clothes. Greatest thing on earth." Walter M. Glenn, O.:—"Easy way far superior to any other method—cleans clothes perfectly." J. H. Barrett, Ark., after ordering 38 Easy Ways says:—"You have the greatest invention I ever heard of." J. W. Myers, Ga., says:—"Find check for 12 Easy Ways. Greatest invention to womanhood, forever abolishing miserable wash days. Sells itself."

Price only \$6.00 complete—sent to any address. Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Not sold in stores. Send no money only send your name and address. We're old firm, capital \$100,000.00. Everything proven. Guaranteed. Write today for 30 day trial offer, thousands testimonials, etc. Circulars Free.

FREE SAMPLE

TO AGENTS. A. G. Witt, Pa., "Received Easy Way yesterday; sold 4 today—not out after orders." We want managers, agents, men or women, home or traveling, all or part time, to exhibit, take orders and appoint agents. Easy Way new article, not worked to death. Best seller out. Every family wants one. People wild to see it demonstrated; buy without being asked, and throw away costly washing machines to use it. Only 2 sales a day means \$36.00 a week profit.

AGENTS GETTING RICH

R. O. Cowan, N. Y., placed 13 in 6 hours—(profit \$39.00). Mrs. J. Brown, sold 10 in 3 days—(profit \$30.00). K. J. Blevins, O., writes:—"Made 7 calls, sold 5 one day."—(profit \$15.00). R. H. Latimore, Pa., writes:—"Sold 4 this morning. Never get turned down." Mrs. Gerrish, Mont., ordered sample, then 1 dozen, then 100—(profit over \$39.00). Just shipped 1000 Easy Ways to one agent in Russia. N. Boucher, Mass., orders 75 more, says:—"Everybody wants one. Best business I ever had." A. S. Verrett, La., sold 8 in one day—(profit \$24.00). Price only \$6.00 ready for use. Sent anywhere. Not sold in stores. Get one for your own use. Guaranteed Satisfactory or your Money Refunded. Send for Free Sample offer, special agents proposition, etc. Costs nothing to investigate. Send name and address anyway for full description. Write today. Harrison Mfg. Co., 83 Harrison Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.



CANCER CAN BE CURED

Scores of testimonials from every State in the Union, from persons who gladly write to those now suffering, all tell of perfect cures. Many say that my Mild Combination Treatment saved their lives. No matter how serious your case or what treatment you have taken, don't give up hope, but write at once for Free 125 page testimonial book. DR. JOHNSON BENEDY CO. Suite 461, 1233 Grand Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

50 PIECES

Silk and Satin Remnants for fancy work. Twelve yards fancy lace, one yard of Silk Ribbon, beautiful Gold Plated Ring and prize coupon. ALL post-paid, only 10 Cents. Address: SEVILLE LACE CO., Orange, New Jersey.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Ulcers, Varicose Veins, Indolent Ulcers, Mercarial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 18 St. Paul, Minn.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. K. N. M., Dayton, Va.—Write to Mr. C. L. Brace, Sec'y, Children's Aid Society, 22nd Street, and 4th Ave., New York City. He may be able to supply you direct with what you want, but you will have to furnish the very best kind of references from prominent people in your neighborhood. That, though, may be attended to after you have heard from him.

E. M., McKenzie, N. Dak.—We have no list of navy recruiting stations. Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and full information will be furnished. We advise you to join the navy if you can.

Viratine, Coloma, Wis.—Joanna Koerten Block was an ingenious Dutch artist born in Amsterdam, 1650, died 1715. She was very skillful in cutting landscapes, portraits and animals with scissors which she sold at high prices to European sovereigns. The only other Dutch artist named Block was James Beugers, a painter, born 1580, died, 1632. If your figures are by Joanna they are probably quite valuable. Suppose you write about them to Curator, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C., and to Sir Purdon Clark, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. They can tell you about them, if anybody can, and whether they are genuine or duplicates.

S. C., Glasco, Kans.—Write to H. Malkan, No. 42 Broadway, New York City, asking for list and prices.

O. B., Ute, Va.—The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., issues such a book, price fifty cents.

B. M., St. Clair, O.—Your pearls are too small to be of much value. Write to Duhamel & Co., Cincinnati, about them.

J. C. W., White Castle, La.—Geo. W. Cable and Ruth McEnery Stuart are Louisianians; Thos. Nelson Page, Virginia. You can get their books from any bookseller in New Orleans, or by sending to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Your State Librarian, at Baton Rouge, should be able to give you a list of all Louisiana authors.

J. C., Wilmet, S. Dak.—Write to Editor Popular Mechanics, Chicago, Ill.

W. M. S., Pass Christian, Miss.—Nobody can tell anything about your picture unless it can be examined.

R. A. K., Caldwell, Pa.—Parke Davis & Co., Detroit, Mich., and John Wyeth, Philadelphia, drug manufacturers, Colgate & Co., perfumers, New York City.

Reader, N. Anderson, Ind.—"A christian gentleman" is not correct, but we see no objections to "A Christian gentleman."

F. L. C., Sugarloaf, Pa.—Try Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

L. E. K., Dozier, Ala.—Hurst & Co., and Medical Century Pub. Co., New York City.

A. G., Rogersville, Mo.—Advertise your clay deposit in St. Louis papers and get capital interested.

W. S., Blount's Creek, N. C.—Sorry, but it is up to them to advertise in COMFORT and as they do not, we can't give them free notice. (2) Better study law with a lawyer if you are not able to take a course at law school.

E. G., Cando, N. Dak.—We haven't the information, but think you can get it by writing to Mr. Kellogg, The Survey, No. 105 East 22nd St., New York.

O. H. K., Jamison, Pa.—Better get your information from your county superintendent. (2) Opinions differ as to what is best grammar for common schools. Any grammar is to be recommended which will teach people to use their knowledge of grammar in ordinary conversation.

Violet, Riverside, Ia.—We think no institutions give poor students free courses. Poor students must work their way through and find the work themselves. Neither are rich people advancing money to poor students. The poor student is up against it and he can only get along on actual merit.

W. D. M., Dodgeville, Wis.—There is no sale for drawings copied from originals. What is wanted by purchasers are original drawings.

L. B., Asheville, N. C.—A good telegrapher can get a position without much difficulty, but he must be a good one. Only a common school education is necessary with good spelling, a necessity, and grammar. Salaries vary. Time to learn also, depending upon the quickness of the operator.

R. L. S., Lambert's Point, Va.—The publisher who accepts your music will have it copyrighted. You can only find out who will accept it by submitting it. Get the names of publishers from the music you know and try them. Most of them are not very prompt pay, even if the music sells, which it is not likely to do.

Anxious, Enid, Okla.—Call on the Oklahoma Historical Society, or Archaeological Society to examine the inscription and tell you what it is. You can't prove it by us.

J. H. S., Sandy Ridge, N. C.—Electrical engineering is all right if you have the stuff in you to make an engineer. See answer above to "Violet."

W. J. O., Barre, Vt.—Unless you have large capital to advertise, there will be nothing in it. There are so many bracers already on the market that only the advertised kind have much show.

J. F. D., Lena, S. C.—Write to John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

C. M. C., Hewitt, Minn.—You should be able to get it from G. Hirsch's Sons, No. 653 Broadway, New York. We suppose the formula is not to be obtained.

H. J. B., Davenport, N. Dak.—Write to H. Malkan, No. 42 Broadway, New York.

H. B., Harrison, O.—Only the rudiments can be taught by mail, but if you have the artistic sense you can do the rest. The schools you mention class among the best, we believe.

M. B. S., Waurika, Okla.—Having failed on the others, try Editor, Popular Mechanics, Chicago.

W. A. D., Stockwell, N. Y.—You can get a list of Vice Presidents and other valuable information from The World Almanac, Pulitzer Building, New York City, price twenty-five cents. (2) E pluribus unum, means one from many. (3) Longfellow, the poet, died in 1882.

R. O. H., Big Sandy, Tenn.—Try Pinkerton Detective Agency, Chicago, and Thiel Detective Service Co., New York City.

F. B., Ledgewood, N. J.—Take your coin over to New York and let coin experts there see it. It is not in our list.

W. P., Breckville, O.—"Antonius Stradivarius of Cremona made it, in the year 1774," is the translation of the inscription in your violin, but it is not true. If it were your violin would be worth thousands of dollars. (2) Whittaker & Co., publishers, New York City, buy the words of songs for cash, but they have to be such words as they want.

M. B., Woodstock, Ill.—Write to the old address and the letter will be delivered if the firm has moved. Don't know about the matrimonial agencies.

F. E. O., Louisville, Kans.—We do not give you the address because you will only be wasting stationery and postage writing to him.

I. C., Alden, Mich.—The coin has no value above its face.

H. D. H., Pinkneyville, Ill.—A letter addressed Gen. O. O. Howard, Burlington, Vt., will reach him.

E. V. H., Albertville, Ala.—It is worth only its face.

Mrs. S. H., Everest, Kans.—Write to the Chief of Police, Chicago. We are not informed on the subject.

B., Austin, Tex.—Old jewelry, or new for that matter, and gold coin are not of the same fineness and the U. S. mint could not use old gold jewelry.

G. B., Poplar Bluff, Mo.—Write to Heppner's Emporium, No. 1456 Broadway, New York, but better have it done in St. Louis and save expressage. You'll find advertisers in S. L.'s papers. (2) You will find it difficult to whiten your ivory piano-keys unless you can take them out. They may be polished in place to some extent by rubbing them with pumice stone, finely pulverized and put into water. Place in the sun, while still damp to dry, and protect with a glass shade to prevent cracking. In our opinion you had better let them remain as they are. Unless your piano is of the best make the keys are not ivory.

W. J. S., Texmo, Okla.—Write to Mermod, Jaccard & Co., St. Louis.

I. C., Gulfport, Miss.—Icebergs are usually frozen from salt water. There are some few broken away from glaciers which come down to the sea, but the majority, in fact most of them, are formed in the arctic regions from sea water.

Sundowner, Linwood, Kans.—Wisdom teeth are cut usually at from eighteen to thirty years, but they sometimes appear earlier or much later. Why they do this is not known. It is no sign of any particular superiority for a child to cut its wisdom teeth long before time. (2) Sept. 13th, 1892, on Tuesday; May 4, 1890 on Sunday; July 2, 1851, on Wednesday.

W. P. D., Fairfield, Ia.—Write to W. Bartels, No. 160 Greenwich St., and to Geo. H. Holden, No. 240 Sixth Ave., New York City.

J. J. H., Hanover, Kans.—Ask your nearest clergyman about the attributes of the soul. (2) You may get Rusk's books from any book store. Write to Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, O., or to any St. Louis book dealer. (3) Write to L. M. Quirk, The Editor, Ridgewood, N. J.

B. M. M., Burton, Texas.—You cannot learn hypnotism out of a book. You can't learn it at all unless you are born that way. It is dangerous for persons who do not know about it and are skilled in its practice. Let it alone.

J. E. P., Mt. Vernon, Ill.—Don't you think it would be better for you to select your own subject for the oratorical contest? Read the magazines and newspapers until you find something in which you have a strong personal interest and take that for your subject. An orator cannot do his best with a subject which he selects merely for the purpose of making a speech about it. There are dozens of questions of living and general interest and one of them should be your subject. But don't take one that is already talked to a frazzle.

Mrs. B. N., Holford, Kans.—Sorry the gentleman has been so neglectful. Suppose you try H. O. Granbury, Oskosh, Wis. Let us know how he treats you.

T. W. W., Lavonia, Ga.—We haven't the space to spare. Get a copy of The World Almanac, Pulitzer Building, New York, price twenty-five cents, in which you will find all the information you ask and a whole lot more than may be necessary in your business.

W. D. J., Hamlet, N. C.—Write to Brentano, New York, for a book of medical recipes of various kinds Ask the price before ordering. We cannot supply the formula you ask.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhoea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

Portrait Agents Get busy for fall delivery.

We are the cheapest and best house in the country. Catalogue and outfit Free. 30 days credit.

GORDON PORTRAIT CO., 1113-25 W. Harrison Street, Chicago, Ill.

OPIMUM

Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Confidential.

DR. R. G. CONTELL, successor to HARRIS INSTITUTE Room 558, 400 W. 23d St., New York

"LOVER'S LANE" 12 POST CARDS FREE

The twelve post cards comprising this set, which we will send you absolutely free, are by far the most beautiful cards we have ever seen and we are proud to be the first paper in the country to offer them to its readers. We cannot give you an adequate conception of them without your seeing the cards. If they were not elegant we would not offer to send them to you free, would we?

"Lover's Lane, Saint Jo." is one of the masterpieces of that Prince of American Poets, Eugene Field. It is a poem whose perfect rhythm and tender sentiment touch a responsive chord in every heart. The poem is in twelve verses and on each card of this series is a different verse.

The views shown on the cards are from actual photographs printed in four colors, and the celluloid finish and the deep, rich gold borders heighten and intensify the effect, making them wonderfully true to life. The scenes depicted are themselves beautiful in the extreme, but are rendered still more attractive by the fact that each harmonizes perfectly with the verse on that particular card.

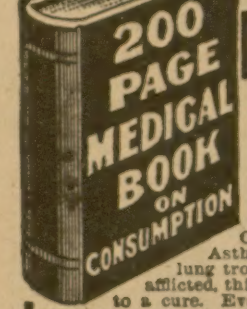
We Want Every Reader to Have This Set

and we will send it to everyone who signs the coupon in this advertisement and mails it to us. If you are pleased with the cards, kindly show them to your friends and ask eight of them for 10c each for a three months' trial subscription to the Woman's World and a set of the cards just like yours. If you are successful (and you surely will be) send us the 80 cents and we will send you prepaid our celebrated

Trip Around the World on Post Cards

comprising fifty views of famous places and scenes in all parts of the world. Also each of your friends for 10 cents will be sent a fine set of the "Lover's Lane" cards and the Woman's World three months. Lack of space forbids a detailed description of this remarkable series of Post Cards, but we will say that thousands of our subscribers have secured the Trip Around the World during the past few months by getting up clubs for us, and we have hundreds of letters thanking us and expressing surprise and delight at their excellence.

Consumption Book



FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 3163 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

ELEGANT THIN MODEL 20 WATCH

Handing one beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind stem set, fitted with the best jeweled American lever movement. A perfect timekeeper. Guaranteed 30 years. The popular thin model, medium size for men and boys and small size for women and girls. 30 day offer and get ONE WATCH FREE.

\$4.45



20 Year Guarantee

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to see for yourself. For 30 days we will send this watch to any express office ALL CHARGES PAID for your free examination. If you find it perfectly satisfactory, and equal in appearance to any \$15 gold finished watch guaranteed 30 years pay the express agent our special offer price \$4.45 ONLY and it is yours. IT PAYS TO BUY DIRECT. Be the first in your town to own one of these New Thin Model watches. You can make money helping us to advertise them. Show it to your friends, they all will want one. One customer sold 6 at \$10.00 each. If you buy 6 WE GIVE YOU ONE FREE. Order today and we will send a gold plated chain or silk fob free. Mention if you want Ladies' Watch or Boys' size. Address E. C. FARRER, DEP. 19, 525 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED!

My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. Stops the itching and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—today, or you'll forget it. Address DR. J. E. CANADAY, 706 PARK SQUARE, SEDALIA, MO.

6 AMERICAN Post Cards 3c

If you will write for our Free Offer, enclosing 3 cents for postage, we will mail you, postpaid, a set of 6 Handsome American Girl Post Cards (no two alike). They are the loveliest ever. Printed in many beautiful colors. A true type of the lovely American Girl as she appears today, dressed in the very latest style. We want to tell you how you can get hundreds of beautiful post cards FREE and will send you full particulars and six of these handsome "American Girls" (all different), on receipt of but 3 cts postage. Address Popular Fashions, Dept. 254, Springfield, Mass.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Chicago

N. B.—If you already have the "Trip Around the World," tell us when sending in the coupon and we will tell you how you may secure other sets of cards, stereoscopes, post card albums and many other articles.

200 POST CARD COUPON

WOMAN'S WORLD, 126-126 Clinton St., Chicago. Gentlemen:—Please send me the 12 "Lover's Lane" gold and in colors and celluloid finished Post Cards. I will show these cards to my friends and ask eight of them to give me 10c each for a three months' subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD, and a set of 12 cards just like mine. If I succeed I will send you the eight names and the 80c collected and you are to send me, prepaid, "A Trip Around the World" on post cards for my business in getting up this club. The cards will be mine whether I succeed in getting up the club or not, but I agree to do my best.

Enclosed find 2-cent stamp to help pay postage etc.

My Name is _____

My Address is (Town) _____

R. F. Delivery _____ Box No. _____

This offer is good only in the United States and not in the City of Chicago

Silver Cover

Cocoanut Shape

Brilliant Glass Table Jar

with Gold-lined Silver Spoon.

The latest table jar for preserves, pickles, sauces, sugar or any eatables. Heavy polished glass with

lustrous silver-finished top tightly fitting over brilliant gold-finished spoon, making this cocoanut-shaped table jar the handsomest addition to your silver collection. We desire to advertise our Oxien

Plasters, the most wonderful selling 25-cent plaster today, for all kinds of Rheumatism, Lame Back,

Colds, Heart Failure and Kidney Ailments. We will send anyone Six Oxien Plasters on credit, sell them for us at 25 cents apiece, return the money (\$1.50), and we will make you a present of this elegant jar. It will be sent safely packed in a large box, all free.

This is a 30-day advertising offer, so act quickly, today, asking us to send the plasters and you will hear from us at once.

Address THE GIANT OXIE CO., Dept. R, Augusta, Maine.



A WOMAN'S LOVE

And Sympathy For Her Own Sex
Leads Her to Devote Her Life to
Relieve Their Suffering

TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely-known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering, a FREE TREATMENT and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb; disease of the ovaries; barrenness; irregular, delayed, profuse or painful menstruation; backache, bloating, nervous prostration, sick headaches and the many other ills so common to the sex. Middle-aged ladies passing through that painful and depressing period, the change of life, find relief. If you are suffering let the doctor help you. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY HER HOME TREATMENT. Write today describing your case fully. A valuable medical pamphlet FREE to every woman applying for the free treatment. Address DR. LUELLA MCKINLEY DERBYSHIRE, Box 436 Fort Wayne, Indiana.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD:

Information How They May Give Birth to
Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely
Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

YOUR BUST Developed FREE

The **FREE** for a beautiful bust and a perfect figure. Full information how to develop the bust 6 inches will be sent you free in plain sealed package, also new Beauty Book, photos from life, and testimonials from many prominent society ladies who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Write today enclosing stamp.

2 GOLD RINGS FREE
Sell 10 packs Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remedy at 10c each. We **TRUST** YOU. When sold return the \$1 and we'll send those 2 gold laid rings, or choice from premium list. A reliable firm, established 14 years. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 200, WOODSBORO, MD.

GET ON THE GOOD HEALTH ROAD.

A post card brings you a generous trial tonic FREE. My **Sacred Bark Liver Pills** are wonders for Rheumatism, Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Chills and Fever, Constipation, Morning Sickness, Painful Menstruation, Biliousness, etc. 35 days' treatment 50c. ARTHUR TETREAULT, 81 Main St., Augusta, Maine.

35 Rich Postal VIEWS Many colors, Rich Landscapes of Flowers, Every Child, Soldier Boys, Lovers, Friendship, Birthday and Holiday Greetings in rich floral designs. Each 10c. 35 FOR 10c. (Silver.) ART POSTAL CO., Dept. 604 Chicago.

Get Married Our "Elite Letter Writer and Guide" contains rules for writing captivating letters and guide to refined conduct. Free to unmarried people. Send for it. ELITE INSTRUCTION PUB. CO., 32 Union Square, New York.

GOLD TEETH Fill your own teeth. Gold plated shell will look like regular dentures. Removable. All over two million sold. Everybody wants a gold tooth. 10c each, 4 for 25c, 12 for 50c. C.Y. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

YOUR FUTURE TOLD

BY THE STARS. Prospects of business, money, love, domestic affairs of your life plainly told. Send birth date and 10c. for my trial reading. Prof. Richard Alexander, Scientific Astrologer, Studio C, 124 East 25th St., NEW YORK.

15 Years Experience in SHORT-STORY WRITING for your service for 10c a thousand words and stamps for return. We do not know it all, but we know something. Try us. Address: CHTIC, 1708 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

BED WETTING Cured 25c. FREE. O.H. ROWAN, Dept. 10, London, Can.

A WOMAN CAN \$5000 A YEAR

LESSONS BY MAIL Learn Dressmaking At Home. We will teach you to your own satisfaction and equip you to command a good income. Or you can start in business for yourself. Many women nowadays are earning \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year. One woman, the head designer of Chicago's largest retail dry goods house, is said to receive \$10,000 a year. Salaries of \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year are common. Become a Graduate Dressmaker. The regular Diploma of this College is issued to all who complete this course of lessons. These Lessons will teach you how to make your own clothing and enable you to dress far better at one-third the usual cost. They teach you how to DESIGN, DRAFT, CUT, FIT, MAKE, DRAPE and TRIM any garment, including children's clothing. This College is endorsed by leading Fashion Magazines—McCall's, Pictorial Review, etc., etc. This book will be sent to you free. At an expense of thousands of dollars this College has published 100,000 of these copyrighted books to advertise the AMERICAN SYSTEM OF DRESS-MAKING, and while they last—will send you a copy FREE! Write for it today! One copy only to each woman. Requests filled in the order received!

American College of Dressmaking
1030 Reliance Bldg.,
Kansas City, Mo.

The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

A. F. P., Clarksville, Del.—Are you sure it is hives that is troubling you? Have you the statement of a physician to that effect? Better get that definitely settled first.

Oxblood, Barboursville, W. Va.—Write to Stemmerman Pharmacy, Passaic, N. J.

B. C. D., Portland, Mo.—The headaches are no doubt the result of defective action of stomach and bowels. If you will diet yourself, eating food easily digested and taking a pinch of cooking soda in the water you drink you will find some relief. However, you need treatment by a physician who can prescribe for you after he is thoroughly acquainted with your condition.

Belle E. Clark, Wauconda, Ill., offers the following as a fine tonic acting directly on the liver: Cut up four lemons, rind, pulp and all and boil in two gallons of water till boiled down to four pints. Strain through sieve. Lemons should be boiled in granite pot, or dish, with cover. Dose for an adult one tablespoonful before each meal. We give this as a harmless remedy, at least, and believing that lemons are excellent as a tonic.

G. W. K., Winterport, Va.—Paralysis is a disease that may be cured, but only after long treatment. Time rather than money seems to be the better curative agent. Sleeplessness results from nervous condition. We would suggest that you try Christian Science which sometimes does wonders in paralysis and nervous troubles.

X. Y. Z., Sheridan, Wyo.—Rings under your eyes and sunken cheeks may be remedied by massage in order to get the proper circulation. Gently rub outward from the eyes, moving the congested blood into the veins. Massage the cheeks by kneading the flesh. Work it in from the neck where you have a surplus.

E. R. C., Burg, Mo.—Your deafness is catarrhal probably, and you must get rid of the catarrh. Leave the Missouri climate for the high dry air of Colorado or Arizona. Your ears will be affected as long as the catarrh exists. In time you will become permanently deaf.

Maud S., Cambridge, Mass.—The trouble may not be serious, but it will not improve until something is done, and only a physician who can examine you is competent to prescribe. Consult one at once.

Troubled, Hollister, Cal.—We believe the electric needle is the only permanent way to remove superfluous hair, without injury to the skin.

Anxious Wife, Lynchburg, Va.—You have dyspepsia, whether nervous dyspepsia or not remains to be seen. The heart trouble is from the gas. Diet yourself on such food as you may easily digest and chew every mouthful until it is almost liquid. Drink no coffee or tea. Put a pinch of cooking soda in the water you drink. By care in your eating you will be able to bring your digestion around all right. When it is so, continue to be careful.

P. A. L., Neenah, Texas.—Heart disease is not to be cured by patent medicines, though temporary relief may be afforded. Are you sure it is not indigestion? See answer above.

Subscriber, Tabor, S. Dak.—There may be some one of various causes for the condition of your skin. You will have to learn from a physician what that cause is, before any treatment may be prescribed.

J. K. L., Estill Springs, Tenn.—The dandruff cures at drug-stores are quite as efficient and less expensive than any you could have prepared by a formula which we might supply. Ask the druggist for a good one.

A. B. G., Orstown, Pa.—Sweating under the arms is a natural function, more pronounced in some persons than others, and it should not be prevented. If the odor is bad you can remedy it by using a few drops of ammonia in the water you bathe that part of your body in.

Mrs. F. D. T., Florence, Cal., wishes to inform COMFORT readers that she cannot answer letters unless postage is inclosed. Those who have written to her and have had no reply will understand that she cannot afford to give free advice and pay postage, as well.

L. M., Houston, Minn.—Don't sleep on your back if you have nightmare in that position. Indigestion causes nightmare and you are bound to have it with a stomach full of undigested and fermenting food.

W. G. B., Frantol, Minn.—Get a good hair tonic from your druggist and use it according to directions.

J. H., Greeley, Colo.—Pine tar fumes are inhaled for pulmonary troubles. Better than anything else for threatened consumption is to breathe fresh air night and day. Keep all windows open if you must sleep in the house, but sleep in the open air if possible. Have a tent, rolled up at the sides. You live in a country where there is no better air, but it will not avail unless you use it.

All kinds, any parts, gasoline, electric, steam, water powers or tools. UNION MACHINERY CO., Union, N. Y.

WANTED AGENTS in each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits, steady work. Ad. Campbell & Co., 19 "A" St., Elgin, Ill.

\$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

LADIES Make Shields in spare time \$7.20 to \$14.00 weekly. Materials and instructions sent, experience not necessary—reliable, addressed envelope brings particulars. DIST. COMPANY, 711 LIPPINCOTT BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Balm to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address: Dr. E. M. Botot, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

A Beautiful Fan and Chain

All lady readers will be pleased with this chance to obtain an assortment of Fans for hot weather or for parties, also all who appreciate the value and use of fans for decorative purposes can find satisfaction in this opportunity. These are imported novelty Fans, 16 inches wide, in fancy colors to each fan we have added a 45-inch head neck chain, free, so the fan is always handy, making at once a complete and fashionable home or ballroom necessity. Fans for decorating are used in quantities for rooms of all sizes in home, cottage, vestry or club, and a whole dozen are not too many. But one or two are absolutely essential for hot summer days when an artificial breeze will add to your comfort. Our illustration can give you no idea of the pretty color and extreme beauty of these fans, you must see to appreciate.

Club Offer. For a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each, we will send two handsome Fans with chains, different colors, different floral designs. Two five months' subscribers at ten cents each, one Fan.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fat People's Summer Dangers.

Reduce One Pound Daily. Improve in Health and Appearance.



Heat Prostration, Sunstroke or Apoplexy causing quick Death or followed by Softening of the Brain, Heart Disease, Stomach Cramps, Food Poisoning, Severe Bowel Disorders, General Debility and Complete Lacking of Vital Energy are a few of the serious troubles which are most liable to come upon the fat man or woman during warm, humid weather. Apart from these dangerous disorders, there are numerous lesser yet distressing ailments such as skin rash, chafing, offensive perspiration, nervousness, headaches, flatulency, etc. Hot weather is very weakening and depressing for fat people; it is seldom possible to be really contented. It is difficult to work, think or enjoy one's self. The body becomes even larger, the fat is packed in more tightly than ever, around the vital organs and dangerous trouble is thereby stored up for the future. Fat people die 10 to 40 years too soon. Reliable statistics of medical authorities and of leading insurance companies prove that overweight people die much earlier than those who are thin or of normal weight. Obesity (corpulency) is an acknowledged disease. It ruins health, figure, complexion, temper and peace of mind. It never cures itself but becomes worse as the person grows older. The time to check its progress and get rid of superfluous fat is now. Mine is the reliable, safe and quick home treatment. I have thousands of testimonials; here are a few:

MRS. FRANCES V. RADER, HOCKSPRING, MO., writes: "I feel fine, have lost 50 lbs.; my rheumatism is also cured."

MRS. I. E. WILLIAMS, LONGSTREET, O., writes: "Your treatment has helped me wonderfully, I have lost 80 lbs."

M. E. KING, 5834 SPAULDING AVE., CHICAGO, writes: "Seven years ago I took your treatment and lost 20 lbs. Since which time I have not gained any." A permanent reduction cure. Many other testimonials accompany my Free Treatment.

MISS G. MEYER, DYERSVILLE, IOWA, writes: "My waist measure has been reduced 6 inches; all superfluous fat is gone."

S. J. MCKLEY, 235 FIFTH ST., PORTLAND, ORE., writes: "I was your patient several years ago and am still at the normal weight to which I was reduced."

SUMMER IS THE BEST SEASON FOR FAT REDUCTION.

FREE Treatment

I know the merits of my method so well that I will send a proof treatment free. No starvation; you can eat any kind of food or drink any kind of beverage you like. No tiresome exercise; a completely scientific, successful, guaranteed system. In many cases weight reduction is one pound daily. Correspondence and treatment sent confidential, nobody need know what is reducing your size and improving your appearance unless you choose to tell. Ladies will find mine an unequalled beautifying method: double-chin and wrinkles disappear. Weight reduction is permanent. Remember, you pay nothing for proof treatment; it is free to fat people (men or women) for the asking. Sent anywhere. Write to-day and you will receive by return mail my **FREE TREATMENT**, also my **GUARANTEE** and my very interesting **BOOK ON OBESITY**, showing how to quickly and safely reduce your weight to normal without losing a moment's time from your regular occupation. I am a regular registered physician of New York State. Address: H. C. BRADFORD, M. D., 20 East 22d St., R 58, New York, N. Y.

20 SOLID GOLD Flower Post Cards for 10c

THIS IS THE GREATEST POST CARD OFFER EVER MADE—50c WORTH FOR ONLY 10c. For only 10 cents we will send you by return mail 20 all different flower post cards; all with solid gold backgrounds on which are placed beautiful flower designs handsomely lithographed in bright natural colors, making the richest post cards you ever saw. We are big dealers in post cards, and when we say this is the biggest offer ever made you can well believe they must be beautiful. Write today and take up this grand offer at once. It will not be made again.

ELLIS ART CO., Dept. 340, 331 Lawrence Ave., CHICAGO.

MEDICINE AGENTS I will mail you a powder and finest snow-white liniment you ever saw, by merely adding water. A real chemical wonder. Big profit. Good for headache, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, and many other ails. Send 25c for package and full directions. DR. GEORGE T. LYMAN, PEORIA, ILL.

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks, City Carriers, Postoffice Clerks. Many examinations everywhere soon. \$600 to \$1600 yearly. Short hours. Annual vacation. Common education sufficient. Political influence unnecessary. Candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. H 7, Rochester, N. Y.

WE START YOU in a permanent business with us and furnish everything. Full course of instruction FREE. We are manufacturers and have a new plan. Every housewife wants our goods. Large profits. Small Capital. You pay us in three months and make big profit. References given. Summer Leaders. Please Mfg. Co. 2004 Pease Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR FACE looks. Shape your features, clear your complexion. Remove wrinkles and blemishes permanently. Book FREE. DR. PRATT, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. AETOL CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

FISH BITE at Surprise. Attracts them from everywhere. Guaranteed. Box, postpaid, 10c. silver or steps G.B. SUTHERLAND & CO., LYAN, Mass.

You Can Make \$6.00 PER 100 COLLECTING wanted. Send 10c postage for blank book and outfit—We want a million names quick. CENTRAL TRADING CO., 3601 Archer Ave., Dept. B, CHICAGO.

DIABETES CURED. For Particulars CRITION of your case to C. COVEY, R. D. 5, LANSING, MICH.

MARRY Universal Letter Writer FREE to unmarried people. on love, courtship, etc. Particulars. H. A. HORTON, Dept. E, Tekonsha, Mich.

\$150 a month Salary or Commission to men introducing our KING SEPARATOR and AERATOR. Write for FREE sample and salary proposition. DE KING MFG. CO., Dept. 10, CHICAGO.

Adjustable Gold Bracelet

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. Warranted for five years; meaning, the gold finish is durable for that length of time under our guarantee, but in most instances will wear longer. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable.

In the summer time we make extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate. Send us only 3 trial five-month ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, amounting to 30 cents, for one Club Offer. Adjustable Five-Year Gold Bracelet.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A POCKET PANAMA FREE

Real Panama Hats cost almost a fortune, but are very elegant and very comfortable. We have just received from Europe a new type Panama style hat that is a splendid substitute, serving the same purpose nearly as well. A wonderful inventive genius has perfected machinery so they are made entirely in one piece of a peculiar substance resembling in texture and color the split reed used in the making of a real Panama Hat. Our illustrations show the hat in two shapes; it can be pressed into other shapes or styles to conform to your features. It can be worn by men, women or children, is sun and shower proof, not being affected by slight rains, can be dried and again pressed into form and shape. Is a folding or crush hat so can be put conveniently into the pocket or traveling case. Each Hat is finished with colored band and colored border around the brim, well made and nearly indestructible. Fit well and feel good on the head, are light and cool, yet complete protection for the head from the weather. Ladies appreciate them indoors on sweeping days as well as out in the sun; they keep the scalp and hair clean; they are splendid for the children, and for Men and Boys they are equally serviceable and useful.

We have a quantity, won't last long so you had better order early. Head club offer how to get two Hats free. For a club of three five months' subscribers to COMFORT at 10c. each we will send two Hats assorted colors and sizes.

A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

FREE! FREE! You can receive this elegant gentleman's outfit without expense. A fine pair of Silk Embroidered

uspenders, a beautiful dressy, neat Tie, of latest style and pattern, also a full size white Dress Shirt warranted throughout.

We are creating a tremendous demand for our Orlon Porous Plasters which are so much talked about in curing Rheumatism, Lame Back, Sick Kidneys, Lost Nerve Force, Coughs, Colds, Strains, Sprains, etc., etc., and will pay well for agents.

DON'T SEND MONEY

We will send six Orlon Plasters to responsible people to be sold at 25c. apiece, the money (\$1.50) to be returned to us, and upon receipt of same will send ALL FREE this Gentleman's Outfit premium. Every man will be pleased to own these gifts for evening dress up, Sundays and social calls and every woman will be proud to present either her Father, Husband, Brother or sweetheart with one of these elegant present shipments. Write today and we will send goods by return mail and guarantee a safe delivery of the Premium. Address THE G. O. PLASTER CO., 24 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

WARRANTED TO WEAR FIVE YEARS

Will Perfectly Fit Largest or Smallest Wrist

As shown in illustration, it is a beautifully engraved band of gold one quarter inch wide, has three adjustment slots and a pin. The pin may be put in first slot for largest size, in last slot for smallest size and in center for medium. It is a simple, practical adjustment that does just what it is intended to do and does it well. You cannot lose this Bracelet. Warranted for five years; meaning, the gold finish is durable for that length of time under our guarantee, but in most instances will wear longer. Our lady readers will enjoy this Bracelet and, as it is a new style and new idea this season, you all want one right off while they are fashionable.

In the summer time we make extra special inducements for clubs, so we have purchased this Bracelet in such quantities we are enabled to offer them to you now at a tremendous bargain rate. Send us only 3 trial five-month ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, amounting to 30 cents, for one Club Offer. Adjustable Five-Year Gold Bracelet.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.

In the newest designs of chasing and the correct widths. Suitable for persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring to be worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate and will wear a long time.

CLUB OFFER. For 2 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.

Gold Band Finger Ring.

A suitable wedding ring and the most used ring for the wedding occasion. This is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that we need not describe them to you, except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having made the selection of one.

CLUB OFFER. We will send one of these rings in a plush-lined box free of all expense for a club of 5 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Send finger measurement.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



French Embroidered Apron

New Design New Idea

We furnish the necessary amount of India Lawn, a piece over one yard square, a pretty design stamped all ready for you to French Embroider. When completed, you have a dainty, dressy apron.

Club Offer

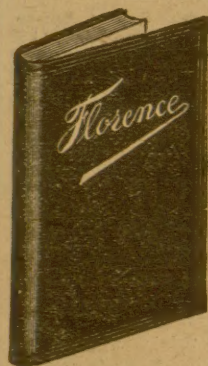
Send a club of two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for one of these Apron outfits as described and illustrated. Address

COMFORT,

Augusta, - Maine.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

Learn All About It in Our Diary Birthday Book.



Do you know its derivation, meaning and history? We have a series of **Girls' Birthday Books** embracing one hundred names, including ADA, AGNES, BERTHA, BLANCHE, CAROLINE, DORA, EDITH, KATE, MARY, REBECCA, and ninety others. No matter what your name is. Don't you want it stamped in gold on one of these **Elegant Books**? You certainly ought to have one to use as described as they are designed to be a source of pleasure and interest.

Each Book has the name of a girl or woman on the title page and also stamped in gold on the cover, and contains a history of the name and of famous women who have borne the name. For example, **MARY** is described as one of the most popular of girls' names, derived from Myrrh or Star of the Sea (Mara), being the name of the **Virgin Mary** and many other Marys famous in history, thus each name is treated with a long historical sketch. As a **Diary or Record Book** it is designed for perpetual use, as the pages are arranged with the date and a blank space providing excellent opportunity for a **Baby Record** of important events in the life of the little one, or for a young or older lady, married or single, a life record of important events may be recorded and there kept forever, and as the book is arranged for perpetual use these records made from time to time forming a connected story of important life happenings. Each page is decorated with a short selected sentimental verse or motto from words of authors or philosophers of renown, as "Where there is a mother in the home, matters speed well," "Grace in woman has more effect than beauty," "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," "Love and you shall be loved," "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," "In the smallest cottage, there is room enough for two lovers," etc., etc. Each book is bound in limp Morocco, with full gilt edges, including a silk book marker, and is carefully boxed for mailing. This is a very unique book and has personal interest to the owner.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or 4 for a month's 10-cent trial subscribers, we will send you one of these Birthday Name Books with your name stamped in gold on the cover.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dresser, Bureau and Table Scarf

45 INCHES LONG, 15 INCHES WIDE.

A Beautiful Lace Ornament for the Home.

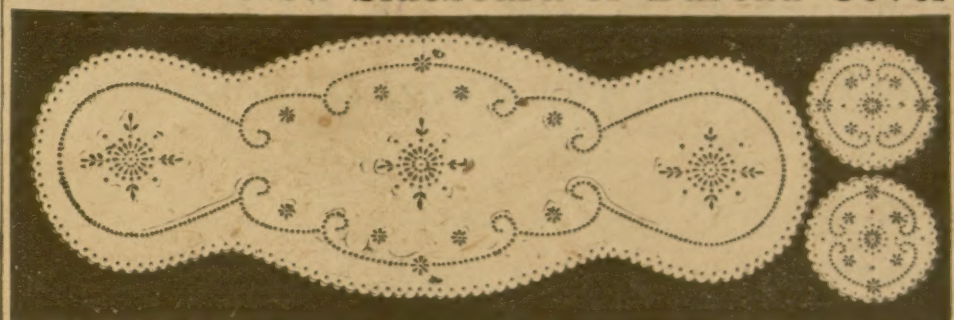


This especially attractive new premium will at once interest our lady readers who seek the beautiful and ornamental for their home, and so very many uses will suggest themselves, we know you will want one or more just as soon as you see this illustration and read the description. Made of white linen thread in a beautiful Nottingham pattern, it will not only give splendid satisfaction as an ornament, but is extremely durable, as you well know from your experience with Nottingham Curtains. This pattern we have selected as most attractive, and the size is so much larger than you are usually offered, we know this special pattern will appeal to you. You can fix up several rooms with these Lace Pieces by using one as a centerpiece for Table, another as a Bureau Scarf, and another as a Lambrequin, being pulled on to the center of the rod between the two Curtains you now have hanging; this is a new idea and extremely stylish. We expect to quickly dispose of a quantity of these LACE PIECES.

Club Offer. Send only 25-cent trial subscriptions for COMFORT and receive one of these Laces Free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No. 506. New Sideboard or Bureau Cover



18 x 51 and two Dollies to match, each one 9 x 9 inches, making in all 1080 square inches of a good quality of American linen to be worked the new stylish stitches of Eyelet Embroidery.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we send this new Bureau and Sideboard Set free.



WE GIVE THIS WATCH FOR A CLUB OF 5.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time, simply because they cannot. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to this paper, at our special subscription price of 25 cents a year each. Do this, sending us the money, with the names of the subscribers to this paper, and we will send our paper to each subscriber for one year, and we will send you the watch to reward you for your efforts in our behalf. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three-Piece Bed Set FREE



CLUB OFFER

For a club of only ten yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send by mail or express at our expense one of these Nottingham Lace Three-Piece Bed Sets. This is an exceptionally liberal premium offer.

Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set

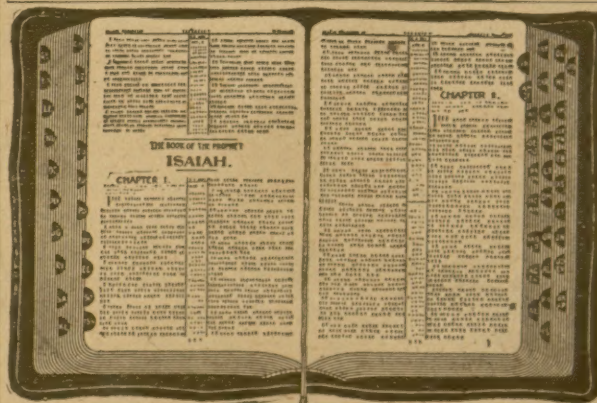
Beautiful Peacock Design Pillow Sham and Spread

The full-size spread is 85 inches long and 60 inches wide. Made of fine quality material in this most beautiful pattern. Then two handsome and effective Pillow Shams to match, made of same material in same manner and 28 x 32 inches in size. Such a Bed Set as this must appeal to your good taste. They are very, very desirable, extremely fashionable and are something every good housekeeper is anxious to possess.

The beautiful White Lace Spread covers the entire bed, the Shams cover the pillows, and the graceful peacock design distinctly stands out, completes the picture and enraptures you. The Peacock on the spread is very large, very stately and graceful, the spread of tail feathers is natural and effective. No lace design ever more striking than this. Suitable for standard size bed and pillows. You should have a set

for each chamber. If you happen to be one of our thousands of agents who have our Lace Curtains in your home, you will at once feel that you must have also one of these three-piece Lace Bed Sets. They harmonize splendidly.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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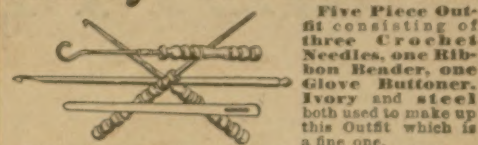
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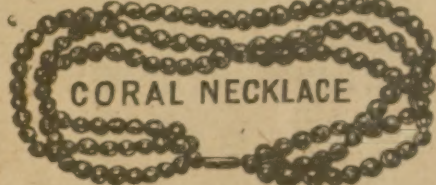


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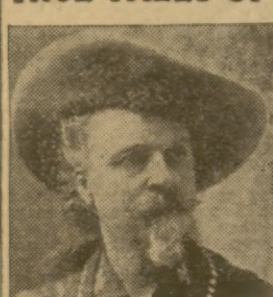
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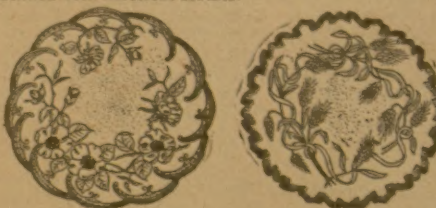
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BETTY CAREW, THE SPY OF '76

By Dorothea Joyce and William Fletcher

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PART I.

IT was the first Fourth of July the world knew, July 4, 1776, and the good city of Philadelphia was stirred to its foundation. History was making in the old State House, now known as Independence Hall, for there were gathered the most noted congregation of men this country was to know, the framers and signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Very little, however, did such grave matters of state appear to affect lovely mistress Betty Carew on that beautiful summer day, when she stands in the doorway of her Uncle Hiram Boucler's house, and tosses her fashionably dressed head.

"La, la, Hester," she calls back, her pretty face dimpling, to someone behind her. "What can be more important than the cut of one's gown?" and she unfurls the great fan which she carries constantly since she returned from a year in London.

"And right you are, fair Mistress Betty," draws a man's voice, and an exquisite enters, dressed in the extreme of fashion, his hair drawn into a queue, tied with a broad black silk ribbon, and profusely powdered. He wore pale primrose satin breeches that ended at the knee, a lace-trimmed coat of the same material and color, and as he came out, there accompanied him a strong odor of perfume.

"So then, Sir Cecil, you agree with me?" Mistress Betty asked, looking up at him roughly from behind her fan.

"More fully than you with me," the London exquisite replied, bowing low, his hand upon his heart. Sir Cecil Karminster, one of the most noted macaronies of the day, having followed Betty Carew to Philadelphia from London, is her constant shadow and openly asserts his intention to make her Lady Karminster.

"Come in Betty, this is no time to show yourself off," comes in a girlish voice, sharpened by annoyance, but naturally sweet.

A clear laugh answers her, then Betty herself cries out:

"And Jared, too, coming to pay his devotions and make his manners," as a quick, decided step rang out, and a young man gravely raises his three-cornered hat, and holding it against his heart in the fashion of the times, bows.

With a fascinating gesture Betty extends her dainty fingers which the newcomer barely touches with his lips, and then the three, the London exquisite, the fashion-plate of girlish grace and the typical Colonial of the day go into the house to join sweet-faced Hester Boucler and her lover Lestor Penthaven.

Richard Henry Lee offered the resolve, that we are and of right ought to be, an independent people.

"And will be properly dealt with as traitors," hissed Sir Cecil.

The brown fists of Lestor Penthaven clenched, but Jared's even voice continued:

"Our Continental Congress has been discussing and deliberating in this old State House here. Betty, we are all now waiting to know whether the wonderful Declaration of Independence is signed or not."

Betty smothered a yawn behind her little fingers.

"For shame Betty, have you forgotten that you are a native of this country?" Hester cried indignantly.

"Have I, Sir Cecil?" Betty asks, and the gallant bending over her strives to whisper something in the tiny, pink ear.

"Listen Betty," Jared continues as though he and the girl of his heart were all alone in this old room. "I came here on a serious mission. You know how I have been waiting on account of mother before offering my services to my country. God alone knows what it has cost me to remain here while the others have responded, but once this document is signed, I join the company forming, and become one of the defenders of our cause."

Betty smiles a little languidly, but very politely, as she said:

"What cause, Jared?"

"What cause? Oh, Betty has one little year served to wipe out all you learned? Can you forget all your patriotism, all your love of this dear land?" and tears stood in the young man's eyes.

"Do not scold me, Jared," Betty pouted. "You have never been to court and can have no idea of the magnificence of the King's drawing-rooms, where all the nobles and ladies assemble with royalty. La, la to see them all in their rich dresses, with jewels gleaming, and music playing, it is inspiring," and she half-closed her eyes.

"One half as inspiring, Betty as the voice of freedom, calling us loyal men and women to our duty," Jared cried, and then before she could reply, he continued:

"I had hoped to see you, Betty, alone, but as that appears impossible, I want to say that as soon as the old bell in the State House peals out, for ring it must and will, the independence of these Colonies, I am going to leave you perhaps for months."

Betty rose from the ottoman on which she been sitting, and crossing the room to the window from which she could see the State House she asked in a celessly indifferent voice:

"Will you wear that blue and yellow uniform?"

"My God, the bell!" Lestor cried, and with one accord they dashed to the door. On and on came the peals. Men, women and children rushed into the streets. The greatest excitement prevailed. Women were crying. Many fainted.

Men raved, stamped about, and hugged each other, then Jared lifted his head, and a new light came into his eyes. He looked about him. Women were leaning out of windows, and standing at their doors, waving flags, handkerchiefs; men were waving their hats and shouting like mad, but at the head of the street was a company of Continental soldiers, headed by life and drum corps.

The martial music was in his ears, the lust of fighting was in his veins. Patriotism called him, and he put away other things, and responded, as only those men of '76 could. He turned to Betty, who was standing apart from the others, her head bent, tears streaming down her face. He raised his hat, then laid it against his breast, then held it in his left hand. With his right hand he raised her right hand to his lips, saying in a clear voice:

"That bell proclaims the birth of a nation; that we are no longer British subjects, but American citizens; that I have a country to fight for, and it calls me to her defence. God keep you until I return."

He waited a moment, but although Betty was making desperate efforts to suppress her emotions, she said nothing, and he joined his company as it advanced.

That night in camp as he undressed, he was conscious of a delicate perfume, and investigating, discovered Betty's scarf in one of his pockets. Then he remembered that he had discovered it wrapped about his arm when he left the house that afternoon, and that he had put it in his pocket. He wondered if she had transferred it from that to his uniform, without knowing it, but it was not until many months had passed that he learned that his servant had made the exchange acting on orders from Betty herself.

However, in the days that follow Jared had little time to spend upon useless dreaming over his bewildering lady love. He hears of her from time to time, and is not pleased with the reports. In the old days she had been so womanly, so sweet, so tender of the feelings of others, and now she shows vanity, and a love of display that astounds him. His love is so great, though, that he hopes that these traits are not deep-rooted.

No matter what report comes to him, however, Sir Cecil's name is always linked to hers. They dance the minuet together at many of the delightful entertainments of Major Arnold's, they ride together, appear at all functions, she dimpling behind her great fan, her beautiful black hair whitened with powder, and built up on her little head to a monstrous height, peeked out by puffs of horse hair and frames of wire such as were in vogue in those days. No girl in Philadelphia goes to more trouble with her hair than she, so the reports come to him, and he wonders that Betty is willing to put with her own locks such coarse devices.

In the meanwhile Jared had seen his share of service. He had been in the New York campaign, and been promoted to a captaincy, but he was not satisfied with what he achieved. Utterly unambitious for himself, Jared longed to serve his country. As he talked to his men, and among his brother officers, the idea that seemed to be in his mind, almost to the exclusion of all others was that merely fighting was little enough to do to free a beloved land. He wanted to offer himself up as a sacrifice, and so constantly did he harp upon this strain, that one day he was summoned before the great general himself and given a mission that appeared daring enough to satisfy even him. He was to convey certain documents of immense value to the cause to a prominent man in Philadelphia, supposed to be a Tory, but secretly working for the Colonists. Success was doubtful, death was certain unless the papers were delivered to the man himself, but Jared accepted the charge right gladly. As he galloped off, with a light in his eyes, General Washington looked after him musingly, then turning to a slight, handsome young man who

"I never could bear to have anyone go about goring," Betty jibed back, her eyes dancing.

"Betty, be kind, do not fence with me. I meet you here, perhaps on the threshold of eternity. Before I go on say something gentle something worthy of the little playmate of years gone by. If I were dying, Betty, I think you would. Perhaps I am, even now."

The big eyes opened wide, and Betty asked slowly, as though unable to comprehend:

"Why, what do you mean, Jared?"

Of course it was wrong. He told himself so a thousand times afterwards, but he loved her so, and in spite of her frivolity, he trusted her utterly, and so he stopped and told her of his mission, her brown eyes wrestling his secret from him almost before he knew it.

Betty listened, her eyes bent upon the ground. As he continued, her face grew very grave, and he was surprised to see how mature she appeared. At last she said in a new kind of voice, one utterly free from all affectation:

"Let us rest a few moments, here on the grass. You cannot go into the city until after dark, so it will not matter," and springing from his horse, Jared delightedly lifted her from her saddle, and had the pleasure of holding her against his heart for one moment. Perhaps she heard its rapid thumping, at any rate she was very quiet as he continued, and poured out his heart to her.

"Little Betty," he whispered softly, bending towards her, his eyes looking very blue, although it was only emotion that brought out the color. "I think my heart will break for love of you. I have loved you all my life, little sweetheart. When you went away to that cursed London, it seemed as though I could not hold my peace, but I did, and let you go, counting the days until your return. Darling, you came back, but oh, how terribly changed!"

"For the worst, Jared?"

There was no coquetry in either voice or glance and her expression was still grave.

"Yes, decidedly for the worse."

"You do not like a lady of fashion?" she asked softly.

"I loathe a lady of fashion, but you are not one my little Betty, are you?"

"I am termed one. Ask any who knows me. I have no other idea, no other ambition, save to lead the fashion and marry Sir Cecil, so they say."

"But that is false, Betty. Tell me it is," he cried, bending until his cheek almost touched hers.

Betty shook her head. "Ah you ought to know the truth," she said a little roughly, then changing the subject suddenly, she asked him where he had the messages.

Once more he erred, but he trusted her with more than his life, or his honor, even, for he was confiding his country's welfare to her, and he showed her how they were cunningly hidden in his hunting shirt, right under his shoulder blade.

"No one would think of them there," he told her and she assented a little absently. Then he took heart and showed her the little scarf, and she confessed to instructing his servant to put it in his uniform.

"Why, Betty, why?" he begged.

She smiled a little.

"Who Jared can fathom a woman's reason?" she parried.

"But tell me," he begged.

"Perhaps I like the blue in your eyes," she said with a merry laugh. "and wanted you to have something always with you to bring it out."

"Joking aside, Betty, why?" he persisted.

For a moment Betty hesitated, then she reached up her arms and drew his head down to her shoulder, whispering in his ear:

"Perhaps, dear, it was because I wanted you to have something of mine with you so you would not forget me."

For an instant he lay there with his head, swimming with happiness on the pretty shoulder, then he raised it, and kissed her on her rosy lips. Betty started like a frightened fawn, blushing furiously.

"I like to bring out the red in your face, dearest," Jared cried joyously, his heart so light that he could jest with happiness.

"I, too, like red," she returned quickly, "but not in my face."

"Where then?" he asked trying to entrap her within his arms once more, but she only laughed as she returned:

"Perhaps on men's backs," but she let him assist her to mount and waved him a good by as she dashed away.

An hour later as he was sitting by the little camp fire he had lighted, cooking a squirrel he had shot, he was captured, and although he protested that he was simply out hunting, he was taken to Major Arnold's palatial mansion.

Jared's heart was heavy. Although he might be pardoned hunting in that vicinity, he knew the presence of those dispatches on his person meant death. However, this was not what worried him most, although it was hard to die with the memory of the sweetness of Betty's kiss before him. It was that he had failed to execute his mission.

As he waited to be searched, for those who had captured him did not search him themselves, he hears a mocking laugh, and looking up he sees Betty standing before him. No longer the demure Betty of the woodland, but a demonaical Betty, dressed in scarlet and gold, with her pyramid of powdered hair rising above her to what seems to him an absurd height.

"La, la, Jared, it is you?" she asks saucily.

"Sir Cecil," she cries, turning to call over her shoulder, "here is our old friend," and to Jared's dismay the mincing features of the London fop are seen over her white shoulder.

"And why is he here?" Betty asks lightly.

"Where is that wonderful blue and buff we heard so much of, Mr. Officer," and she sweeps him a low courtesy.

"Mistress Betty," a deep voice broke in, "while I endorse your sentiments, and do not wonder that you prefer the scarlet to the blue and buff, still there are times when ladies are in the way," and smiling the courtly Major Arnold led the sprightly little lady from the room. Jared saw her make a laughing request, the stately officer bend his head, then heard him laugh, and reply:

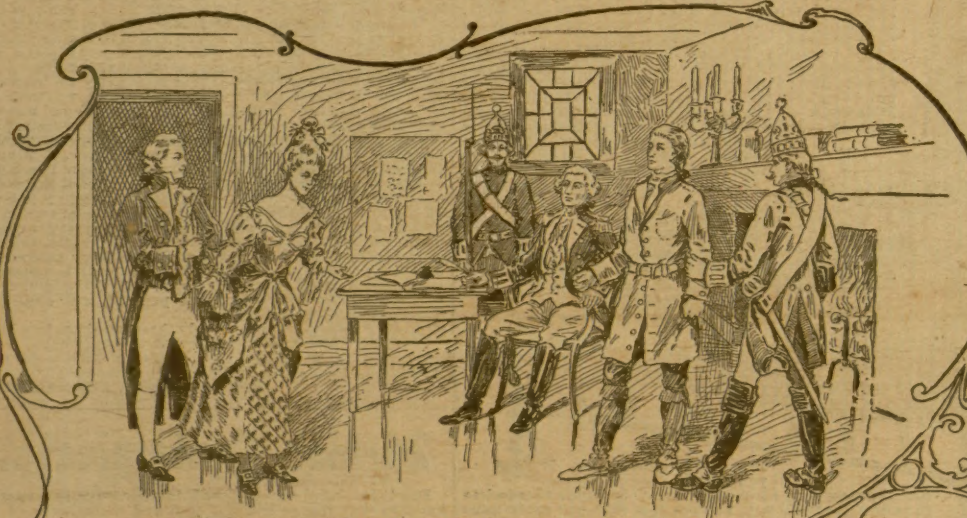
"You are right, Mistress Betty, as you are always. If King George had a few more loyal hearts like yours, the scarlet would wipe out the blue and buff," and then he turned to Jared.

The luckless lover, feeling that he has been shamelessly betrayed, faces the British officer steadily. He knows that his neck will be forfeited when they find the dispatches on him, and he realizes that she knows it too, and yet realizes that she is standing there laughing and flirting with Sir Cecil within earshot of the man whom she knows would die to make her happy.

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Can you see any possible chance for Jared, the captured Yankee spy, to escape death by hanging, as he expects?

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"LA, LA, JARED, IS IT YOU?" SHE ASKS SAUCILY.



BETTY SAT HER HORSE AS THOUGH SHE WERE A PART OF IT.



JARED DELIGHTEDLY LIFTED HER FROM HER SADDLE.



"LITTLE BETTY," HE WHISPERED SOFTLY, "I THINK MY HEART WILL BREAK FOR LOVE OF YOU."

Jared Putnam towered above Sir Cecil, not only in physical strength and stature, but mental and moral endowments. He was a great, stalwart young fellow of over six feet, with his own light brown hair lying on his collar, untouched by powder. His well-made, but somewhat unfashionable clothes were of the butternut brown color which was to become so famous later on in the war, and they were in glaring contrast to the dainty attire of the young nobleman.

"Betty, I would a word with you," he said quietly.

"An' then have it," Betty replied, waving her fan to and fro.

"Betty," he began gravely, "you know war has been in progress for more than a year. Thus far the United Colonies have been fighting only for the rights of Englishmen in America, to teach the mother country that she has no right by her parliament to tax the American Colonists without giving them representation in that same Parliament."

Sir Cecil took out his jeweled snuff box, tapped upon its lid, airily extended it to Jared as he interrupted him with:

"Pure impudence, my good sir. Just wait until His Majesty sees fit to take the matter seriously, and then," as Jared declined the snuff with a courteous inclination of the head, the dandy took up a pinch between his thumb and forefinger, and tossed it into the air.

Betty looked from one admirer to the other coquishly. Hester frowned, and Lestor sprang to his feet and stood beside his friend, but said nothing.

Without noticing, Jared went on. "On June 7, of this year which I believe is going to be one of the most important the Colonies has known,

"The Continental blue and buff? Certainly."

"I'm so sorry, Jared that it isn't as becoming as the scarlet, still blue does bring out the blue of your eyes. Sir Cecil do you know Jared's eyes are quite blue when anything of that color comes near them, see," and she darted across the room like an arrow from the bow, and held her scarf of pale blue silk under his eyes before he understood what she was doing. As she stood there with her back to Sir Cecil, there was something in the pretty face that had been so maddeningly indifferent a moment before, that made the great, strong man catch his breath. There was something of his old sweetheart, little Betty in the dancing brown eyes. Before he could grasp the message he thought he saw in them, an orderly came rushing in with a message from the captain of the company he expected to join asking that he report at once, as they had elected him first lieutenant, and wanted him at once.

"Pretty quick work, electing you lieutenant before you have joined," Lestor cried as he grasped his friend's hand.

"I have practically joined, for I have known what will be the outcome from there," waving his hand towards the State House, "for several days. Ladies your servant, Sir Cecil I am yours to command," and with these conventional words he bowed himself out. However the expected news did not come, and Jared, after formerly joining the company, donning the uniform, made his way back to the house that sheltered his love, and found the group unchanged. For a few minutes they all spatted much as they had done earlier in the day, then they started, even Sir Cecil, for upon their ears fell the distinct sound of the bell, whose music was to ring throughout the whole world and all ages.

sat, pen in hand waiting to transcribe the words of the great man, he said:

"Hamilton, if we had a few more officers like Captain Putnam, the old State House would not look down upon British soldiers in Philadelphia," and as Alexander Hamilton loved a brave man and was generous enough to acknowledge patriotism in others, he returned:

"It requires, sir, a thousand times more courage to accept and carry through a mission like this one, than to face a whole regiment of regulars," and the three two men settled down to their routine business.

Jared's heart was very light as he traveled rapidly. As soon as he left safe territory, he assumed the disguise of a frontiersman, with his coonskin cap, and moccasins, and when towards the close of a beautiful Indian summer day in September, he is nearing the capital city, he feels content with himself, although he knows his hard work is still before him. As he rode along he began to think of Betty, and his hand sought the pale blue scarf, still redolent of her, that he carried against his heart. So did her presence fill his thoughts that he was astonished when he saw her riding toward him, and he was filled with admiration of her superb riding. Betty had ridden from early childhood and sat her horse as though she were a part of it. He was amazed, though, to have her ride up to him and say sweetly:

"Master Jared, it will take more than a coonskin cap to disguise my old playmate from me."

"Betty!" he cried.

"Aye it's I, just poor, little, foolish Betty," she returned, smiling at him, but without the fan he hated.

"I'm hungry for a sight of you," he manages to stammer out.